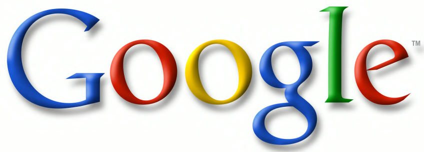
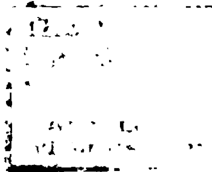






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VICTOR JAQUEMONT.

London, Published Feby 8. 1834, by Bull and Churton, No 26 Holles St

LETTERS FROM INDIA;

DESCRIBING

A Journey

IN

THE BRITISH DOMINIONS OF INDIA,

TIBET, LAHORE, AND CASHMERE,

DURING THE YEARS 1828, 1829, 1830, 1831.

UNDERTAKEN BY ORDER OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT,

BY

VICTOR JACQUEMONT,

TRAVELLING NATURALIST TO THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, PARIS.

ACCOMPANIED

WITH A MAP OF INDIA AND A PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

EDWARD CHURTON, 26, HOLLES STREET.

(LATE BULL AND CHURTON.)

1834.

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.
(LATE T. DAVISON.)

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR ALEXANDER JOHNSTON,

MEMBER OF THE KING'S MOST HONOURABLE PRIVY COUNCIL,

F.R.S., F.S.A., F.L.S.,

THESE VOLUMES

ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

THE EDITOR.

INTRODUCTION.

In giving an English translation of Victor Jacquemont's Letters to his family and friends, during his travels in India, we shall endeavour to supply a great defect in the French edition of this Work, by stating a few particulars of the life of this interesting young victim to science, prior to his departure for those shores where he was doomed to find a premature grave.

We shall also add those documents which we consider necessary to complete his correspondence.

Victor Jacquemont was born at Paris in 1801. His father, a man held in the highest estimation, is a philosopher of the Tracy school, and a writer of no ordinary power on those psychological speculations to which a long intercourse of friendship with Destutt de Tracy had probably directed his mind. He has two sons besides Victor: the elder in the army, the younger a merchant at Hayti. The three brothers received an excellent education; such a one, in short, as may be

given in the public institutions of France, where instruction is not limited to a knowledge of the ancient classics, but combines with them that practical and scientific information which renders a man a useful member of society.

At a very early age, Victor Jacquemont evinced a strong attachment to natural history, which was probably strengthened by his acquaintance with the late Baron Cuvier. His intimacy with the Tracy family, and especially with Victor de Tracy, for many years past one of the most distinguished members of the French legislature, made him an ideologist, though the natural bent of his mind led him rather to investigate facts than to unravel the perplexities of metaphysics. And it is a singular contradiction, that at the very time he was pursuing his researches in natural science, doubting every thing until proved by the test of his senses, he indulged, when yielding to the confidence of friendship, in all the hypothetic ratiocination of the Tracy philosophy.

This exercise of his mind, and the opinions he imbibed from it, probably induced him, soon after he left school, to become a member of one of those societies, so numerous in France, where metaphysical politics are debated, and lead to wild and impracticable

theories which mar every generous exertion for rational improvement. These societies would fain class the art of government among the exact sciences. They would establish it upon rules and principles as unchangeable as the law of the Medes and Persians, and applicable to all nations under the sun, without taking into consideration that government must necessarily be founded upon expediency,—that it is an assumption of power by a few for the benefit of all,—and that such power cannot be yoked to abstract philosophy. They appear not aware that no form of government was ever established upon abstract principles, but that all are formed and consolidated by circumstances, and the experience of events, to meet the wants of any one community, which may differ from those of another community. The only true science of government is practice; the only power to constitute it is the majority; the only test of its efficacy is a fair trial; the only way to improve it is to make its blemishes physically apparent, and then eradicate them by degrees, and not overthrow the whole fabric to build up another equally bad. But these metaphysico-philosophers have one form of constitution—I should say a thousand, but each is *the one*—adapted to all nations; one coat to fit a hundred individuals;—they have, we repeat, a

thousand systems—each the best and only good one—founded upon their own Utopian notions of pure republicanism, without ever dreaming that man is by nature so imperfect—almost always swimming in so strong a current of infirmities and passions of the most fearful kind, that a republic like theirs, founded solely upon human forbearance and virtue, would be swept away ere its foundations were well laid. Each individual in the mass of society, loves himself best; his country, his fellow-citizens, hold but a secondary place in his regard; and, unless he can divest himself of the feelings of his species, he will naturally seek to overturn a power which has no other strength to maintain itself but the strength of opinion, whenever that power clashes with his personal interests.

Though Jacquemont imbibed freely the false theories of this visionary republicanism, though he indulged in the wildest metaphysico-political dreams, he was, nevertheless, not tainted to an irremediable extent. His unbiassed good sense led him to separate the practicable from the absurd; and in his remarks upon the rule of our Asiatic empire, he gives views of a very high order, which our statesmen would do well to examine.

Whilst very young, Victor Jacquemont undertook

a voyage to Hayti, where his brother was settled, whence he proceeded to the United States, and made a short stay there. In both these countries his talent for scientific observation was displayed in a remarkable degree; and it is this probably which, on his return to France, got him an appointment in the Museum of Natural History at Paris. Baron Cuvier now took him by the hand, and to this great naturalist Victor Jacquemont owed his selection by the Council of the Museum to fulfil the scientific mission to the East, which led to the correspondence here published.

He was instructed to investigate the natural history of India in all its branches, and collect materials wherewith to enrich the Museum, and promote the progress of science. Though the French government was not quite so liberal as could be desired in supplying him with the means of accomplishing his object, he succeeded, nevertheless, in an extraordinary manner. The light he has thrown upon parts of Asia hitherto unexplored by European travellers, must prove of the greatest benefit to science. The present letters, written to his confidential friends and relatives, and never intended for publication, give a very lively description of the manners of the natives in the different countries through which he travelled, but are almost wholly free

from scientific details. The results of his scientific labours are confined to his Journal, which will soon be published, and contains a most valuable account of the natural history of those parts of Asia which he visited.

Victor Jacquemont, in pursuance of his mission, arrived in London in 1828, and was the bearer of a letter of introduction from Baron Cuvier to the Right Hon. Sir Alexander Johnston, through whose kind assistance he was enabled to overcome the various difficulties with which he found himself beset at the very commencement of his undertaking.

To Sir Alexander Johnston, who is indefatigable in the promotion of science, and ever ready to bring forward men of talent, Jacquemont was further indebted for his flattering reception from the Royal Asiatic Society, and for letters of introduction to the most influential men in India. Sir Alexander personally recommended him to the attention and kindness of Lord William Bentinck, the Governor General of India, Mr. Lushington, Governor of Madras, the late Sir John Malcolm, Governor of Bombay, and Sir Edward Owen, commanding the British naval force in India; and also obtained for him, from the President of the Board of Control, letters to all the principal personages in the East India Company's dominions. The kindness he

afterwards experienced from the individuals to whom these letters were addressed is explained in his correspondence, and in a manner that does him the greatest credit.

Shortly after Jacquemont's arrival in London, he was allowed, under the auspices of Sir Alexander Johnston, to attend the meetings of the Asiatic Society, and those of its Committee of Correspondence, of which Sir Alexander is chairman. There exist two resolutions in the minutes of its Asiatic Society, which, as they refer especially to Victor Jacquemont, and to the object of his mission, are entitled to a place here.

Extract from the Minutes of the Committee of Correspondence of the Royal Asiatic Society, 19th June, 1828.

"It was resolved:—

"That this Committee, having been informed of the scientific object for which Monsieur Victor Jacquemont, Travelling Naturalist to the Royal Museum of Natural History of Paris, is sent by that institution to India, is of opinion that the attainment of that object is of the greatest importance to natural history; and therefore recommend to the Council to assist him by every means in its power in the prosecution of his scientific

inquiries in India, and that C. Moreau, Esq., be requested to communicate this resolution to the Directors of the Royal Museum of Natural History at Paris."

Extract from the Minutes of the Council of the Royal Asiatic Society, June 28, 1828.

"The Committee of Correspondence having recommended to the Council assisting M. Victor Jacquemont, Travelling Naturalist to the Royal Museum of Natural History of Paris, in his scientific researches in India,

"It was resolved:—

"That the Council furnish M. Jacquemont with letters of introduction to the literary societies in India, and recommend him for election as a foreign member of this Society."

Jacquemont, on receiving information of these resolutions, wrote the following letter to the president of the Asiatic Society.

"*London, June* 26, 1828.

"Mr. President,—Allow me to express to the Royal Asiatic Society the gratitude I feel for the resolution in my favour adopted at its last meeting of the 19th of June. I have no doubt that a recommendation

by the Asiatic Society to such of its members as reside in India, will prove of the greatest use to me in the scientific voyage I am about to undertake to that country. I shall endeavour worthily to justify this favour, by arduously employing the advantages I shall derive from it, in extending and multiplying my researches in natural history. The reception I have met with from the Asiatic Society is a sufficient proof to me that science belongs to all countries; and I also know that, by labouring to make the natural history of some parts of the immense British empire in the East better known, I shall co-operate in the object to which the labours of the Society tend. I am likewise convinced that by the success of my undertaking I can give better testimony of the noble assistance afforded me by the Royal Asiatic Society. By promoting the general interests of science, which are those of every enlightened man, I shall be proud, Mr. President, to be able more particularly to pay my debt of gratitude to the institution over which you preside. I am about to pass several years in exploring the Malabar coast, and especially the mountains adjacent. Perhaps the Asiatic Society would feel more particularly interested in the verification of some óbscure or contested points relating to the physical history of those regions. Among such

of its members as have resided there, some perhaps may set a great value upon information which they had no opportunity of obtaining, and which would complete or confirm their general knowledge of the country. In this case, may I beg that the Asiatic Society will have the goodness to let me know its wishes, which I shall endeavour to meet by associating them with my habitual researches.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"VICTOR JACQUEMONT."

The two resolutions were communicated to the Royal Museum of Natural History at Paris, and the Directors of that institution wrote two letters on the occasion: one to Sir Alexander Johnston, and the other to the President of the Asiatic Society. We insert both.

"TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR ALEXANDER JOHNSTON, &c. &c. &c.

"*Paris, July* 11, 1828.

"SIR,—M. Jacquemont, Travelling Naturalist to the Museum, has informed us of the interest with which you have received him, and the inappreciable advantages for which he is indebted to your kindness.

"The voyage which M. Jacquemont is about to undertake, and in which your advice and recommendations will be so useful to him, being intended for the advantage of the Museum of Natural History, we are under a real obligation to you, and we hasten to express our gratitude.

We have the honour to be, &c.

"DESFONTAINES, Director.
"L. CORDIER.
"A. DE JUNIER, Secretary."

"TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY, LONDON.

"*Paris, August* 8, 1828.

"MR. PRESIDENT,—The secretary of the Committee of Correspondence of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland, has made known to us the resolution of the Committee, adopted at its meeting of the 19th ultimo, in favour of M. Jacquemont, Travelling Naturalist of the Museum.

"We appreciate this favour to its fullest extent, as well as the favourable effects which it cannot fail to produce in the success of M. Jacquemont's undertaking.

"We beg of you, Mr. President, to have the goodness to convey to the Royal Asiatic Society, and to its Foreign Committee, the expression of our gratitude, and to accept personally our best thanks.

"We have the honour to be, &c.

"Desfontaines, Director.

"A. de Junier, Secretary."

About this time Sir Alexander Johnston, in his speech, after reading to the Asiatic Society the report of the Committee of Correspondence, alluded to Jacquemont in the following terms:—

"The English and French governments, equally anxious to promote scientific inquiries in India, have recently aided each other in the attainment of this great object: France, by the appointment of M. Jacquemont, an eminent naturalist, to proceed to India, and to remain there for seven years upon a public salary, for the purpose of investigating the natural history of that country; England, by affording M. Jacquemont, in every part of British India, the most ready and most efficient assistance. Both nations, by completely divesting themselves of the national jealousy which has so long prevailed between them, have set a bright example to all other nations, of the cordial and

unreserved manner in which all countries ought to co-operate, according to the means which they respectively possess, in promoting those researches which are calculated to extend the limits of scientific and literary knowledge."

After encountering various delays and objections,—some of the latter fastidious enough,—Victor Jacquemont obtained his credentials from the Board of Merchant-Kings, in Leadenhall-street, who there govern a vast empire ten thousand miles off, and a hundred millions of subjects whom they have never seen. The enterprising man of science then "girded up his loins," and took his departure for the shores of British India.

In allusion to the feelings and opinions which actuated Victor Jacquemont, when he set out upon his long and wearisome travels, we cannot do better than insert the following extract, together with a letter from Jacquemont to Sir John Malcolm, from a very clever article on the correspondence of the young naturalist, which appeared in the Foreign Quarterly Review for February last.

"At the period when Jacquemont prepared to undertake his important task, there were certain opinions received as aphorisms by the liberal politicians of France, to which he had yielded implicit faith. It was

held to be a self-evident truth that intense selfishness characterised the policy of England in public, and the conduct of the English in private; that insular arrogance rendered us the tyrants rather than the masters of the sea, made us reserved towards all foreigners, inspired us with a haughty jealousy always disagreeable and frequently offensive; that in India our dominion was a nuisance which ought to be abated, but that its duration depended on the will of Russia, the speedy appearance of whose forces at the passes of the Indian Caucasus was 'a consummation devoutly to be wished, and speedily to be obtained.' Full of these notions, Jacquemont arrived in England; the treatment which he received from Sir Alexander Johnston and other members of the Asiatic Society, was well calculated to remove his prejudices; but on the other hand, the difficulties and delays he experienced in obtaining his passport from the lords of Leadenhall-street, counterbalanced the impressions produced by the kindness of his scientific friends. For this, Jacquemont was probably as much to blame as the Directors; they could scarcely have imagined that a single Frenchman, even though his tall gaunt figure reminded them of the last of the knights-errant, would contest with them the empire of India; still less would they have mistaken

his packing cases for parks of artillery, or his dissecting knives for a supply of military weapons; they probably doubted the object of his mission, regarding him either as a Russian emissary, or the bearer of some secret treaty to Runjeet Sing and the rulers of the Afghans; he perhaps was less explanatory than he should have been, especially with persons to whom scientific missions are by no means familiar. Jacquemont manifestly felt that his objects, if not suspected, were liable to suspicion; this appears evident in the letter he addressed from London to Sir John Malcolm, which we insert entire, as it has not yet been published.

"'TO SIR JOHN MALCOLM, &c.

"'It is in the name of science, and under the auspices of Sir A. Johnston, that I take the liberty of writing to Sir John Malcolm, without having the honour of his personal acquaintance. The accomplishment of a scientific tour through India has been intrusted to me by the Royal Museum of Natural History at Paris, and I am about to undertake it. The researches to which my attention must be directed, relate exclusively to natural history; true, that it is not the species of study and labour by which Sir J. Malcolm has so much

aided in making India known to the literati of Europe; but all branches of human knowledge are closely connected, and in the eyes of those who lose not sight of their noblest aim, their moral tendency, lead equally to the same end,—at a time more or less near,—their useful application to the promotion of the happiness of the human race. I hope, then, that General Malcolm will grant the precious aid of his enlightened counsel and generous support to an unknown stranger, who waits them with respect, and will receive them with gratitude.

"'A French ship will convey me to Pondicherry, where I shall arrive in January 1829. There I intend to make no delay. The surrounding territory, and generally all that part of Coromandel, have been often visited by naturalists. I shall therefore proceed without delay from Pondicherry to Madras, and thence by sea to Calcutta. Calcutta being the chief seat of the English power, it is there I must expect to meet men of learning, to visit collections, to learn what is already known, and to find out what are the matters that remain uninvestigated. I reckon for this purpose on a residence of from two to three months in that city, of which I will take advantage to commence the necessary study of Hindústani and Persian.

90

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MAP

Mouths of the Ganges

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"'My desire at first was to proceed from Calcutta to Delhi, which I knew to be very easy, and thence by the route which Forster followed in 1783, with the caravans that go to Cashmeer, into that valley itself, or to the upper Indus at Attock. I would have devoted two or three years to the exploring the upper tributaries of this river, visiting Pèchàwar, Cabul, and other places, where the rapid journey of Elphinstone did not permit him to make collections in natural history; and finally I would have returned to the European settlements, down the banks of the Lind, by Moultan to Tatta or Hyderabad, where I expected it would be possible to embark for Bombay.

"'I did not hide from myself the difficulties of such a tour; Elphinstone's narrative pointed them out clearly enough; but though the obstacles seemed sufficiently great, they did not appear insurmountable; and I hoped that I should be the first to explore this virgin country, as yet unreached by science.

"'The information I have received in London compels me to renounce this hope; the accounts agree too generally in proving to me the habitual state of anarchy and *brigandage* among the Afghans; and security is necessary for a traveller who must form large collections. It would be of little use to escape

with life, if, after several years of labour and research, he should be plundered, and lose all the results of his toils.

"'Sir J. Malcolm, whose high office in the part of the British empire bordering on these countries, must give him better information of their internal condition than any one else can possess, would perhaps favour me with his opinion respecting the hopes first entertained of the possibility of visiting them.

"'If I must renounce them, I have determined to devote all my time and all my resources to exploring the coasts of Malabar and the long chain of the Western Ghauts. This territory, naturally circumscribed, forms a kind of geographical unity, favourable under many points of view to the studies of a naturalist. The establishment to which I belong, possesses in its immense collections a very small number of natural productions belonging to this part of India. It has also been greatly neglected hitherto by the English naturalists. The geological museums in London, sufficiently rich already in collections from Nepaul and the Himalaya, are absolutely destitute of specimens from the rocks of Malabar. The zoology, with the exception of that belonging to the coast, is but little known, and the voluminous works we have on the

Flora of this country, such as the Hortus Malabaricus of Rheede, bear all the marks of the imperfect state of botany at the time they were written, and no longer satisfy the demands of this science.

" 'Finally: there is one circumstance that induces me to adopt this resolution, already nearly fixed, namely, that it will make me begin the painful and laborious part of my journey through the provinces governed by Sir J. Malcolm, and that it will permit me to enjoy the advantages of his noble protection.

" 'Giving up my visit to Cabul, should I, in my route from Calcutta to Bombay, take the road by Delhi or Agra, or should I not rather take a more direct line to the south of this great curve?

" 'These are the doubts that I respectfully submit to the consideration of Sir John Malcolm. Sir A. Johnston leads me to hope that the general will kindly solve them, and guide me by his counsel through this vast country. The kind and dear Johnston adds, that the slowness of my voyage from France to Pondicherry (slowness occasioned by a projected delay of some weeks at the isle of Bourbon) will doubtless permit me to receive Sir J. Malcolm's reply, if he would be so kind as to send it under cover to the French governor.

" 'In addressing myself to the elevated and generous

mind of the historian of India, I must not forget that Sir J. Malcolm holds an official station, and has duties to perform. I would not trespass on his kindness, had I not the honour to inform him that I have obtained an official passport from the Honourable Court of Directors, granting me free passage through all the territories of the Company. The innocent character of my pursuits would perhaps ensure me sufficient protection from the Company's officers; but I was anxious to have the special and formal assent of the Court of Directors, and it was granted me on the 25th of this month. I entreat Sir J. Malcolm to add his consent.

'VICTOR JACQUEMONT,

'Travelling Naturalist to the Royal Museum of Natural History.

'London, June 30, 1828.'

"A greater contrast can scarcely be conceived, than there is between the sober formality of this letter, and the lively sketches of life and manners addressed by the young naturalist to his family and friends. He left Europe with high hopes, unconquerable spirits, and a love of adventure almost Quixotic, but with

an affectionate heart that clung fondly to his family circle,

'And dragged at each remove a lengthening chain.'

These feelings, combined with no ordinary graphic powers, lend an irresistible charm to his little narratives; they are dashed off with an ease and freedom such as is rarely seen; their *vis comica* frequently reminds us of Cruikshank; like that admirable artist, he extracts fun from every thing, even from subjects apparently the most hopeless; like him, too, he has a moral in every jest, not the less effective because it is incidental. In the letters now published, Jacquemont rarely alludes to his scientific pursuits; consequently they have not anticipated the interest which all the naturalists of Europe must feel in the publication of the valuable manuscripts which he sent to the Museum of Natural History of Paris; duplicates of which were forwarded by the French ministry to our government. It is on these of course, whenever they appear, that his future reputation as a naturalist must mainly depend. The chief value of the present collection rests on the account it gives of our Indian possessions, the effects of our government on the native population, the result of recent efforts to diffuse the elements of civilisation,

and the future prospects of Hindústan. On behalf of England, Jacquemont is a witness above suspicion; his prejudices, which never wholly disappeared, were all against the British government; and it is sometimes amusing to see how slowly and reluctantly, in the early part of his career, he yielded to the strong evidence of facts, while in some of his more recent letters he rallies his correspondents unmercifully for repeating opinions, which he had himself entertained a few months before.

"The process of Jacquemont's conversion began at the first English settlement he visited, the Cape of Good Hope; there he discovers how honestly the British government had acted in the abolition of the slave trade, and how other powers had connived at its continuance. For this connivance, indeed, he makes rather a lame apology; but 'liberal' as he was, we shall too often see that Jacquemont was willing to sacrifice justice to expediency."

Jacquemont, during his arduous duties, never forgot the kindness shown him by Sir Alexander Johnston, to whom he wrote from Benares, but, unfortunately, the letter miscarried. He again wrote from the Ladak territory, in 1830, and this letter arrived safe. It

contains an excellent, though rapid, sketch of his journey to the Himalaya, and we insert it here as necessary to complete Jacquemont's correspondence. It is rather surprising that the French editor omitted it, as we know that he must have been aware of its existence, because Sir Alexander Johnston was in communication with Jacquemont's family before these letters were published at Paris.

"*Camp, under the Fort of Dankár, in Ladak,*
3rd Sept. 1830.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I rely on your kindness to excuse my long silence, since the time I left Benares, whence I had the pleasure to acquaint you with the successful beginning of my journey. After a long interval of eight months, I avail myself of an opportunity to India, to trace shortly (as impending business obliges me) my journey since quitting the Holy City.

"I went to Delhi by the circuitous route I pointed out to you, making a very long turn to the south-west, almost to the banks of the Nerbuddah, over the table-land and across the hills of Bundlecund,—a province lately surveyed by Captain Jas. Franklin, and geologically described by him in the 'Asiatic Researches;' and I was fortunate enough to meet in

several with phenomena of super-position that had escaped him in his explorations, and which will enable me to lay down another exposition of the geological structure of that country.

"From Delhi I went to the westward, through the protected Seikh country, to the banks of the Caggar, an inconsiderable stream, that vanishes in the sandy desert of Bickaneer, before it reaches the Sutledge. I was then engaged in a grand hunting-party, which I expected would have been fruitful to my geological collections, but it proved interesting to me only as showing me, in a fortnight, more of Eastern display and Asiatic manners than I had yet seen in a twelve-month. The hot winds were then threatening to invade the plains every day. I repaired to the hills, which I entered by the valley of Dheya. During about two months I travelled from the sources of the Ganges and the Jumna to the north-western limits of the British dominions on the banks of the Sutledge. Tacking, if I may be allowed that expression, between the snowy barrier of the Himalaya and its lower branches, I arrived at Simlah in the middle of June.

"It would have been impossible to experience a greater degree of hospitality than I have been wel-comed with from your countrymen, during my long

march from Calcutta to the latter place. The numerous letters of introduction Lord William Bentinck gave me, when my departure from Bengal left him no other way to evince his extreme kindness to me; those for which I was indebted to many of my acquaintance in the Indian metropolis; and, above all, to a gentleman with whom I became a friend,—Colonel Fagan, the adjutant-general of the army,—all these I might have lost, and still, I am sure, have been equally entitled to eulogise British hospitality. Even the last European station I reached, Simlah, is like the beginning of my journey,—like Calcutta,—amongst the most hospitable, the one I shall ever remember most gratefully. Whilst I was rapidly forgetting, at Captain Kennedy's (the political agent in that district), the privations and fatigues of my first journey through the hills, he was busily employed in preparing, and I dare say ensuring, the success of my journey over the Himalaya, by all the means his situation afforded him.

"It is now upwards of two months since I commenced travelling to the northward of the southern or Indian range of the Himalaya. I am no longer within the vast limits of British influence. I am but two days' march distant from the Ladak village, where

I shall close my reconnoitrings to the north, as it would prove very difficult, if not dangerous, to go further. Information that I got from the natives gives me reason to hope that I shall find there some strata swarming with organic remains, which will afford me the means of determining the geological age of that immensely developed limestone-formation, that constitutes the mighty Tartar ranges of the Himalaya, superior in height to the granitic peaks of the southern chain.

"Lately, whilst engaged in similar researches on the frontiers of Chinese Tartary, I had the good luck to meet with the very object of my inquiry, and also to find Chinese vigilance at fault, insomuch that no obstacle was thrown in my way. I had then to cross twice two passes, that were considerably more than eighteen thousand feet of absolute elevation, whilst the passes across the outer Himalaya scarcely average sixteen thousand feet.

"My observations on the skirts of the Himalaya, along the plains of Hindostan, are quite confirmatory of my friend M. Elie de Beaumont's views respecting the late period at which that mighty range sprung from the earth. As to the geological age of its granitic base (a question wholly distinct from the

consideration of its rising up), I think that my observations in the different parts of the Himalaya, but particularly in the upper valley of the Sutledge, will prove also to a certainty, contrary to the still prevailing opinion, that it belongs to one of the latest primitive formations.

"In ten days I hope to re-enter the Tartar Hangerang-pergunnah, under British control, and before two months hence to return to Simlah. I shall then, without delay, proceed down to the plains, and resume the prosecution of my journey towards Bombay. I am in perfectly good health, and have suffered nothing from six months' exposure to the sun, during my circuitous journey from Calcutta to the hills."

The remainder of this letter relates merely to private matters. We, however, insert the postscript, giving an account of a singular Hungarian enthusiast, whom Jacquemont met in Kanawer, and to whom he more than once alludes in his correspondence.

"P.S. I will add a few lines on a subject acceptable, I presume, to your warm interest in the East. You have, no doubt, heard of M. Alexander Csoma de Kōrôs, a Hungarian, enthusiastic for Oriental

philology, who has travelled through many parts of Asia during the last ten years. I saw him at Kanum, where he has resided for four years, supported by a small subsistence granted to him by the government of Bengal, to enable him to prosecute his investigation of the Tibetan language. M. Csoma has performed his task, and is about to leave Tibet, and to proceed to Calcutta. His energetic exertions and his depressed fortunes inspired me with a great interest for him; but I fear that disappointment awaits him at Calcutta, the government, in the present circumstances, being probably unable to afford him any pecuniary remuneration.

" M. Csoma will carry to Calcutta the result of his long labours, consisting of two voluminous and beautifully-neat manuscripts, quite ready for the press; one is a grammar, the other a vocabulary, of the Tibetan language, both written in English. The species of information obtainable through these new instruments of knowledge, is not, probably, of a nature to make them useful to the Indian government; and I do not believe that the circumstances of the Asiatic Society of Calcutta will enable them to undertake the publication of M. Csoma's works. I have, therefore, spoken to him of the illustrious Society in which you

take so eminent a concern*, as being, in my opinion, the public body whose learned patronage is more likely to become the promoter of his labours.

"How M. Csoma de Kōrôs has performed his task, no one can decide, since he is the only person proficient in the Tibetan language. But a conjecture, and a most favourable one, may be made. M. Csoma has never been in England, and has never had an opportunity of speaking English; yet he is thoroughly acquainted with your language. Most European tongues seem to be equally familiar to him, although he has had no opportunity of a practical acquaintance with them. Moreover, for the last ten years he has been entirely deprived of European intercourse, travelling throughout Asia in the character of a poor native, without any books, &c.; whilst he has spent four years in reading, with a learned lama of Ladak, hundreds and hundreds of Tibetan books preserved in the temple of Kanum. The medium of communication between him and his teacher, was the vernacular jargon of the Zeád, or Tartar tribes."

Jacquemont was most kindly received and assisted

* The Asiatic Society, to whom this letter was communicated by Sir Alexander Johnston, authorised Jacquemont to treat with his Hungarian friend for these manuscripts.

by all to whom he had letters of introduction, and by many others with whom he became acquainted in the different residencies of India. He speaks of Lord and Lady William Bentinck in the most glowing terms, as he does, indeed, of all his India friends. The following is a letter which he wrote, in English, to Mr. Lushington, Governor of Madras, a short time before his death; it belongs to this collection, as part of his correspondence from India, though never before published.

" *Tanna, Island of Salsette, September* 26, 1832.

" Sir,—I hasten to express my profound gratitude for the kindness which you have honoured me with in favouring me with such a number of valuable introductions to the officers of your Government. I have just had the honour of receiving them, enclosed in your letter of the 10th instant.

" With respect to the guard you are kindly pleased also to grant to me, if required, I beg leave to state, that the smallest,—a naick and four, was amply sufficient, in most of my travels through the Bengal provinces; and that it was only to go through the Rajpoot states, and insecure Bheel tracts, that a havildar, a naick and twelve were offered to me, and recommended by the Bengal and Bombay officers. In the

well-settled provinces of your Government, I trust a naick and four, or, at the utmost, a naick and six, will leave nothing more to desire to me for the perfect protection of my baggage.

"I shall not fail to do my best to travel the road you are so kind as to recommend to me, from Mysore to the Neilgherries; and I feel very grateful for your pointing out to me, amidst the troubles and cares of high office, such interesting particulars.

"With the expression of my fervent hopes to be able of testifying *vivâ voce* to you, in the Neilgherries, the deep sense I entertain of your kindness, I beg you will accept the assurance of my profound respect.

"I have the honour, &c.

"VICTOR JACQUEMONT."

To this we add an extract from a letter enclosing the above, written by Mr. Lushington to Sir Alexander Johnston, dated Madras, October 10th, 1832.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Your letter of introduction, given so long ago to Monsieur Jacquemont, only reached me the other day. He very prudently kept it until he was approaching our territories; and you will see, from the enclosed copy of his letter to me, that he is entirely satisfied with the arrangements made for his comfort,

and for the furtherance of the important objects of his researches."

After encountering the greatest difficulties and privations in his arduous labours, the fruits of which have greatly enriched the science of Natural History, and will soon be made public, Jacquemont was attacked with that bane of Indian climes, the liver complaint. He was then at Tanna, a town and fortress in the island of Salsette, where, pursuing his researches in the pestilential atmosphere of this unhealthy island, under a burning sun, and in the most dangerous season of the year, he imbibed the seeds of the disease which terminated his life. On his arrival at Bombay, extremely unwell, his powerful constitution gave way, his complaint assumed a fatal character, and he expired on the 7th of December, 1832, after lingering more than a month in intense agony.

Victor Jacquemont was deeply and generally lamented in India. He had acquired many friends there. His amiable manners, his strength and simplicity of mind, his great power of intellect, and above all, his warmth and sincerity of heart, made him beloved by all who knew him. Though at first somewhat cold and stately in his manner, and extremely reserved, this

soon wore off in the intimacy of friendship, where, as is evident from his letters, he found delight in the outpourings of his attachment, for his nature was warm and affectionate. Among his friends, he was a most entertaining companion, lively to excess, and sparkling with wit. With great depth and rapidity of discernment, he granted his friendship to those only who were able to comprehend and appreciate his mind. To strangers or casual acquaintances he was distant and uncommunicative. Not that he acted thus from reflection,—he was, perhaps, not aware of the feeling; it was mere instinct, an impulse identic with his nature, and totally free from any imagined superiority. But it was apparent to every one who saw him; and it may account for the character given of him by some who had casually met him, of being the most frigid and least communicative of men.

In person Victor Jacquemont was very tall, and had rather an awkward gait. But genius beamed from his fine countenance, and in its expression might be read the workings of a superior mind.

We shall conclude this Introduction with a letter from Sir Alexander Johnston to M. Jacquemont, the elder, Victor's father, who resides at Paris. It was written subsequently to the death of the young natu-

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ralist, and in consequence of an application to Sir Alexander Johnston for any documents he might possess, throwing light upon Victor Jacquemont's proceedings in England, prior to his departure for India.

"TO MONSIEUR JACQUEMONT, PARIS.

"Dear Sir,—As I understand from Mr. Sharp that the letters which the late M. Jacquemont wrote from different parts of India, to his friends in France, are soon to be published, and that you are anxious, in order to prefix them to those letters, to procure from me any documents I may possess, explanatory of his proceedings while he was in England previously to his departure for India, I have the pleasure to send you copies of two reports, in which I, as chairman of the Committee of Correspondence of the Royal Asiatic Society, thought it necessary to call the attention of the society to him and to his mission; and also copies of the following documents:—

"No. I. Copy of the resolution relative to M. Jacquemont, passed, on my motion, by the Committee of Correspondence, on the 18th of June, 1828.

"No. II. Copy of the resolution relative to M.

Jacquemont, passed, on my motion, by the Council of the Asiatic Society, on the 28th of June, 1828.

"No. III. Copy of a letter from M. Jacquemont to the Royal Asiatic Society of Literature, acknowledging the receipt of the resolution No. II.

"No. IV. Copy of a letter, of the 11th of July, 1828, from the Directors of the Museum at Paris to me, thanking me for the assistance which I had given M. Jacquemont.

"No. V. Copy of a letter, dated Bombay, September 26th, 1832, from M. Jacquemont to Mr. Lushington, thanking him for the preparations which had been made for his reception within the Madras territories, in consequence of the letter which I had given him for Mr. Lushington.

"No. VI. Copy of a letter from Mr. Lushington to me, inclosing the letter No. V., for the purpose of showing me that M. Jacquemont was satisfied with the preparations which had been made for his reception at Madras.

"On M. Jacquemont's arrival in England, he brought me a letter from the late Baron Cuvier, who spoke of him in the highest terms of praise. I was convinced, after a very short acquaintance with him, that he merited in every respect the character which the baron had given him, and that he was peculiarly

well qualified for the important mission upon which he was about to proceed to India. I, consequently, as one of the vice-presidents of the Royal Asiatic Society of Literature, and chairman of their Committee of Correspondence, felt it to be my duty to take every measure, in public and in private, to forward his object and that of the French government. He was, on my proposal, invited to attend all the meetings of the society, and those of the Committee of Correspondence; to make use, whenever he pleased, of their library and their museum; and finally, as a mark of the highest respect which the society could show him, he was unanimously elected one of their foreign members.

"He, on his part, took every opportunity to evince to the society his readiness to adopt any suggestions which they might offer him with respect to his researches, and to assure them of his anxiety to obtain for them every information they might require from him in India. He devoted himself with the greatest assiduity to the examination of all the different works, inscriptions, and other documents, relative to India, which are preserved in the library of the Asiatic Society, and in that of the East India Company. He was indefatigable in acquiring a practical knowledge of every mechanical art, which could be of use to him in

preserving such specimens in natural history as he might collect during his travels; and by the whole of his conduct while he remained in England, he gained the admiration and esteem of all those who felt any interest, or took any part in inquiries relative to the natural history, the geology, and the geography of India. On his departure from England, the President of the Asiatic Society, who was then also the President of the Board of Control of Indian affairs, at my request gave him letters of introduction to all the governors of the East India Company's possessions in India. I myself recommended him in the strongest terms to the protection and particular attentions of Lord William Bentinck, the Governor General of British India, of Sir John Malcolm, the Governor of Bombay, of Mr. Lushington, the Governor of Madras, and of Sir Edward Owen, the commander-in-chief of the British navy in the Indian seas; to the three first, that they might afford him every assistance in their power, while he was within the limits of their respective governments; to the last, that he might, by means of the different ships of war which might be, from time to time, returning to England, enabled to send such collections as he might make, with safety and without delay, to the Museum at Paris.

"The scientific object for which the French government sent M. Jacquemont to India; the liberality * with which the government was at the expense of his mission; the reputation of the men who advised the measure; the talents, the acquirements, and the zeal of the man who was chosen by them to carry it into effect; the cordiality with which Great Britain and France co-operated upon the occasion; the frankness and good sense with which M. Jacquemont himself conciliated the public functionaries in England and in India; the ardour with which he prosecuted his undertaking; the intrepidity with which he encountered and overcame every difficulty; the disinterestedness with which he sacrificed his comfort and his health to the performance of his duty; the calmness and the resignation with which he met his premature death at Bombay, and the universal regret which must be felt for his loss by every man of science in France, in England, and in India, are circumstances which must render every fact connected with the life of such a

* We cannot say much in favour of this liberality. The allowance made to Jacquemont was so small, that without the presents from Runjeet Sing and other native princes, and the assistance afforded him by the different governments in India, it is doubtful whether he would have been able to accomplish the object of his mission.—Ed.

man interesting to the public, and peculiarly gratifying to the friends of science throughout Europe.

"I am, dear sir, yours very faithfully,

"ALEXANDER JOHNSTON."

We have only to add that the documents, so kindly sent by Sir Alexander Johnston, were not used in the French edition of Jacquemont's letters. It was intended to insert them in a memoir of the author, to be prefixed to the correspondence; but from some mismanagement of the editor, it was not ready when it should have been. The curiosity and interest of the French public had been highly excited, and the demand for the work was so urgent, that there was not time to prepare the memoir, which was necessarily omitted. It is a question whether, in any future edition, this omission will be supplied; for the letters alone are said to excite sufficient interest without any such addition. But this is a question to be settled between the French public and the publisher.

London, September 12th, 1834.

A JOURNEY IN INDIA, &c.

BY

VICTOR JACQUEMONT.

TO M. PORPHYRE JACQUEMONT, PARIS.

Brest, 24th August, 1828, *one o'clock.*

On the fourth day after my departure from Paris I arrived here, my dear Porphyre, without accident, or more fatigue than I anticipated. I have called upon M. Poultier, commander of the Zélée; he is a lieutenant in the navy, a man about your age, and very pleasing in his appearance. He paid me every attention, and to-morrow, he is to take me on board to see the vessel which is to be my future dwelling: I say *future*, because we shall not sail for a week to come, as M. de Melay is not yet arrived.

What pleased me more with M. Poultier, was his telling me that, on our way to Rio Janeiro, we should make a short stay at Madeira. Short, however, as it may be, it will be a piece of good fortune for me, and will, moreover, considerably reduce the number of our salt beef dinners. Between each of the four stations,

the Canaries, the Brazil, the Cape of Good Hope, and the Isle of Bourbon, we shall, certainly, never be longer than a month at sea; and for such short passages we can always lay in a sufficient stock of fresh provisions, live animals, fruit, and vegetables. This is a pleasant prospect for me.

The king, as they tell me here, does not provide me with a bed on board ship, but gives me fifty francs to buy a cot with three thin mattrasses and sheets. This sum is nearly sufficient, and the bedding will remain my property. I am besides, from this day, entered at the officers' mess, at which his aforesaid majesty pays for my breakfast and dinner, if I choose to take them.

I am content. To tell you that my satisfaction is not grave, and serious, would be useless. There is a conflict within me. Reflection must combat the liveliest of my instinctive emotions; and in truth, if it does not overpower, it at least keeps them silent. It was high time indeed, five days ago, that six o'clock should strike, when you saw me to the carriage, for my feelings were nigh overcoming me; yet, two years ago, when I took leave of you at Havre, it was with much more anguish and sorrow. I had then, my dear friend, reached the summit of misfortune; every day since has been more lucky to me; and now in looking forward to the future, I see an acclivity before me, more or less rugged, but which in the end will necessarily lead me to an honourable and satisfactory position in the world. It is to you, my dear Porphyre, that I am indebted for this

renewed prospect of happiness. You are the cause of all I shall be, and of all that I may accomplish. I now regret nothing of what is past.

Shall I tell you the truth, my dear friend? The week which may probably elapse ere I quit France, I prefer passing alone, here, far from you and our father. I should have been much to be pitied, even during the last moments of my stay in Paris, if I had not been so overwhelmed with business relative to my departure, that I could not find leisure to ponder with you over our approaching separation. My father would have seen me pensive and sad, and I should have made him the same; instead of which, we had no time to think beforehand of the moment of our parting. Thus, notwithstanding all the delay of my departure, that moment surprised us almost unexpectedly: we scarcely said good-bye.

To-morrow, I shall write to our father. I thank him kindly for the two long lines, which he wrote on the margin of your letter. I leave him as he saw me depart, if not with pleasure, at least with security. Adieu, my friends; I embrace you with all my heart.

TO M. NARJOT, CAPTAIN OF ENGINEERS, BREST.

Brest, Saturday Evening, 23rd August, 1828.

You will see, my good friend, that I shall soon request you, who know this place, to hire me a house for

six months. This morning, while I was multiplying myself by four, in order to be, at the same time, here at my inn, at the post-office, at the observatory, and on board ship, writing, countermanding, going backwards and forwards in all haste, for fear of arriving too late, it was quietly decided, that the wind had not yet sufficiently veered round to carry us out of the roads; and as to-morrow is Sunday, and of course a holiday, we shall not be impious enough to sail on that day. Thus our departure is adjourned till Monday without fail, and very early in the morning, so that to-morrow night I must sleep on board.

Then on Monday, you will see that the wind will be perhaps so much reduced, that there will be scarcely any left, so that we shall still be unable to sail. This is monstrous! and is it not also a little ridiculous? The Americans do not make so much ado; they sail invariably on the day fixed. Thus, on a certain 3rd of November, 1826, I left Havre in a ship called the Cadmus, in the very midst of a storm or squall, which retained all the other vessels in harbour, and let us off with the loss of our main-sail.

I have discovered, that, among the officers, there is one whom they term a supernumerary lieutenant: that is to say, a captain of a merchantman, pressed, for a time, into the king's service. Although still young, he has been, among other places, three times in India. He is simple and artless, and will be useful to me. Persons of his class know a great many things without being

aware of it, and many interesting little facts may be gathered from them. By interrogating them with a little address, one can obtain from them information which they alone can give, because it can be acquired only by individuals in their situation.

Is it not the same thing whether a painful object meets our eyes, or an idea of sadness passes over our mind? Imagination, and memory, form a little magic lantern which makes us melancholy or cheerful, according to the things it calls to our recollection. Without rising from our chair, and without any appreciable change in the external things around us, we are by turns, passively and irresistibly, either serene or madly merry, or taciturn, gloomy, and melancholy. Others, who, with the eyes in their heads, cannot perceive these little internal tempests, see only unevenness of temper in these effects, and unhesitatingly impute it to us as a weakness inherent in our nature. You know too that M. Fortin, our skilful engineer, makes scales, which, on being changed with the weight of a kilogramme, enclosed in a glass-case, and placed in a well-closed room, will fearfully move up and down, if a poor hack but roll along the street. The happy few, my good friend, are machines equally subtle, and still more delicate and impressible. The grocer, who weighs his articles in rude scales, always tending to be in equilibrio, seeing those of Fortin trembling at the passage of a carriage, would not divine the cause of their motion, and, like *some others*, would condemn them, as bad and fantastical.

Well then! the true reason, why, yesterday evening, you found neither me, nor the hot water, to your taste, is, that I at least was in a very serious mood, and, what is worse, dreadfully *ennuyé*. In such a case, the best thing a man can do, is to go to bed; others gain by it, in not seeing him when disagreeable, and he escapes with, perhaps, dreaming sometimes of annoyances such as a pair of slippers too short, or any other bedevilment.

All my unlearned friends tell me, that I shall return very wise, doubtless, but quite worn out, and crushed by the stones and animals, with which my thoughts will have lived on very intimate terms, for many years. If such be the case, my good friend, beware of a *fiasco*, for the two or three volumes, whether learned or not, to which you have promised to subscribe, and which I wish to make amusing—a quality too much despised.

Yet, when I tell you, that *all* my friends utter this direful prediction, I say too much: some two or three pretend the contrary. But they are those who love me most, and know me best, it is true; and are the only ones who have had any specimen of my prosaic abilities. Now, it is quite natural, that their too tender friendship may blind them: but we shall see. If they are wrong, I will take to writing sermons; and, in that grave key, I hope to take my revenge. I assure you, my good friend, that, at least four times a year, I regret not being a priest or a missionary. I meet or hear none, without envying them the high and noble duties they have to perform, and without being dis-

gusted with the stupidity of the most famous among them. I do not except from this severe judgment their defunct men of celebrity. In spite of what you will term my slander, which is nothing but my exclusive esteem of absolute honesty and sincerity, I protest that I am very devout: though it is not my habitual state, for devotion is only useful on occasions.

Good night,—adieu, my amiable friend! Retain some remembrance of the moments which chance has permitted us to pass together. Perhaps it will re-unite us! I should be glad if it were in a political assembly, for I am sure we should be near neighbours in it. We, who have no religious faith, must employ the tenderness of our souls to the advantage of humanity. That should be our religion: and unless we possess those extraordinary talents, which, by means of written language, give us great authority over our contemporaries, it is in the performance of what our peculiar talents enable us to do in public affairs, that we should place our ambition. Adieu,—Adieu!

TO M. JACQUEMONT THE ELDER, PARIS.

On board the Zélée, at sea, between Madeira and Teneriffe.
Wednesday, 10th September, 1828.

My dear and excellent father! Yesterday, according to the vulgar mode of reckoning, it was fifteen days since I left Brest, the Zélée having sailed on Tuesday, the 26th August. Ever since the day after our departure,

we have had contrary winds, which have blown almost constantly, but without violence; so that if we have not made much way, we have not been fatigued. I need not say that my health has not been disturbed for a single instant, by the change of element; and, what is singular, another passenger quite unused to the sea, has felt scarcely anything, and the others have been but little tried. The young surgeon of the vessel, who, though familiar with the sea, paid the accustomed tribute the first week, and M. de Melay, who has paid and will pay for all, are the only two who have suffered. I knew he had not a *sea stomach:* but, in this way, he was quite beyond all my expectations. I wonder how, with a nature having such an antipathy to pitching and rolling, he can have remained a sailor. Had I been in his place, I would have changed my profession thirty years ago.

Contrary winds are not the sole cause of the slowness of our progress. A good deal is owing to the vessel: she is very good and very solid—an excellent sea boat, as they say; she has a thousand good qualities; each more valuable than the other, but—she sails badly. The captain himself is forced to allow this, and therefore, you may rely upon its truth. But, after all, what does it matter? we shall perhaps reach Pondicherry a month later than I calculated upon! Well, the first year of my travels, which ought evidently to be the most burthensome, will be a little shorter for it. This is almost an advantage. M. de

Melay lives and takes his meals with the captain, who is a young lieutenant in the navy, and but lately the comrade of two of his officers. They have had the charity to admit into their mess, and to place in a cabin at a distance from the officers' berth, the Apostolic Prefect of Pondicherry. Though this is but a trifling service done him, it is, however, a great one to us. His presence would have placed us under perpetual restraint; and with all our attempts at modesty, and to throw off the manner of the sailor, God knows to what tribulations his ears might not have exposed him among us.

There are eleven of us at the officers' mess; five of whom are officers, all younger than myself, with the exception of a poor old junior lieutenant, who seems to me to possess much professional merit, but makes no noise, and will necessarily remain in the same rank all his life. The others are a young navy surgeon, a commissary, myself, M. de Sallabery, M. Goudot, and a young man from Rochelle going to join a relation in India.

The captain's age, his comparatively low grade in the service, the circumstance of his having been the comrade of several of his officers, and his good-nature, —all contribute to our having less of tiresome etiquette, than on board any other ship of war. I could wish nothing better.

With the officers and passengers I live without any bustle; all is pleasant and agreeable. M. de Melay and myself are becoming more and more intimate every day: sometimes we walk for hours on

deck, chatting *de omni re scibili.* Though I thought him a man of mind, I find him even more so than I had supposed. He has a rich fund of fact and anecdote, and is not destitute of imagination ; he is a good critic, and an excellent reasoner; and his style in conversation is beautifully correct, without being heavy. I may truly say, that his being here is a piece of good fortune for me; and he certainly finds me of some advantage.

However indifferent you know me to be in matters of ordinary life, yet, as the length of the voyage renders them, for a time, less contemptible, I must tell you, that we have very good breakfasts and dinners. Bread is baked every day, and it is excellent. The wine is pretty good; and we have fresh mutton, pork, fowl, fresh and dry vegetables, so that we can hardly perceive that we are not still on shore. Sunday and Thursday are holidays, as at college; and on those days, our ordinary meal is so much improved, as to become quite luxurious.

11th September.

As the Zélée, after landing M de Melay at Pondicherry, is to make hydrographical researches on the East coast of Africa, she is provided with several chronometers, and the young officers, yet little familiar with the requisite calculations, are constantly occupied. There is not much labour on board, yet more than I should have thought. I am seldom a solitary reader or writer on the great green cloth that covers our mess table. At night, a handsome lamp, hanging from the

deck above, throws its light on us, and makes our cabin look like a handsome study. I hold long sittings there, and always feel satisfied with myself at the close of each, for I work with pleasure and facility. I vary my reading, in order to rest from one subject, by applying to another. I have an excellent Persian grammar, and a tolerably good vocabulary of that language, with which therefore I have begun. The Hindostanee will come afterwards; it is already half known by a person who understands Persian. With what I shall have learned from books by the time I reach India, I flatter myself that I shall need no very long time to be able to speak it fluently, though incorrectly.

On board a man of war, there are many noises not to be heard on board a merchantman. Every manœuvre is commanded with a horribly shrill whistle; some also, which return periodically several times a day, are performed to the sound of the drum. In fine weather, the afternoon is occupied with practising the guns; now and then they have the musket exercise. At first, all this was abominable; I am so used to it now, that I scarcely perceive it. I know not whether it is from the excellence of the crew, or from the indulgence of the officers, but for the last fortnight I have not seen a man punished. All, who are not occupied in working the ship, laugh and amuse themselves. The sight of these poor ill-dressed devils, who are constantly awake, has nothing saddening in it. They are, besides, well fed, to keep them in health, and

good humour: each man has a bottle of wine, and a meal with fine fresh bread. The young doctor has nothing to do. I tell you all these things, which will perhaps appear futile to you, because I attach importance to them. Care-worn countenances, and corporal punishments, would make me melancholy, and disgust me with my floating prison.

I wrote to you from Brest, that we should touch at Madeira. M. de Melay, however, has changed his mind; the uncertainty of our relations with Don Miguel, and the fear of encountering the Brazilians and Portuguese in deadly strife perhaps with each other, has made us pass that island on our right, and sail for Teneriffe. You see I do not lose by this. Teneriffe with its peak and its volcano, is one of the most beautiful places in the world. If the weather were quite clear to-day, we should already see the summit of the peak, for we are only forty-two leagues distant from it. We shall find admirable grapes, oranges, and lemons, of which we shall lay in a good store, to serve us for lemonade till we reach Rio de Janeiro.

If we are circumspect with these rabble of Brazilians and Portuguese, we are haughty enough, I promise you, with the poor merchantmen. On Sunday last, the seventh, about noon, as I was engaged with M. de Melay, the captain came and told him that a strange sail, which had kept her course very near us since the morning, was approaching still nearer; that the stranger had a suspicious appearance, and that

at all events he should clear for action. In less than five minutes, each man was armed with a musket, a cutlass, a pistol, and an axe—the matches placed near the guns—every man at his post—and, instead of waiting for the stranger, we put the ship about, and stood towards him. It was blowing very fresh, and for once the Zélée distinguished herself, and sailed well. Upon this the stranger, who was in fact sailing towards us with a threatening appearance, turned tail, but we gave chase. Seeing that we gained on him, he at last had the tardy politeness to hoist English colours; we then hoisted ours, together with our pendant (the distinctive mark of a man-of-war), backing it, as they say, with a shotted gun, which raised serious reflections in the crew of the strange vessel. She brought to, and we ran close up along side her. She proved to be an English vessel, the General Wolfe, of Bristol. Our captain wished to speak her in English—a singular pretension on his part. For want of a single person among ten officers able to speak a word of that language, I was requested to take the speaking trumpet, and had the glory of telling the poor terrified devils, that the next time they presumed to bear down upon us without showing their colours, we would sink them with a broadside. I ought to tell you, that, to the great credit of my moderation, I omitted translating through the speaking trumpet certain emphatic expletives of the captain. It would have been rather a violation of etiquette.

This little scene was quite a novelty for me; this real preparation for battle, without any broken limbs, interested me much. I scarcely, however, understand a sea-fight the better for it.

This, my dear father, becomes quite tittle-tattle, and I must end it. Shall I do so, however, without adding any thing more? without telling you how many times a day, in my short moments of solitude and leisure, I detect myself thinking of you and Porphyre? Yet it is without sadness. I enjoy these tender recollections, much more than I regret our separation. The time passes so quickly that I already see its termination, and I expect that you will say to me in five years, when I return, "What! already!" and this will be the best thing to say on both sides.

My barometers, and other instruments, go on excellently. You will see them again, in five years. Every thing in my trunks and chests, also arrived safe. For the last four days, on reaching the latitude of Cadiz, I have adopted linen clothes, which I shall not again leave off; for the winds bring us the heated atmosphere of the tropics. It is the climate which I love. I feel myself caressed by this genial air, and, although my long thin body can scarcely be compared to a rose-bud, I feel that I am beginning to bloom.

There is not much chance of my finding, on my arrival at Santa Cruz in Teneriffe, a vessel sailing immediately for France, or England. At all events, I should be ready, as you perceive, to avail myself of it;

but I think I shall have time to add a short postscript from thence. I have written to you, this time, without reserve; for the future, I shall have nothing to do, but to entertain you with any little changes that may happen to me.

Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, Tuesday, 16*th Sept.* 1828.
The Roads.

We put in here on Saturday morning, the thirteenth. We sail again tomorrow morning. In this short interval, I have taken care to run about sufficiently to see many things and people too. A French ship of war is quite a phenomenon here. They pay us every possible attention: yesterday, for instance, we were at a ball. I danced a French *contre-danse* with a charming Spaniard, who spoke English. The ball was given by some rich merchants, who, twenty years ago, received M. Cordier in this island. *La grande nation* has here been represented in black, from head to foot. There were many present who could speak English and French, so that I was amply indemnified for the little drudgery of the dance. I say drudgery, because these handsome Spanish women have not a word to say for themselves. To-night, we are to have it over again, and the whole city will be there. At midnight, every one retires wrapped in a large black cloak of oil-cloth. The ship's boats are ready to receive us at the quay. We jump in with address, at the risk of tumbling into the sea, for there is always a great swell here; and, by the

grace of God, we reach the Zélée, which is at anchor in the roads. The return on board forms a strange contrast with the scene we have just left.

We are taking in stores of lemons, oranges, and some tropical fruits, which are found here in abundance. The fact is, we are to be forty days at sea, before we reach Rio.

Adieu, my dear father! I embrace you as well as Porphyre, to whom my first letter will be addressed. I am wonderfully well. Every thing is for the best, in this best of all possible worlds. Remembrances to all.

TO M$^{LLE.}$ ZOE NOIZET DE SAINT-PAUL, ARRAS.

At sea, on board the Zélée, lat 4° *N., lon.* 22° 35′, *W. from Greenwich. Saturday Evening,* 11*th Oct.* 1828.

It is night, every one about me is asleep except an officer and half the watch on deck. I am alone, in a tolerably capacious and elegant cabin, seated at a large table covered with a green cloth, and lighted by a lamp hanging above the middle of it. This is my hour of work, when I require silence and solitude. I came for the purpose of writing; it was to have been on natural philosophy; but instead of the MS. which I was seeking in my portfolio, chance, and a charming chance too, made me extricate from the divine disorder reigning there, your letter of July last. I began to reperuse it, my dear cousin, and I congra-

tulated myself on having brought it from Paris, to answer it at Brest if I had time. I recollect that I did so: but I must have done it very stupidly. I was very much annoyed in that town, always uncertain whether I should sleep there the next day, and dreaded being kept there a month by contrary winds.

I believe, my dear Zoe, that although we differ much on very important questions, we have yet many feelings and affections in common. Though more of a materialist than a spiritualist, I nevertheless take but little count of matter—of positive reality. I allow an immense importance in morals—that is to say, the art of seeking happiness—to what many narrow-minded people laugh at as chimeras. The pleasures of the imagination, are not less real than those of the senses; its pains are not less cruel than theirs. It is assuredly not from our senses that we receive enjoyment, but from what you call our soul—from our faculty of feeling when excited; subject, however, in a manner which we call happy, to the physical modifications of our senses, when placed in relation with external objects. Pleasure and pain reach us continually by a route different from that; they reach us directly, without our being able to perceive the slightest modification of our organs, preceding the sense of them which we experience. There is but one thing certain in all this—sensation. It is simple in its nature, whatever may be the variety of its objects, its origin, or its causes. But let us have done with metaphysics, more particularly, as I was about indis-

creetly to reveal to you those famous *real essences*. This would be disposing of my father's property, and managing it very ill, no doubt. If I marry, in India, the daughter of some nabob with a few millions, I will employ one of them, on my return, in publishing the 280 volumes of paternal eloquence, and you will there see what sensation is. Notwithstanding, I think you, my dear friend, very happy in entertaining those opinions, concerning which we differ. There is a class of enjoyments, quite independent of the material interior of our existence; and it is by them alone, that we can equalise happiness among mankind: for that which results from satisfying physical wants, will always be naturally very bad, and very unjustly divided.

.Do you think that these pleasures, destitute of material reality, are unknown to those whom you call materialists? Are not the most exclusive of them subject to the laws of sympathy? Whether it be in them the mechanical result of their organisation, or a faculty of the mind, is of small importance—in all, it is a feeling which makes them share the affections of other men, not only those affections whose indications they see, but also all those of which they become conscious without the aid, without the physical impression, of their senses. There are atheists who have a worship, and a very useful one too: it is the worship of humanity. I know more than one of this description. To themselves, they are stoics, to others, angels of charity and indulgence.

You impute to physiology, pretensions which it does not entertain. It is not physiologists who have pretended to explain the most secret mysteries of the intellect; metaphysicians, only, are capable of such impertinence. It is true, that a few ill-informed physicians have believed that they could explain the functions of organic life, by the simple laws of physics, and chemistry. But even that is impossible. However admirable chemistry may have become, during the last half score of years—and mark, there are not in France six physicians, even among the juniors, who are aware of the point to which this science has risen—it is quite insufficient to account for these strange phenomena. There is a something in them, of which it is perfectly allowable for reason to form an immaterial and immortal principle. The French philosophers of the last century and of the present, who have been termed sensualists, and have been very generally supposed to be materialists, I mean Condillac, Cabanis and M. de Tracy, have seen, it is true, in the senses and intellect of man, only one of the faculties of his organisation; but they never asserted that the laws of inert matter, the laws of physics and chemistry, presided exclusively over organic life. Be that however as it may, my dear friend, the life of the shapeless lichen which grows on every thing that will afford it support and a little moisture, is physiologically quite as inexplicable as that of the most perfect of animals, man; every thing that has life, is equally incomprehensible. In this respect,

nothing is either more or less so. If you grant us a soul, you must also allow something similar to other animals, which, though so inferior to us, possess, notwithstanding, many intellectual faculties, and several modes of sensation, common to all. Seneca, following Epicurus, of whose philosophical principles he partook, explains the sensibility of organised beings, by the "*anima mundi*" (the soul of the world), as the mechanical motions of the heavenly bodies have been since explained by *attraction*. This "*anima mundi*" pleases me much, precisely on account of its being so vague and indefinite a term. I see in it, something resembling a reason, but which is not clear enough not to be rejected as absurd, if it is not at once adopted as true.

I might have talked this stuff to you, at our fireside at Paris, as well as here; and yet there is nothing so out of the ordinary, as the place where I now am. We are to-day, the 13th of October, at a short distance from the equator, after having been nearly fifty days at sea, with the prospect of another month ere we reach Rio Janeiro. You, who have read Lord Byron's works, must think the sea marvellously fine. For my part, I feel none of its poetry. I see, but without admiration, the sun rise and set every day. He illuminates only a monotonous and lifeless horizon, which has nothing in it to excite the mind; any more than in the monastic sort of life we are forced to lead on board ship. I read, write, and work a good deal; but I should like some better company, for I find little entertain-

ment in that of the young officers on board. They are excellent young men, but ill-informed, though perfectly amiable, mild, and good-natured; and in my intercourse with them, I find all I could wish, except amusement. I should be quite at a loss in this respect, were it not for the governor of Pondicherry, M. de Melay, who is a very clever man. We quite coquette with each other, though we have few infidelities to apprehend; for, except from each other, there is no one on board from whom we can expect rational conversation. You may say if you like, my dear friend, that I have concluded with a piece of vile impertinence, and you would be right, if you were any one else. But, methinks, we know each other well enough, to state without reserve or false modesty, the good and evil that we think.

On our voyage hither, we put in for four days at Teneriffe, and I wrote from that place to my father; so that he will have been but a short time without hearing from me. Teneriffe was quite a new object of interest to me, for it is a Spanish country, and I had never seen one. I made a long trip in the mountains mounted on an ass—do not suppose that these asses are like ours:—I met camels on the way; this was a stamp of locality; but at a ball in the evening at the house of a rich inhabitant of Santa Cruz, who had invited the officers of the Zélée, I had on black clothes as at Paris, and all the men were dressed, like me, in the newest fashions of London and Paris. But few of

the women had any thing Andalusian in their dress; on the contrary they wore "robes à gigot," and we danced French contre-danses set to Rossini's most popular airs. Then there was écarté in the next room. Farewell to the stamp of locality! The whole world is tending to assume the same appearance, stupid, rather melancholy, and very vulgar. I shall be out of humour with it many a time, before I return to Europe.

Adieu, my dear Zoe, write to me when you think it will afford you pleasure; never mind the place where your letters will find me, only send them to my father. Tell all our friends about you, that I retain a delightful recollection of the two hours which I spent at Barly.

Rio Janeiro, just arrived, 28th October.

TO M. PORPHYRE JACQUEMONT, PARIS.

Saturday, 18*th October,* 1828, *at sea. Lat.* 6° *south, Lon.* 27° 35′ *west from Greenwich.*

I TRUST, my dear Porphyre, that before the arrival of this letter which will only be sent from Rio, our father will have received my first to him, dated from Teneriffe, where we arrived on the 13th of September, and remained till the 17th. A ship was soon to sail for Marseilles, and the consul promised to take advantage of the opportunity. Thus, you cannot have been two months without hearing from me, or having some token of my existence. Since our departure from Teneriffe, till within these few days, our voyage has

been very much impeded by calms and contrary winds. The trade winds, which we had a right to depend upon to carry us into the vicinity of the equator, have, to the great surprise of the sailors, almost entirely failed us. Last year, in going to, and returning from, Saint Domingo, I saw them equally inexact at their post, so that this time, I was very little astonished at their absence; the less so, as I have always had but little faith in the theory which accounts for their constantly blowing from the same quarter. You may just as well give the same reason to explain why your daughter is dumb. Nevertheless, I make many little observations on rain and fine weather, which do not exactly confirm certain ideas on meteorology, admitted formerly on trust, and which had always appeared satisfactory to me. The calms commenced about 18° north. The sky then became constantly clouded, every day brought us some drops of rain, followed sometimes, for an hour or two, by a squall which drove us on a few miles; and thus, with much trouble, we slowly reached the fifth degree. There we were delayed several days, constantly manœuvring to no purpose, till last Monday, when the south-east wind arose, and taking us on the beam, brought us in two days to the equator which we crossed at full speed—a trim we have since kept up night and day, and which, if we can retain it so long, will take us to Rio in eleven days. With a young captain of thirty, you may guess that the crossing of the line does not take place without the customary ceremonies. A sailor

—the greatest scamp of all, and the most stupid looking—said mass—a mass after his own fashion,—with a surplice and altar got up for the occasion. He gave us a most laughable sermon, after which, the uninitiated were gravely shaved with a wooden razor four feet long; they then swore to old father Line, never to lie with a sailor's wife, and paid him ten francs for his trouble. This ceremony being over, the officers among themselves aft, and the ship's company forward, threw buckets of water into each others' faces for an hour. The fire engine also played successfully in drenching, at the mast-heads, the fugitives who had escaped from the fray. We then went below to change our clothes, and on returning upon deck we found every thing in its accustomed order, the little previous saturnalia having left no trace behind. In the evening, the captain gave us a dinner with all the research possible: we had green peas, truffled partridges, and other dainties. M. de Melay, a little excited by the noise and the pretended liqueurs of Madame Anfoux, sang drinking songs, then some of the gayest of Beranger's, and we finished with the most genuine sea songs in the world. The poor Abbé, who was next to me, was near making his escape to avoid the choruses. I confess, I never heard the like. The crew, who during this time—three hours at table—had received double rations and some liquor, were in high glee : they were allowed to come and dance on the quarter deck : and as there were no musicians among the seamen, they accompanied themselves with

the voice, to tunes that would have scared the devil, and words abominable enough to bring the whole infernal host to carry off the singers. The poor Abbé went to prayers, in his little retreat, without being able to prevent these horrors from reaching him. It is impossible for a priest to exist on board ship. Accordingly, in spite of the regulation which gives a chaplain to every ship and frigate, not one will accept the office: they would have to live in the hold, if they would not be constant witnesses of the most fearful blasphemy.

Most of the provisions we brought from Brest being spoiled, we have been obliged to throw them overboard. Our fare is hence become right royal: we live on the king's salt beef and pork, dried kidney beans, and sour krout. While you doubtless are eating grapes at your breakfast and dinner, a piece of salt beef brings my meals to an abrupt close. But you have already cold and rain — I enjoy a charming temperature. I am astonished how mild it is, for it does not exceed about 26 centigrade (79 Fahrenheit). Then, in another fortnight, perhaps sooner, I shall revenge myself at Rio on the oranges, pine apples, bananas, and all the intertropical fruits, which I do not like less than our own, and which are in greater variety. At Teneriffe, we already found bananas, which, fortunately for amateurs, every one does not like. The grape of this country resembles in size that of the promised land, but it is far from being equal to ours, even the worst in the environs of Paris. Good day, for the present, my

friend. Here you have enough of gossip, considering I say nothing: it seems as if we were only twenty leagues apart. I chat for the sole pleasure of chatting with you. I reserve for Rio, this bit of white paper that still remains.

P. S. From Rio, where we are casting anchor, just as a merchantman is getting under weigh for France. In good health, all well. We shall be here a week at least, and I will write before we leave.

28*th October*, 1828.

TO M. JACQUEMONT THE ELDER, PARIS.

Rio, 6*th November*, 1828, *on board the Zélée, in the Roads.*

I ARRIVED here on the 28th of October. The same evening, I despatched a letter for Porphyre, the first I have written to him since I left Brest. With regard to myself, my dear father, it is one in the morning, I am dreadfully sleepy and fatigued, although wonderfully well, and leave you to go to bed. This place is magnificent, I have never seen any thing so beautiful, but we sail the day after to-morrow, and I am plagued with cares of all kinds. Send the enclosed to J. Taschereau. I embrace you with all my heart, and Porphyre also.

Adieu! Adieu!

14*th November*.

This day week, at noon, in the finest weather in

the world, in going out of the roadstead, which is immense, we ran foul of a merchantman at anchor. I think if I had wished it, poor wretch as I am, I should not have succeeded in this difficult feat. Nobody was hurt, but plenty of masts and sides broken and driven in. The French agent will pay the damage. We have been under repairs ever since. To-morrow we go to sea again, span new, and finer than ever.

Every one has been merry at the expense of the Zélée—I as well as the rest. Besides, I am very glad to know by experience, what running foul is.

Within this week, I have discovered the three young Taunays. One of them is an artist, and professor of painting at the Imperial Academy; another, major of cavalry in the imperial army; and a third, chancellor of the consulship. This evening, I am going to see an animal extremely rare in America—an emperor. I shall take advantage of the same opportunity to see *l'Italiana in Algieri*, for it is at the opera that I am to enjoy the sight of that excellent imperial groom. I have only time to dress before dinner, and I quit you without farther ceremony, with the kindest regards.

TO M. ACHILLE CHAPER, PARIS.

On board the Zélée, at sea, between Rio Janeiro and the Cape of Good Hope, Wednesday, 10*th December*, 1828.

I do not wait till we arrive at the Cape to write to you, my dear friend, for I am ignorant of the time—

probably very short—that we shall be there, and I shall have leisure only for the stones, plants, things, and, if possible, the men of that country. Besides, what could I say to you from thence, which I cannot equally well say to you now? Here have we passed over half the distance from France to India; but it is more than three months and a half since we sailed. The ship sails badly, and we have frequently had contrary winds and calms. At Rio Janeiro, which we lately left, having made a previous stay at Teneriffe, we got damaged in our first attempt to leave; this obliged us to put in again to refit, and we thus remained there three weeks instead of one. I consoled myself for this delay with the opportunity it afforded me of becoming acquainted with some particulars of a country I shall not see again, for which nature had done all, but man has spoiled, irreparably ruined! I have spoken to you of Saint Domingo—undoubtedly I did not give you a very brilliant picture of it; well! in my opinion Saint Domingo has made greater progress in civilisation than Brazil. I here saw, for the first time, negro slavery, on an immense scale, forming the key-stone of society. In twenty days, I saw several vessels arrive from the coast of Africa, loaded with these miserable creatures, a prey to frightful diseases, heaped together on landing, and penned in like animals; and side by side with these horrors, the most refined luxuries of European civilisation. The Portuguese, like the Spaniards, feel not the contempt, the physical repugnance towards negroes, which few English or French can resist. They have

not instituted against them, that system of refined humiliation adopted by the colonists of Jamaica and the Leeward Islands; but they are not less violent and merciless masters. Under their whip, the negroes live a few years, and die without issue. The character of this unhappy race must be very mild, innocent, and timid, for revenge and crimes not to be more common at Rio, than they are. The masters, with their polished, even elegant, European exterior, are, in many respects, as much debased by slavery as the brutalised negroes. I saw them with their golden key on their coat, with their diamonds, their ribands, their titles, their ignorance, baseness, and dishonesty, and I was disgusted. I sought a middle class—laborious, thrifty, honest, respectable—I found none. Beneath this gilt-edged rabble, I found only black slaves, or free men of colour, who are slave-owners, and the worst of all. Is that a nation? And is it not the portrait of all the new independent states, dismembered from Spanish America? The Spanish and Portuguese races are not more progressive in the New World, than in the Old. They possess liberty only in name. But what is liberty?—is it an end or a means? You will see, my friend, what inter-tropical America will become with its liberty: it will be what it was before—a country without inhabitants, and without riches, because it is without labour. Labour and economy are all that are required; and liberty is precious only when employed in working, and in laying by. An admirable use is made of it in

the United States; because the English race, by whom the whole of the North of the New World was peopled, is eminently industrious and orderly. I have told you, how the North Americans crushed us French by free competition. What will their neighbours, the Mexican Spaniards, do beside them?

The colonial despotism which still exists in Canada, though much tempered, cramps the English population on whom it is imposed, in the development of its industry and tendency to improvement, and opposes an obstacle to its increase and strength. In Brazil, the oppressions and vexations, preserved by the monarchical form of government, but feebly defend the country against a contrary principle of decay and weakness.

In Brazil, all labour is performed by negro slaves. Stop the traffic, abolish slavery, and there will be no work at all. Shoot or depose the emperor Don Pedro, dismember his monarchy into several confederated republics,—and anarchy will break forth every where; it will favour the revolt of the blacks, and the whites will, in many places, be massacred. There is no escaping from this alternative, except by maintaining the present order of things. It is most melancholy!

Perhaps you will have learnt, ere you receive this letter, that Bolivar has made himself king: I wish it may be so, for the sake of his country. Our friends will exclaim "treason!"—people will cruelly repent having compared him to Washington, because he will have violated the name of a vain and useless liberty;

and they will not understand, that a despotic chief is a thousand times preferable to the frightful anarchy which now desolates the new American republics. Liberty is a superfluity for nations in want of food and laws.

The time, occupied by my long passage, goes on quietly. The most happy understanding subsists among the inhabitants of this floating prison; but my life is idle and monotonous. I have lived upon prose since I have been on board: it is the sea system and I must yield to it. If you imagine that there is any poetry in the life of a sailor, how greatly are you mistaken! Nothing is more like a convent than a ship of war. Every day resembles the one before; each hour brings periodically the same task; there is no care for any thing external, and within, a profound reliance on the return of breakfast in the morning, and dinner in the evening. One is sure, when night comes, to find one's bed made, and on awaking in the morning, a change of linen. This uniformity might suit a studious life: but beware of it. The day drags on, and is wasted on words and trifles.

I intermix, with my scientific readings, the study of Persian, which I find not very difficult. With respect to the agreeable, it is very confined in my little travelling library, being restricted to three small volumes, Catullus Tibullus and Propertius, in Latin; Moore's Lalla Rookh, and Tristram Shandy—that is

all. But Tristram Shandy is a feast in itself. I like Sterne infinitely. His eccentricity pleases me. Are we not made so? Do we not pass in an instant, without knowing why, from one idea to another? Among the infinite variety of tones in his book, I can always find a page in unison with the actual state of my heart, or the caprice of my mind. No one, assuredly, has more abused the elliptical style than he has, since he has left whole chapters blank. To a fool, it is a complete mystification, and one which he would not find very piquant, because it is very easy: but is that blank page really a wordless riddle?—Why not seek to fill it up? This is to me, particularly on board ship, Sterne's greatest merit: for when I have read a score of lines, as I am walking on deck, and the ship gives a lurch, I can put the book in my pocket and continue my walk with pleasure. I have matter for thought. The pretty tales of Moore have not an equal power of pleasing me; and, as for my three ancients, I have far less taste for them than for my modern English.

Chaper, what a revolution in my existence! During the six years of our acquaintance and friendship, what vicissitudes have we not encountered—how many things have we not talked of! Sometimes, in those rare moments when I am allowed to be alone, fantastic images of happiness and misery rise before me in the dim obscurity of the past, I know not whether I am dreaming or awake: for some moments I remain dazzled, and

when I again open my eyes, I perceive that I was only recollecting, while I thought I was dreaming. Yet, my friend, the memory of those piercing impressions which once thrilled my very soul, is becoming gradually effaced. The mind alone possesses memory. It recals exactly the facts of which it has had cognisance,—the ideas which it has conceived. It recals them, even when it has ceased to judge them. The heart has not this faculty: it possesses no memory—it knows only what it actually feels. If it appears to recal past feelings, it is because they are not yet extinguished, and still affect it. Do not you think so?

Do not you think so?—as if we were not a thousand leagues apart!—as if I knew whether this letter will ever reach you, and when? And your answer?—can I expect it in less than a year?—and where shall I be then! Oh, my friend, how has my youth been thwarted!—what a life of wandering is mine! Yet, do not imagine that I regret having reached the term to which the concurrence of circumstances has brought me. I would change nothing of the direction my life has taken, since my departure for the United States. Whatever sacrifice I may have made, in tearing myself for so long a period from my old father and friends, the firm hope of seeing them again, makes me endure it with cheerfulness. We shall meet again, my friend, still young, yet grown old from the agitation of our youth — we shall meet again, in the

calm strength of manhood. Shall we find more happiness in that tranquil state? I hope so.

It will, doubtless, be very difficult for me to send you any news of myself. But you will henceforth always know where to find me; if not on the map, at least in life. You will, in thought, easily fill up the intervals of mine, of which I may leave you in ignorance. You see me now following a straight line; you have only to prolong it to find me.

Adieu, my friend! be happy.

Cape of Good Hope,
Tuesday, 18*th December,* 1828.

We arrived here a week ago, with splendid weather. It has lasted the whole of this week, which I have spent here, comfortably and agreeably on shore, and living in a beautiful spot. I am surrounded by so many interesting objects, that I know not how to manage to examine the whole. I have seen as many as possible, and of every possible kind.

Adieu, my good friend! for I have not time to write any more.

TO M. DE MARESTE, PARIS.

On board the Zélée at sea, December 11*th,* 1828.

It is very true, my good friend, that were I to pass another year at sea, I might experience the dreadful

malady with which our friend Dr. Stendhal threatened me: for I already feel myself *bien paysan du Danube*, although I have not been at sea more than three months at a time. Though I do not require a large establishment to work, I cannot do it without some accommodation; a little quiet is moreover necessary. Béranger may reckon upon a dozen leaden bullets if, on my return to France, they should take it into their heads to make me a *rey netto**. Figure to yourself, my dear friend, some fifty officers and sailors, singing together, each in his own key, and without even sticking to it, what we liberals call the *odes* of that great poet. This abominable Dutch concert, of which Béranger has furnished the first materials, makes me have a horror of him.

The young officers, with whom I live, were, on leaving Angoulême, at the age of sixteen, taken into the service of the constitutional monarchy. They were shipped off without being allowed even to visit their families; and they have now been from eight to ten years at sea, without being able to obtain more than a few months' leave of absence. This makes them tolerably good sailors; and they do not run against people in the streets, or overturn them against the posts, or into the ditch; but you will allow, that this system is not adapted to make them amiable men. They all know perfectly well, how to take the sun's meridian altitude,

* An absolute King.

or a lunar distance, and can calculate, methodically, from these observations, and those of the chronometer, their exact situation at sea—all things of little difficulty; but they have not the most superficial notions of astronomy, mechanics, or general physics. No one here distinctly knows the difference between a thermometer and a barometer. Several have remained three years in the Mediterranean, constantly in harbour, in the Levant, the Archipelago, or Italy; others have passed a year in Chesapeake bay; yet not one knows a word of either Italian, or English. This is monstrous, and I am not yet used to it.

The most perfect understanding, however, subsists here; and that is a great deal. I play chess with them; and chat with them upon the only subject they understand—their profession. This curiosity of mine surprised them at first; they satisfy it with a good grace, and without making any remark. If you have any interest at head quarters, pray get me appointed, on my return to France, minister of marine: I warrant I should make a capital one.

The Zélée is a log, and sails very badly. You will see it by the little way we have made since the 26th of August, when we left Brest: for, since that time, we have remained only four days at Teneriffe and twenty-one at Rio Janeiro, and we are now hardly nearer the Cape, than we are to Brazil. These passages are child's play to the first voyage I made, in winter, from France to the United States. I suppose my début, at sea, must

have been one of the warmest: for I have since heard people complain of little gusts of wind, which, on my first voyage, occurred every day. Hence I am more than ever *Monsieur sans tempête*, and if, at Bourbon, I do not see a hurricane blow a few ships into shivers, nothing will drive this idea from my head *.

Brazil is the abomination of desolation. Imagine some hundreds of viscounts and marquesses, with the gold key on their coat, five or six gold, silver, or diamond stars, of all sizes and colours; ignorant, cowardly, and subservient to the emperor's pleasure; and under them, no middle class of respectability, nothing but a rabble of retailers and rogues, nearly white; then a terrific number of negro slaves almost naked, who live a few years and die, commonly without issue. They are driven to labour with the whip: a small portion of their labour feeds them, and they receive a belt and a pair of trowsers: the rest goes to find the carriages, cambric shirts, and silk stockings of the 300 marquesses. Depose Don Pedro, and all the provinces will separate into federative republics. Anarchy will burst forth every where: then, soon after, will come the revolts of the negroes, and there will no longer be any European rule in Brazil. Keep the emperor, but abolish the slave trade, and there will be no more labour, no income for any body; all must decamp if

* We shall see, that Jacquemont completely changed his opinion, regarding the non-existence of storms, Bourbon having offered him one of the most splendid, but horrible spectacles of the kind.

they would not starve; and you will see all the 300 fashionables, with their stars and gold keys, arrive at the hells of Paris, Cadiz and London. The *statu quo* is the only thing possible. The emperor, though sincerely devoted to the constitutional theories of M. Constant, is convinced of this, and governs accordingly. He lives from day to day, not caring for the future. Don Miguel is much loved at Rio Janeiro, as it was he who consummated the separation of Brazil from Portugal.

What few political journals there are here, are edited by foreigners, mostly French. The emperor cannot give his subjects, his *macaucos*, as he calls them—for he often tells them, they are a set of mischievous apes—the liberty of the press. He has established it by law, but the manners of the country are opposed to it. Several journalists have been knocked on the head, in the streets, at night, for telling the truth. This disgusted the rest, and they do not say a word more. Besides, no one would be at the cost.

Scenes of violence are frequent. I was near being struck by a pistol shot, fired by a robber, who was escaping, at his pursuers. He was taken, pinioned, and conveyed to the palace guard-house in the emperor's vestibule. There he was examined quite after the Turkish fashion. The police deliberated whether they should release, beat, or kill him; the officers looked calmly on, smoking their cigars, with their hands behind their backs. He was beat with such severity, as to break

one of his arms, and then imprisoned. The same evening, I saw one black beat another to such a degree, that he killed him on the spot. I was told it was a father who had killed his son, the latter having attempted to assassinate him. He was not apprehended. Besides, the law scarcely ever condemns to death, even slaves; and when by chance there is an execution, there is a general consternation throughout the city; and the devotees have mass performed for the salvation of the culprit. Almost all crimes and misdemeanours lead indifferently to the galleys: and they are frightful. Figure to yourself, that the administration of justice does not even order a regular distribution of provisions in the prisons. The prisoners live entirely on alms: when these fail, they die of starvation, unless the chancellor sends them some bananas.

The Brazilian navy is composed of two ships of the line and some fine frigates, manned with tolerably good foreign crews; but so badly commanded by native officers, that the smallest French, English, American, or Dutch squadron would not, in a few hours, leave a single plank of them floating.

Admiral Roussin, with the threat of destroying the whole, obtained from the government the promise of restoring all that had been lost by French commerce in La Plata. It was necessary to use violence, to obtain this indemnity.

The Americans have, for a long time, had only a corvette on the Rio station, notwithstanding which, no

one ever attempts to show them the slightest incivility. They are not loved; but they are feared. It is because they are in earnest; and the commander of this corvette lately threatened the Brazilian admiral, that he would sink him and his whole squadron, to the last man, if he dared to overhaul any ship of his nation forcing the blockade, which he never would acknowledge.

I think, my friend, that France is rapidly returning to that state of low estimation, which it *enjoyed* at foreign stations, about the year 1760, in the time of Alfieri's youth. We are laughed at every where; it would be no worse, even if we did not expend fifty-eight millions of francs annually on our navy, and two hundred millions on our army.

At Rio, we keep up our reputation as hair dressers, and dancing masters. The Rue Vivienne of this country, called Rua d'Ouvidor, is peopled by Parisian milliners, tailors, and hair dressers. These milliners are the —— of the highest ton. The emperor amuses his fancy with almost all. The people at Rio therefore believe, according to a rule-of-three undoubtedly very deceptive, that Frenchmen are all hair dressers, and Frenchwomen all ——. For that reason I spoke English.—I put on a stiff, and almost insolent air,—and every one received me kindly.

There is a fine theatre at Rio, where a detestable Italian company, with a still more execrable orchestra, murder Rossini three times a week. I saw L'Italiana

in Algieri. The higher ranks yawn there as they do at Paris, by way of ton, and, I believe, a thousand times more. The fashionables of the environs of the city come at eight o'clock in post chaises. The postillion unyokes the two mules, which feed on the grass of the square during the performance; at eleven they are again put to, and he resumes his seat, ready to take his master. The emperor is always present; for, besides the milliners of the Rua d' Ouvidor, he allows himself all the dancers and figurantes, of the theatre.—He pays them according to their merit; that is, from ten to twenty francs. The ballet at Rio is in the taste of that of Brest, or Draguignan. It is the most pleasing part of the performance.

You are well aware that I unfortunately am acquainted with Naples only by means of pictures and panoramas, and you will most likely not acknowledge me as a judge of its beauty. But the roadstead at Rio appears to me to be still more beautiful. The virgin forest of M. de Clarac is not thick enough; the sky is seen among the trees, and this is incorrect. Enormous parasitical plants, whose scientific names I spare you, but whose foliage resembles the noble leaves of the pineapple, and their flowers those of the iris, but variegated with a thousand colours, grow on the trees like our misletoe. A thousand different species of creepers climb, and hang in festoons over the flowery masses, and interlace in a hundred different ways. If you wished to pluck one, you would bring down a whole forest.

Then, in the environs of Naples, I, as a botanist, can find only sixty species of trees, both great and small, seven or eight at most of which are common. Around Rio I reckon a thousand very common: hence a prodigious variety of foliage, form and colour. M. de Clarac's engraving does not give these interesting details.

I think, my good friend, that you will not forget me during my long absence, and that, although distant, you will give me assurance of your existence and your friendship. I shall be dreadfully alone in India! Letters from Paris have already become very valuable to me! How will it be two years hence? You know that, in spite of my rather grave profession of savant, I still have still a tolerable taste for trifles;—let me have some, for it is precisely what I shall be in want of among the English in India.

To finish with a *bonne bouche*,—I have here a prisoner on board, like myself, a very clever and amiable man, the governor of Pondicherry. I knew him at St. Domingo, at my brother's, the American. We protect each other from ennui. He has seen many men, and many things,—has not forgotten them, and talks to me of the whole with candour and elegance. He has nothing of the sailor in him, though a captain in the navy. I shall regret leaving him at Pondicherry. He lately lent me Simond's excellent "Voyage en Angleterre," which I was barbarian enough to know only by name. I say amen! to almost every page in this book—one

of the most amusing with which I am acquainted. M. Simond, whose authority the baron de Stendhal assuredly respects, has, notwithstanding his taste for the arts, put storms in their proper place. This passage in his book was a little triumph for me.

Adieu, my dear friend!—kind remembrances to all about you that we used to see together. My trade of traveller will perhaps wither me some day; but, at present, I have still a feeling heart. I do not love you all less at a distance, than near at hand.

Yours, for ever.

Closed at the Cape of Good Hope, the 28th December.—I arrived here on the 20th. It is no less a vessel than the Astrolabe * which brings you this. The day after to-morrow I sail for Bourbon. All well!

TO M. JACQUEMONT THE ELDER, PARIS.

On board the Zélée, at sea, 18th December, 1828.

I WROTE to you for the first time from Teneriffe on the 18th of September, and then on the 6th of November a few lines from Rio Janeiro. In the interval, and also from Rio, I wrote to Porphyre on the 28th of October. You will, therefore, my dear father, have

* The Astrolabe, commanded by M. d' Urville, was on her return from a voyage of discovery, and also from researches relative to the shipwreck and fate of La Peyrouse.

known of my pleasant passage from France to the Canaries, and you will thence have also concluded the happy continuation of my sea voyage.

The slow sailing of the Zélée will make it very tedious. We are to-day fifteen hundred leagues from the Cape of Good Hope, and it is the eightieth day since our departure from Brest; namely, nineteen from Brest to Teneriffe, forty-one from Teneriffe to Rio, and thirty-one from Rio to this place in the broad ocean. It will take us twenty-five days or a month to go from hence to Bourbon, and six weeks more to reach Pondicherry; for we shall have the north-east monsoon almost in our teeth.

My life on board is a little tedious, but very quiet. Dinner and breakfast are not much like those we had before we reached the Canaries. Dried vegetables, salt meat and cheese, are our usual first and second course and dessert. All is hard and tough, and bad-looking. It would be rather unwholesome if we ate too much of it; but as this cookery, though highly spiced, stimulates the appetite but little, we eat only just enough to silence hunger; and our health is better than in the Rue de l'Université, where man, in a state of society, eats too much every day. My experience, since I left Rio, confirms me in my system on this head.

For a fortnight past, we have had the cool temperature of our own September. We have resumed our cloth clothes. In the morning we enjoy the warmth of

our bed; during the rest of the day, we have fine weather and a beautiful sea. Thus we proceed slowly, but without fatigue. The chess-men stand on the table without falling. I prefer this motion of the vessel to one more violent, which would shake us. It is a canter compared to a trot. M. de Melay had the folly to catch a cold on our departure from Rio, and is only now recovering. We shall remain some days longer at the Cape, in order that he may get well on shore. For my part I shall enjoy life there; for, notwithstanding the extreme salubrity of salt meat and dried vegetables, taken in small quantities, I am in want of the green. The Cape being an English town of Dutch origin, all its inhabitants, like those of New York, keep a boarding house. It will cost me a piastre and a half a day, for which sum I shall have the pleasure of stretching myself on a bed, longer and wider than myself, between nice soft sheets. There is nothing like privation for making people delicate and voluptuous. Look at Porphyre with his eider-down: if he had not been to Moscow, I am persuaded he would have remained content, like ourselves, with the triple blanket.

There is a total absence of incident on board—nay a perfect understanding among us all. It is a *rinforzando* of reciprocal good humour. M. de Melay is, however, the one who most deserves my thanks; for the good-will of the others only makes my life void of any thing unpleasant, while his makes many of its moments agreeable. The sphere of our conversation widens

every day; we often make little discoveries, which suddenly bring us in contact. They come within the scope of scientific knowledge common to both; or else they are identical opinions on subjects, which we do not see in the same light as the multitude.

We talk of the future, and of Paris: his lot is to reside there on his return from India with his little fortune, and his retirement as flag officer, which cannot fail him. You may easily suppose, that we have spoken of the places we shall have to pass through, in order to return to that incomparable Paris. As for him, his way is by sea; but for me it is a much greater affair; that same way is my end, and not my means.

After running foul, on first sailing from Rio, of a ship at anchor, and ten days after, being refitted and sailing anew in earnest, we were for five or six minutes within pistol-shot of some rocks, against which the current was driving us, whilst the wind did not allow to pass them. Had it not been for the thousand crowns in my trunk, my barometers, and other unreplaceable objects, I should have looked on the matter with indifference; I could have saved myself easily by swimming. The barks filled with rowers, which were towing us out of this dangerous passage, redoubled their vigour, and we passed at last, our fear being all we had to suffer.

A fortnight ago we had a hard gale which lasted two days. Every one cried out against it; but it was nothing but what was our daily fare from Havre to New

York, on board the Cadmus, of rolling and pitching memory. It is lucky for me that my first voyage was so rough. Since then I cannot allow that it is bad weather.

I yesterday re-perused your letter written to me at Brest. It begins by rectifying the orthography of one of mine, in which I had said, "*Tout va de sire* (All goes on well)." You will have a *c* instead of an *s*. I think you are mistaken; for "*Aller de sire*" (or "*de cire*" according to you) is in Italian, "*Andare da signore*. That affair goes on well, or, "*va de sire.*" "*Questo affare va bene,*" or, "*va da signore*"; wonderfully well—"*da signore*"—because signors, without doubt, do things marvellously well. What say you to my simile? If you live long enough, you will see me become a philologist, when I am old. In fact, I shall not return from India without a fair provision of Persian and Hindostanee, or without becoming perfectly acquainted with English. It will be already knowing by half that terrible German, since I shall know more than half its vocabulary.

From time to time, I spend an hour or two in writing every thing that strikes me. I yesterday made the trial of reading a little manuscript of prose, written these two months, and forgotten. It was not always tedious, and that is a great deal; for it is not a fault of mine to be in love with my own works. In India I shall put down every thing, that I may select when I return.

Cape of Good Hope,
Sunday, 28th December, 1828.

We arrived here a week ago, with the finest weather in the world. It has lasted the whole week. I have profited greatly. I live on shore, and eat fruit—the fruits of Europe, which are beginning to grow dear to me, and those of the tropics, of which I am never tired. I have walked about a great deal, asked a number of questions, and seen a great deal. Two days after my arrival, M. d'Urville, whom you ought to recollect, my dear father, and who formerly brought me the plants of Greece, and moreover begged some others of me, has just cast anchor at the Cape, with his immense treasures. We are constantly together. I have just spent the whole day on board the Astrolabe, which he commands. He is a very clever man, and I like him exceedingly. I here saw one of the sacred anchors and cannons of La Peyrouse, which he raised from the bottom of the sea, on the reefs of Vanikoro, with immense trouble and danger. His vessel is dreadfully shattered; and many of his men have been killed, or have died. But, on these hard conditions, he has succeeded beyond all sea voyagers. He sails in two days, as we do—but for Toulon. He will bring you this letter, which, but for him, I should have sent you by M. Séguier. I am in excellent health, and am just going to bed; for at four in the morning, M. d'Urville is to knock at my door, to go and make a very close in-

spection of the giant *Adamastor*. Yesterday I walked twelve leagues in the mountains, in search of stones and strata. I passed near Great Constantia, where I found M. de Melay, who introduced me to the proprietor of the celebrated vineyard of that name; and after my twelve leagues on foot, I refreshed myself very magnificently with some small glasses of that rare Constantia wine, and a seat in M. de Melay's carriage, to return soberly by the high road, having nothing more to do among the mountains. It is very warm, but breezy. I am perfectly well.

Adieu, my dear father, and Porphyre also.

On my arrival I received your letter containing a page of Porphyre's; two letters from M. de Humboldt, one for myself, and the other to introduce me to Lord William Bentinck; and some ludicrous and amiable phrases of Koreff's.

In Lord Bentinck's place, I should look very cross at any one who brought me so many letters to read, as I have letters addressed to him.

TO M. VICTOR DE TRACY, PARIS.

On board the corvette Zélée, at sea, Monday, 12*th Jan.* 1829, *between the Cape of Good Hope and the Isle of Bourbon.*

One of the first letters which I wrote after I left Europe was for you, my dear friend; the other was

for my father and my brother at the same time. You shared with them in my last thoughts, as I was leaving my native country. Since that time, I have lost no opportunity, from Rio Janeiro and the Cape of Good Hope, at which we successively touched, of writing to my family, through whom you have, no doubt, heard of me. One of the most valuable advantages I have derived from my voyage to America, is the more intimate acquaintance which it has caused you to make with persons who are dear to me, for so many reasons. Since that time, you have better known my father and my excellent brother Porphyre. In knowing them better, you would love them more both for their sakes and my own—I who owe them both so much, and though far from them, find such delight in the tender feelings which they have for me. I will not leave Bourbon without addressing to you, from thence, some words of remembrance, and I therefore set to work beforehand. I avail myself of a calm day to visit you in thought, but I am surrounded by strange, and indifferent people; I am interrupted with unpleasant noises; I cannot isolate myself in this tumult, and I know not what delicacy of friendship restrains my secret outpourings, and leaves me before this paper with an overflowing heart, without daring to say to you those tender things, which the presence of a third person suffices to prevent me from expressing. In your company, I have frequently experienced this embarrassment, when we were not alone; I could then only squeeze

your hand as I departed; but that pressure said every thing—and now we are more than two thousand leagues asunder.

I remained twenty days at Rio Janeiro. A happy chance brought me in contact with some fellow countrymen, of a character unfortunately too rare among the greater number of Frenchmen who seek their fortunes abroad. I soon became intimate with one of them, a son of Taunay the painter, an artist, like his father, but a philosophical one. He and his brothers, whose professions are different, have been settled in Brazil these six years. They have conversed with me in a very interesting manner about what I was desirous of knowing with regard to this country, where my short stay did not allow me to study the objects of nature. All that man has done there is detestable. There is no *nation* in Brazil; the population of the empire is composed of negro slaves, who die without issue, and require constant renovation; and some hundreds of Portuguese, decorated with titles and ribands, dressed, in spite of the climate, in the Parisian fashion, but displaying meanness and ignorance which would in vain be sought in Europe, united in the same individual. The emperor, who undisguisedly despises his subjects, and is better a hundred times over than the aristocracy of birth and riches by whom he is surrounded, is nevertheless not far above his courtiers; he can drive extremely well through the narrow and crowded streets of Rio, without running against either the posts or the passen-

gers; he is coarse in his tastes, often brutal in his manners and conversation; and yet he is one of the most distinguished men of his country.

The political bond, which forms a single monarchical state of the different provinces of this empire, is very weak. The whole policy of the emperor consists, as he himself says, in preventing it falling to pieces before his death. As he gives no external strength to the terri tories, which he unites under his rule—and this is fully proved by the issue of the war with Buenos Ayres—the remote provinces, those of the north in particular, Bahia and Pernambuco, are always ready to throw off the yoke of a power, whose central seat is four or five hundred leagues distant, doubled at least by the want of roads, and which pretends to govern them, without affording them any protection. We shall therefore infallibly witness a new shock of republics in this beautiful portion of South America. They will not go far, I think. The primitive matter of future existence is absolutely wanting in them.

They will be involved in anarchy; and insurrections of the negroes, atrocious quarrels, perhaps the extermination of the whites,—the inevitable consequence of a violent emancipation of the slaves, will soon follow as a matter of course. With slavery labour will end, and want devour the remains of the population.

The abolition of the slave trade, which, according to the treaties, is to cease in a year, but which the form

of the Brazilian coast will always protect from the vigilance of the English cruisers, would be the abolition of the empire. I have had a near view of this horrible traffic at Rio, carried on on an immense scale. From the sight of this human wretchedness, I have retained a feeling of horror which will scarcely ever be effaced from my mind. Nevertheless, whoever will have the end, will also find the means. It may truly be affirmed, that slavery is the *sine quâ non* condition of the existence of Brazil, as of European domination in all parts of America situated between the tropics, without being much elevated above the level of the sea.

As regards ourselves, in particular, if Cayenne and Bourbon have for a few years experienced a little prosperity, it is solely owing to the government of those colonies, having connived at, not to say its openly protected the landing of several cargoes of slaves. Were I in your place, my friend, in the station which you occupy, I would employ my power in the suppression of such crimes. You do not fear extremes in good : say, then, that the general voice of opinion accuses the administration of these colonies of a criminal connivance at the slave trade. Say, that you are convinced that they can prosper only by this traffic; that they could not even support themselves without continual importations of negroes; and that their actual prosperity is the highest censure of their administration. If it were honest, if it prevented the introduction of slaves, the number would gradually diminish, and these colonies, instead of prospering,

would fall into decay. The law, which prohibits the slave trade, has condemned the sugar islands to perish. They do not perish; far from it, they are flourishing! Then the law is not carried into execution.

Its execution would, however, be very easy. An attempt is made to enforce it with cruisers on the coast of Africa, and about the places where the slavers usually attempt to land. This method is expensive and ineffectual. Suppress all cruisers against the traffic; but appoint in each colony a civil officer, charged with settling the civil condition of the slaves. Let every slave owner be obliged to keep a book, in which they are all to be inscribed, with their name, their exact description, and their filiation. The officer thus protecting the civil condition of the negroes, shall go from one plantation to another, without previous warning. On his arrival, he shall do as our military sous-intendants do in the army; he shall pass the slaves in review, and shall make the owner account for the possession of each. Apply to delinquents, unable to explain how they came by any slave in their possession, the penalties awarded against the accomplices of the slave dealers, and the traffic would, from that moment, absolutely cease; and if a slave ship was to land negroes on the estate of any colonist, you would see the latter eager to denounce him to the authorities, for fear the civil officer should arrive at his house just at the time, render him responsible, and accuse him of being an accomplice.

Yes, the colonies must perish. The law prohibiting the traffic has decreed it: but they must fall slowly:

they must perish from exhaustion :— In the first place, to avoid the scenes of carnage which would inevitably follow the premature emancipation of the negroes; and in the next, to cause the burthen of the loss of the property, in the actual possession of the colonists, to fall on two or three generations of whites instead of one.

The colonists are certainly not a very interesting class ; yet humanity should rejoice that there are means of withdrawing only gradually from them their iniquitous property. However ill-acquired their riches may be, however contemptible such wealth may appear in the eyes of humanity, the law which makes them masters of the descendants of their actual slaves, does not condemn them to sudden ruin, but to gradual decay. It will leave their families the time and means of re-entering French society.

26th January, at sea, near Bourbon.

This desolating question of slavery constantly recurs to my mind. Had you, my friend, like me, seen the sales of slaves at Rio, you would be unceasingly tormented by them.

The colossal magnitude of the English sway is a blessing. There are doubtless many iniquities, many odious falsehoods in the national and colonial administration of that government, but it every where proscribes atrocities. The war, which it carries on against the slave trade, is sincere. At the Cape of Good Hope, since

the British have been masters there, not a slave has been imported. The great caution they must use with regard to the interests of the Dutch colonists, who form the great majority of the population of that colony, has not yet allowed them to establish in the colonial law provisions for the redemption of slavery, and the enfranchisement of the children of actual slaves; but they impose such charges and such conditions on slavery, that the keeping of slaves becomes too expensive to pay a profit on the price they have cost their master. Thus their labour becomes too dear to be lucrative, and it is their personal interest which leads the colonists not much to regret this horrible species of property.

A singular meeting enough at the Cape, was that of a naval officer of my acquaintance, called D'Urville, who put in there at the same time we did, on his return to Europe, after being three years occupied in physical and geographical researches in the Polynesian islands. He will obtain celebrity by his labours. He gave me news from New Holland, New Guinea, and New Zealand; I told him those from Paris: and this exchange was to our mutual liking. There is a town in Van Diemen's Land, where three journals are published; the roads in the neighbourhood Mac-Adamised; there are inns where you may dine sumptuously, if you consent to pay your guinea; learned and literary societies, such as they are; and no slaves. And we know not the name of this place! That great English nation invades the whole universe.

Adieu, my dear and excellent friend, adieu. I leave you, because on one side I am consulted about a hit at backgammon, while at the other ear, I am asked the meaning of an English word. These annoyances are odious to me. In India, no doubt, I shall have the opportunity of writing long letters to you; but in a few lines written during my solitary journeyings, you will find more of myself. Adieu—I embrace you tenderly.

Saint Denis, Isle of Bourbon, 1*st Feb.* 1829, *Sunday at night.*

I have been here six and thirty hours. I here found your letter, from Paray, dated 8th of September, which contains one from Madame Victor, and another from Madame de Perey. I am indebted to you, for many soft emotions, in a place full of immense interest, but only mental interest; and where the mind finds no place of rest.

Chance made me live, for twelve hours, with some slave dealers. It was without my knowledge. Chance, afterwards, caused me to be received with the noblest hospitality by some very rich inhabitants of this colony. I enjoy a short period of magnificence; in a few days, the privations of life on board ship will return. Such will be my life for several years: luxury to-day, want to-morrow. What matters it at my age? What food for thought in this infinite variety of scenes, presented by man and by nature!

You, my friend, who know me, know whether there is any thing in me that can lead to the enjoyment of

waking dreams. Those melancholy recollections of times and places, which you recall to my mind, and where the thought of you remains attached to my memory, make me shudder. These images make me, for a few instants, lose sight of the present, of my actual life; I penetrate into the past, I seize on it again. I walk about on your lawn, on your heath, under your birches. I saunter on the margin of your pond. I have your arm linked in mine. The strangeness of the scene, in which I now am, checks and destroys the illusion; and I resume my actual life, in which my thoughts are exercised only on real and positive objects.

I measure, I count, I calculate; I estimate the value of things capable only of moral appreciation. In the morning I am in the country among the rocks, with a compass in my pocket, and a hammer in my hand; in the evening I throw off my linen clothes and straw hat, and resign myself to my black cloth dress, to see the lords of this place. They are in general clever; I learn a thousand things from them.

Adieu, my dear friend. It is very late, and I wish to be up by sun-rise. I am alone, in a pavilion in the middle of a garden, hidden by jasmine and lemon trees. The fragrance, which they exhale in these warm moist nights, passes through the Venetian blinds, and makes me feel sleepy. But as Arimanes always comes with Orosmades, the musquitoes enter along with these perfumes, and contend against their drowsy influence.

I enjoy and suffer at the same time. This is better than not feeling at all. I embrace you with all my heart.

TO M. JACQUEMONT, THE ELDER, PARIS.

On board the Corvette Zélée, at sea,
Monday 12*th Jan.* 1829.

My dear father, I wrote my No. 3, from the Cape of Good Hope; it was commenced at sea on my passage from Brazil to the Cape, and closed on the 28th of December, on the *terra firma* of Africa. That letter, which I confided to the care of M. D'Urville, commander of the expedition of the Astrolabe, to forward to you on his arrival at Toulon, where his vessel is to be paid off, will have informed you of the very agreeable, but very slow continuation of our voyage from Rio Janeiro; the pleasantness of our short stay at the Cape of Good Hope; and the fortunate chance by which I there received the first packet you have sent me since my departure. The Madagascar, which like ourselves had touched at that colony, hastened to carry it to M. de Melay, under cover to whom, it was addressed to me. I found in it your No. 1, that of Porphyre, and M. de Humboldt's letters.

We left the Cape of Good Hope on the 30th December. I spent the previous day in making, along with D'Urville, a last and magnificent excursion to the mountains overlooking the town; and I could not return on board, in the roads, but the very morning of

our sailing. The kindness of the officers, who had promised me a boat to come ashore for me and my baggage, enabled me to enjoy, to the last moment, the pleasure and convenience of *terra firma*. The week which I spent there, has greatly refreshed and rested me. Not, however, that I remained idle in the shade; but I drank milk, which I had not had an opportunity of seeing since I left Brest. I ate fruit, and fed upon fresh and succulent food. The evening meal made me forget the fatigues of the day, of which some hours' slumber in an immoveable bed, longer than myself, left me no feeling in the morning when I awoke. When one can recruit in this way, a great deal may be spent without growing poor.

I again found myself, without discomfort, in my floating prison. It was peopled the day before our departure with a number of new inhabitants, whose society is infinitely agreeable. They consist of some thirty large sheep, which Porphyre would certainly charge with smelling of wool; but we do not find fault here. We thus have, that is to say, we had, two hundred fowls, and a profusion of vegetables; so that twice a day, we can literally forget that we are at sea. The whole crew partake of these niceties; hence the general health on board is excellent. For ourselves, the aristocracy of this little society, they will last till we reach the Isle of Bourbon.

Two days after our departure, we encountered off the Cape of Tempests, and as we doubled it, the gale ren-

dered a matter of course by poetical tradition. It drowned a few of our fowls, and that was all. You know that decidedly there are no tempests. The longer I am afloat, the more I am convinced that they are only a happy fiction of poets. The word is hardly known to seamen, and they never make use of it. The maximum of the species, speaking prosaically—that is, sticking to the truth—is a very strong wind: it breaks a mast or two, and drowns nobody. It is not terrible to look at; it is only *vexigenous* (engendering vexation), disagreeable, and ugly. The picturesque in it is very rare.

Nevertheless, we had a slight specimen three days after our *soi-disant* tempest. It was in the evening; the night was clear enough, but no moon. It was nine o'clock. We had on deck only half the crew; these keep watch while the rest sleep. A ship which we saw the whole afternoon astern of us, sailing in a slightly different direction, at two leagues' distance, changed its course to bear down upon us; and the advantage of the wind permitted her to gain rapidly upon us. This suspicious manœuvre caused us to clear for action, which was done quickly and in silence. The stranger, having come within hearing, hailed us. We thought we heard English. The captain desired me to go up to listen, and answer. Behold me, then, mounted on the poop, my ear to the wind, stationed in the first tier of boxes, to receive the cannon-shot if there were to be any. The stranger, of whose strength

we could not judge in the position in which he presented himself to us, but which all the officers asserted was a ship of war, asked us in English, "*What ship ours was?*" to which I answered, that he was very impudent to think of asking such a question—that he must immediately tell us who he was. He spoke again, without our being able to understand each other; but his attitude became more and more hostile. We thought that he meditated boarding. Immediately, a seasonable turn of the helm placed us so that we could fire with advantage. We then gave him a broadside of round shot and grape; and then directly, while all the guns were being reloaded, the ship was worked so as not to wait for his broadside. But the stranger seemed to be stopped. I re-mounted the poop, and thence, with a gigantic speaking trumpet, the only one of real use, I ordered him to bring-to, and an officer to come on board, or we should continue to fire. We did not at first hear their reply, but we saw them execute the submissive manœuvre which had been ordered; and we waited patiently for their boat, which, however, did not come. As, however, people are not very patient, when they have sixteen guns ready to pour forth their contents, without any more trouble than saying "Fire!" the captain and M. de Melay, who thought the stranger was a pirate, and owed him a grudge for the trouble he had given, begged me to repeat the threat of complete destruction. So I sacrificed my larynx to play the stentor, and with success. Their people soon

arrived. I proceeded, with the captain, to interrogate the officer who had come in the boat, which was done in the most pacific style in the world, at least apparently. However, the captain and M. de Melay desired that his ship should be searched. I communicated, therefore, our intended visit to him. One of our boats was lowered; there was a heavy sea; and the lieutenant of the Zélée was charged with the office of boarding the vessel, to reconnoitre her in detail. But as he could not speak English, I was wanted again. I complied with a good grace—the circumstance seeming, besides, not to offer any danger, for I believed in my Englishman's sincerity. We were nevertheless on our guard. Our boat's crew were armed; we had at our feet, in the boat, a number of pistols ready loaded. The officer and the four sailors belonging to the stranger, were detained on board during our absence, and were there, besides, to answer for our safety. After struggling for ten minutes against the sea, our boat ran alongside of the stranger, which we immediately perceived to be a merchantman. We were received with the greatest politeness, by people of very good appearance, but extremely terrified.

The vessel was from Liverpool, bound to India with merchandise and three passengers. Ever since her departure from Europe she had communicated with nobody; and seeing another vessel so near, had veered round to say "Good night!" and exchange longitudes. They had taken us in the night for a merchantman,

and had approached without fear. Our shot had broken a yard, and one had passed through one of her courses about five feet above the deck. Fortunately no one was killed.

The harsh part of our expedition was terminated in an instant. The innocence of the accused was evident from their weakness. I pretended to read the papers of the Nancy, and told the captain that he had been only guilty of extreme imprudence in approaching an unknown ship at night; that, however, we were very happy, as it had turned out, that none of his crew were killed; and that we should return on board our own ship, and send him his men. The poor devil confessed his error with all due humility, and made a thousand excuses for the shot we had fired at him; and then it was impossible for us to leave him without accepting something to drink. The passengers, who were of very respectable appearance, and for whom our arrival was a pledge of the termination of that horrible music, had received us with the most vehement goodwill. We were *fêted*, and caressed. They would have been hurt if we had refused to allow them to uncork a bottle for us. The steward was called, who asked me respectfully what I would like to have. I replied, with a disdainful air, "A glass of champagne." The cork flew to the ceiling, and our glasses were filled. I recommended my companion only to moisten his lips, in order to make these people believe that we had in our hold two or three feet of the same. In this respect I preached to

them from example, although their champagne was excellent, and I was very thirsty from shouting so much. We then adjourned, after a little admonition which I gave the English captain, with whom his passengers seemed to be very angry on account of the danger to which his imprudence had exposed them. We were lowered into our boat with a thousand precautions, they wishing us all kinds of prosperity. We were no less polite. At midnight, we returned on board our own ship, where they were under no apprehensions about us. We dismissed the five hostages, who passed under the fire of my English eloquence, and pursued our course.

But in the tumult of the preparations for battle, one man had been seriously wounded; yesterday, he was obliged to make up his mind to lose his fore-arm. Our young doctor had never performed any operations any more than myself; it was a grand affair for him. I had the pleasure of being very useful to him, by encouraging beforehand, and assisting at the critical moment. I tied the arteries. You may tell Jules Cloquet, that instead of tying only three, the radial, cubital, and inter-osseous, I tied five, without more trouble than if I had been operating on a dead body; and if you, my dear father, or Porphyre, say again that Victor is awkward with his hands, I will send you a stamped paper, signed by twenty witnesses, as a certificate of the contrary. I agree so much with the opinion of these witnesses, that I regret, for the sake

of the patient, that I did not perform the operation myself. In spite of all I did to encourage the doctor —a good sort of young man of twenty-three, tolerably well versed in ordinary anatomy, and the minor operations of surgery, but nothing more—his hand shook at the beginning of the operation, and it was only after some minutes that he recovered completely. The limb was then amputated, and I think badly enough: tell Cloquet that I should have kept more skin to cover the stump. I shall not close this letter at Bourbon, without letting you know the result of the operation, and I will then tell you, whether I should have been right or wrong in keeping more skin. I reckon confidently that when Frederick is minister of marine, which he wishes much to be, he will make me at least a knight of the Legion of Honour, for the services I am doing on board the king's vessels.

The priest, whom we have on board, of course availed himself of our man's amputated arm yesterday, to go and puzzle him with salutary thoughts on life and death. But, being informed of what was going on, by M. de Melay, who had seen his reverence going on tiptoe towards the hospital door, I went immediately, and caught him in the act of frightening the poor devil. He understood me directly, and sheered off as soon as he perceived me. I have advised the wounded man's friends not to quit his bedside, but to keep the *curé*, as they call him, at a distance: if he insists, they will receive him with a good broad-

side of slang. My vocabulary, as you see, my dear father, is enriched with very choice expressions.

M. de Melay is more and more amiable: he is an immense resource to me; his conversation, though extremely graceful and elegant, does not the less abound with thought and facts. Our backgammon sometimes excites a revolution between us, but never coldness. He is gay. As we are always inclined to discover merit in those who find merit in us, you will hence, no doubt, conclude that M. de Melay is sensible how amiable my lordship is.

27th January, at sea, morning.

We shall see the island of Bourbon in the afternoon, and shall very probably go on shore to-morrow. Unfortunately it will not be for more than six days. Afterwards, we shall, at last, come to the beginning of the last part of our voyage, but it will be a long and hot one.

The voyage had somewhat impaired my health, ere we reached Rio Janeiro. From the Canaries to Brazil, the salt provisions heated me extremely; and I slept badly. This indisposition has entirely passed away; I have been very well ever since we left the Cape of Good Hope. They say I am growing fat; perhaps this appearance is caused by my whiskers, which I have allowed to grow for the last two months; but I certainly feel myself full of vigour.

Every thing on board continues to go on *de sire*, or *de cire*—whichever you please. It is a great pity that

Domergue is dead, for you might have consulted him on that great question, by objecting to his *cire*, the *signore* of the Italians: "Tutte cose vanno da signore." *Signorilmente*, an adverb, is also used, though seldom in the same sense.

I reserve the small space I have left for Bourbon itself. Good-bye, my dear father. Porphyre must have received my first letter. I think of both of you without sadness, because I see your existence flowing on in tranquillity. We are all happy in being so constituted. The love we bear to each other would serve only as a reciprocal misfortune, if this feeling had with us the form which it often has. We are all well here; we are satisfied with our situation in life, be it what it may. Methinks that, at a distance, I enjoy your satisfaction, as you share in my contentment.

When I can have an hour's silence and solitude, I easily quit the ground on which I stand, and transport myself to you. I lose all thoughts of the enormous distance which separates us. Of course you also pay me similar visits: they are full of delight. Adieu.

Bourbon, 3rd February.

I have been here for three days, in the handsome and elegant mansion of a rich colonist, an acquaintance of Madame Ramond. He has a son-in-law of forty-five, an old naval officer, amiable, witty, and well informed. All is for the best in this best of all possible worlds. I sleep little but eat heartily; I work a great

deal, and am extremely well pleased here. I learn twenty things every hour. Adieu, my dear father: I embrace you and Porphyre. This letter will go off this evening.

TO M. PORPHYRE JACQUEMONT, PARIS.

Quarter or Town of St. Denis, Island of Bourbon,
Tuesday, 10*th February,* 1829.

I WRITE to you, my dear friend, in the midst of public consternation. We are, you know, in the hurricane season, the summer of this country. It is the dangerous season, that of those frightful rains and tempests which desolate the islands situated within the tropics. The weather since our arrival has been always rather threatening; a whole day has seldom passed without a squall. It has, however, become fine again. During the last four days of last week, which I employed in making a very interesting excursion in the north-east part of the island, I was caught only in one heavy shower. On my return here on Saturday evening, I regretted not having prolonged my little journey, on learning that the Zélée's departure was postponed till Tuesday, this day; but yesterday, at sunrise, the sea became tremendous, a heavy swell of unusual violence beat on shore, and destroyed the boats and light craft moored close in. Every vessel at anchor in the roads immediately weighed, on the signal being made. All cut their cables, leaving one or two anchors at the bottom, and got out to sea, taking advantage of the

south-east breeze, which fortunately blew with sufficient force, and without which they would have been dashed to pieces on the coast. I went two leagues from hence to an estate belonging to my host, in front of which there is also a small roadstead, where the European vessels take their sugar on board. They had already sailed at eight o'clock in the morning.

The day was pretty fine. I spent it in galloping through the cane and other plantations on the estate of M. Martin de Flacourt, my host, whose son, a man of my own age, obligingly acted as my *cicerone*. We returned to the town at four o'clock, to dine. The sea, whose margin we followed in our carriage, from Sainte Marie to Saint Denis, had increased but little since the morning; it had, however, caused several small streams, which our cabriolet had passed easily in the morning, to rise so that they had become by no means pleasant to cross in that manner. We heard of some new accidents on our arrival. A small vessel from St. Paul had capsized and eight negroes were drowned. The Zélée, in getting under weigh, had shipped three enormous seas. There were on board, at the time the signal for sailing was made, only two officers, the lieutenant on duty and a midshipman.

The wind, which had been only fresh and steady during the day, began to blow in the evening in sudden and violent squalls, and the sea again rose. It demolished some advanced works which served to protect the landing-place. A hurricane was apprehended;

and every thing moored there, or left on account of its weight, was hauled on shore, as far as possible from the water's edge. The rain poured down in torrents.

At two in the morning the hurricane began.

As, during the previous week, I had been constantly galloping about in the day-time, up all night conversing, *mundanizing*, or writing, I had an arrear of sleep to pay—so much so, that the terrible shaking of the houses was lost upon me. I awoke as if nothing had occurred, when, at six, the negro who waits upon me came into my room with the morning's cup of coffee, and pulled me by the legs. The roaring of the sea, the whistling of the wind, and the creaking and trembling of my pavilion, stunned me a little. I was however, soon up. I went to the harbour—at least what they call the harbour. I found a crowd of inhabitants collected to contemplate the disasters of the night, and those of each fresh breaker and each fresh gust of wind. The pier had been carried away, and they were hastily emptying the warehouses which it protected. An indiscreetly curious person received a stone on his head, and was carried off bleeding, in a palanquin. He was scarcely noticed. Every one was thinking of his own sugar, his cloves, and his coffee, and cared very little for his neighbour's limbs.

The sky is charged with rain, which is falling in torrents. Nevertheless, the wind is increasing, and the sea is rising higher and higher. By not staying on board the Zélée, I have missed the opportunity of see-

ing, or rather experiencing, a tempest. The sea has never before risen so high here, and we must go back to the year 1806 for an equally violent hurricane. That year it was much more terrible: it was a hurricane like those whose velocity is reckoned in the "Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes" at forty-five metres per second. As such storms are common here, the houses are built very low; they therefore offer but slight hold for the wind. None have been blown down yet; perhaps there will be some by and by. Notwithstanding that, I esteem myself in perfect safety in my pretty pavilion. Neither do my hosts, whose principal habitation is a story higher than the ground floor, fear being blown into the garden. Their house, it is true, is the handsomest in the town, and I know many in which I should not like to sleep to-night. All are built of wood—for they must also provide against earthquakes; but there are different kinds of wood: good and bad. M. de Flacourt's house, as well as the pavilion in which he has placed me, is built of large logs of a red wood as beautiful and as heavy as mahogany, but harder; so that I say to the wind, "Blow on, you rascal! Blow on: I defy you."

Good-by, my friend: for all this is no reason why I should not dine, and I am reminded that it is three o'clock. Adieu!

11th February.

Two small schooners, which had been drawn on shore for repairs, and were lying more than thirty feet above the water's edge, were carried by a sea on the roof of a warehouse, which they broke through. Guns were torn from their places. I returned to the sea shore yesterday evening. It was covered with fragments, which the waves sometimes carried off to throw back again: anchors, wood, and enormous rocks. Several houses had been demolished. One part of the town, threatened by the progress of the inundation, was deserted. It was evening: the light was disappearing, and night commenced fearfully. The wind still blew with the same fury, and the rain was dreadful.

The wind, however, has ceased. The crisis is over. The sea is less terrible than yesterday, and can add nothing to the damage already done, which is going to be estimated. The shipping will not be able to return to their anchorage for five or six days. I know not how they will be able to take in their cargoes afterwards. This is an iron-bound coast. The landing-places have been destroyed, and it will take time to repair them. The Zélée, which had taken in all her provisions, and being a King's vessel, passes before the rest, will be able to sail the first; but, like the rest, she will have to get up her anchors. We are to remain here ten days longer. Perhaps our vessel has suffered

damage; in that case we must go to the Isle of France to refit.

So far as regards me individually, I should console myself for this delay, if in the meantime I could go through the island; but it is impossible to proceed half a league from the town without finding an impracticable torrent. The roads are masses of mud, and the deluge of rain continues without intermission.

There were twenty merchantmen at anchor abreast of Saint Denis, and at least an equal number must have been in the other roads of the island. Several stood out to sea without officers on board. There will certainly be some lost.

As men of war must have this justice done them, that, if they get more damage in roads than merchantmen, fewer serious accidents occur to them on the high seas, I rather regret that I was not on board the Zélée when the signal for sailing was made. I, who deny tempests, might perhaps have had reasons for changing my opinion.

If, which is impossible, she should not return,—if she should have perished, I must make up my mind to return to Europe, for I only brought on shore a small trunk with a coat and six shirts. My letters are on board, so is my money—all my means of travelling in India. But, in truth, I must not think of it.

Adieu! I will write again to you in my prison.

Monday, 18th February.

The Zélée returned these three days since, with the loss of her top-gallant masts, an anchor, all her boats, having part of her nettings carried away, and several ports driven in, &c.; she has been almost swamped. There were three feet water between decks, which they were obliged to let run into the hold in order to pump it out. It is probable that my clothes, which I left on board, are damaged, or lost. The provisions just taken in, are spoiled.

Notwithstanding this damage, she sailed again the day after her arrival to cruise round the island, in order to assist any vessels in distress that she might fall in with. As I have no taste for horrors, I had no wish to re-embark during this short cruise, in which she will undoubtedly see some. Two crews, struggling with death on the wrecks of their ships, have already been brought in by merchantmen which had been more fortunate in weathering the gale. It is known, moreover, that there are at least ten ships in the offing entirely dismasted, perhaps without provisions, and entirely without crews. The hurricane was also felt at the Isle of France. The ships at anchor there were obliged to put out to sea; these also must be assisted. The only two officers on board the Zélée remained sixty hours on deck, without sleeping. Not a life has been lost, nor any one seriously hurt; but all on board expected to perish.

The damage suffered by the Zélée does not affect her solidity. On her return to her anchorage she will take in a new supply of provisions, purchase boats from the merchantmen who have saved theirs, get up her spare top-gallant masts, repair her bulwarks, and we shall proceed again to sea in three or four days. It will not be necessary to put into the Isle of France. M. de Melay will send her to refit at Calcutta, whither she will take me.

The hurricane of the 10th of February has caused more disasters than all those remembered by the oldest inhabitants of the island. The sea was never seen so high. M. de Melay, who has often been stationed in the classical sea of hurricanes, the Leeward Islands, never beheld any thing equal to it. My host's son-in-law, who is also an old naval officer, told me that he never before saw such a "feast of the winds." I have therefore been favoured.

As I had serious apprehensions concerning the fate of the Zélée, I am quite consoled for the possible, even probable loss of my black coat, waistcoat, and trowsers. My letters for India were carefully enclosed in parchment, and a month ago they were taken from my trunks and placed in the highest drawer of a chest of drawers which shuts well, and stands in the purser's cabin. He will have taken care of them, at the same time as his own papers. My barometers were in the captain's cabin, which the two officers inhabited during their campaign, because it was less exposed to the irrup-

tions of the sea. Thus my mind is at rest in regard to these instruments. The books I most value, I know to be safe. My guns alone remained to be wetted, which they no doubt have been, for they must have had a foot deep of water over them, although stowed away between decks. In proportion to my fears, these probable losses are a considerable profit.

The old sky, as the sailors call it—the beautiful blue sky, has reappeared for several days; the breeze is gentle; and the sun alone, of all things in nature, commits excesses. But this great heat at Bourbon is not unwholesome; it is not even debilitating. On Saturday I went ten leagues on foot into the mountains, and four on a restive mule. I was caught in two showers. I passed ten or a dozen rivulets or streams without taking off my clothes, and I returned without fatigue. I wished to go as far as Saint-Paul: I was but half a league from it; but my progress was arrested by the torrent, which they told me had been fordable since the preceding evening, and which I found frightful.

I yield very quietly to the custom of this country, which is to take three or four cups of coffee a day. I only defend myself against the good cheer of an opulent house, that of my host. Man in a state of society eats too much: you, my dear friend, know my system on this point. I am more and more attached to it, from personal experience, as well as from the observation of others. I am fortifying myself in a devout love of

abstemiousness, which, I have no doubt, will cause me to enjoy perfect health in India, amid hepatitis, fevers, dropsies, and disorders without number, which afflict the rich English, who commit excesses at table seven hundred and twenty times a year.

The slaves here, who work like horses, and have for the most part the appearance of health, with a most certain reality of strength, eat nothing but rice and coarsely ground maize boiled together in water. Some of the masters add to their ration on a Sunday a small bit of putrified cod. Now we whites, who expend no muscular strength, eat five, perhaps ten times more nourishing food than they do; consequently we digest badly what we eat: we are lean, or else loaded with an undue quantity of fat. The negroes are all in good condition. There is neither leanness nor obesity among them.

Coffee, and highly spiced rice, as it is eaten here, and as they prepare it also in India, do not heat me. This new regimen agrees with my digestive system, no less than with my head. All these parts of my person enjoy a wise, moderate, and constitutional liberty.

Good-by, my friend. This is the hour of the day (half past eight,) when the thermometer rises abruptly from 26° or 27° centigrade, up to 30° and 31°. I leave you, because the servants are about to shut my windows, which are all wide open. Then I have my little call to make on M. de Melay, at the government house, in search of news; and then to breakfast. You, no doubt, are

warming yourself in this villanous month of February; you are at this moment buttoning up to get ready for your journey to your office. I pity you;—and think myself happy that I perspire, when I am dreaming of the miseries of cold weather.

24th Feb., morning.

The Zélée is returned; she will sail to-morrow; and I must go on board to-day. I have only time to take leave of you. My books and barometers have suffered no injury.

The Zélée has found nothing. Nevertheless, there are still twenty-three vessels, concerning whose fate great apprehensions are entertained.

Adieu, my friend,—I embrace my father and you.

TO MADAME VICTOR DE TRACY, PARIS*.

Saint Denis, Isle of Bourbon, 24th Feb. 1828.

My dear Madam,—I received here the kind note which you wrote to me from Paray, a month after my departure. Let me, I beg, hear frequently from you.

What diverse aspects, what varied forms of human existence, do I not see while in search of plants and

* This letter, and all bearing the same address, were written by Jacquemont in English. Madame Victor de Tracy was kind enough to translate them.

Not having the original English of our author at hand, we have been compelled to translate Madame de Tracy's French back again into English.—T.

stones? What food for thought, in the long intervals of solitary life which I shall often have to go through, and in which, from taste, I have already begun to fancy myself.

What beautiful objects you would have to paint, if your eyes saw what mine look upon! One is never tired of admiring the noble elegance and magnificence of nature in the tropics. But, in my moments of sadness, I regret the touching grace of the weeping birches of Paray, scattered about the flowery heath. I cannot recollect, without emotion, those long and narrow meadows which penetrate, and are lost in the thick foliage of the woods. Take care not to let your husband ravage, as you called it, with his agriculture, all your picturesque views, in order that my memory may know each spot on my return, and that I may find you both with the same beauties around you.

What pleases me most in my recollections of Europe, is the figures in our landscapes. Here we have only naked and brutalised negroes. I cannot get used to them.

To-morrow, I shall no longer look upon these scenes of wretchedness; to-morrow, I shall bid farewell to views of slavery. But shall I not find them again in India, though under another name? I know not. Before two months are past I shall know, and will tell you.

Adieu,—continue to be my friend. I am so far off that it seems to me almost as if I were dead. But this is no reason you should forget me. Adieu.

TO M. VICTOR DE TRACY, PARIS.

Pondicherry, Sunday, 26th April, 1829.

My dear Friend,—I arrived here a fortnight ago; to-morrow, at day-break, I shall re-embark in the Zelée, for Calcutta, which I shall reach in a week. I will write from thence at length. To-day, I have only time to tell you of the excessive astonishment and interest excited in me by every object I see in this old world of Asia. Men are not wanting to me either, and I have the pleasing satisfaction of convincing myself anew every day, that persons worthy of being loved are every where to be found*. In a few interviews, of an hour or two in all, I have become almost intimate with the *procureur-général* of this colony. I had never seen him before, nor did I even know him by name; but the day after our arrival, at the installation of M. de Melay, I heard him say, with the truest emotion, things so noble and beautiful, that I went up to him without any introduction, and without making myself known except by the expression of my sentiments, which agreed so well with his own; and it is not without regret that, on leaving this place, I shall separate from him. This man's generosity rendered the line chalked out

* Jacquemont says elsewhere, "There exists between tender and generous minds, of all countries, a kind of natural and holy free-masonry, which leads them to discover and acknowledge each other through the external differences of age, language, and nationality."

for him by ministerial prudence and reserve, incompatible with his principles; and, though bereft of fortune, I saw him sacrifice his office with an indifference I might well admire. He returns to France, where he will undoubtedly assume an eminent political station. You will probably meet him; his name is Moiroud.*

I have had another piece of good fortune: I found a college companion here, who has been useful to me. He is chief engineer of bridges and roads in this little country, of which he did me the honours.

Adieu, my dear friend. How many things we shall have to talk of four years hence. Adieu, I love you, and embrace you with my whole soul.

TO M. VICTOR DE TRACY, PARIS.

Calcutta, 1st September, 1829.

My dear friend,—I know not whether my letters have been more fortunate in their carriage than yours; but I wrote to you from Teneriffe, the Island of Bourbon, Pondicherry, and from hence a short time after my arrival; and since I left France, I have yet

* M. Moiroud, on his return to France, was attached to the council of state as *maître de requêtes*, and to the law faculty at Paris as adjunct professor. In 1832, he terminated a life which mental afflictions had rendered insupportable.

received but a single letter from you, written from Paray, shortly after my departure from Brest. It reached me at Bourbon in the month of February last, during my prolonged stay at that island. Yet my father, from whom, after a very long interval, I have just heard, tells me that he has forwarded other letters from you. I have every reason to believe that they are at the bottom of the Ganges, with many others.

In acquainting you with my arrival here, I was still struck with the disagreeable and almost horrible impression produced on me by my recent navigation in the mouths of the Ganges. This river, at different seasons of the year, is nothing but a sea of mud, raised by furious winds, and intersected by rapid currents. When the strength of the tide conspires with the efforts of the wind, no anchor can hold, no cable resist. After touching several times on banks, and being unable to steer with certainty through the narrow channels which are alone navigable in the midst of this immense surface of water, we let fall our anchors, and in less than half an hour they were lost. The hurricane at Bourbon had deprived us of all our boats, and we had no means of getting on shore, if our vessel, which had grounded on a bank and was lashed by a furious sea, went to pieces. Besides, what shore were we to reach? Saugur island: the lowest and most hideous of this vast Delta—the classic region of tigers! This critical situation lasted a whole night, during which I served as interpreter between the English pilot and

the officers. But what frequently occurs, happened to us: we were only near remaining there; so that, after all, we did not remain any more than if we had never encountered this danger.

I am now reconciled to the sacred river of the Hindoos. I have been living for six weeks in a delightful spot on its banks, crossing it twice a day to visit the botanical garden, opposite to which I resided with hosts whom I left this morning.

The flattering and kind reception, which I met with on my arrival, continues. The honourable recommendations I brought, have thrown all respectable houses open to me. I chose those in which I thought I should be most at liberty to pursue my studies without interruption; and such has been the foresight of my friends, that there is not, in this country, a single man I have seen with pleasure and profit, to whom I had not letters of introduction from Europe.

People do not come here to live, and enjoy life; they come—and this is the case in all states of society here—in order to gain something to enjoy life elsewhere. There is no such a thing as a man of leisure at Calcutta. The governor-general has the most to do; next to him the chief justice; and, after these, the advocate-general, and so on. It is almost wholly among this class of men that some are to be found, whose taste for study can enable them to steal a few moments of leisure amid the duties of their station. All who are not men of highly gifted intellect soon

lose their energy, and yield to disgraceful indolence. Immediately below the higher ranks, you find the most vulgar and common rabble;—yet, for a truly small number of Europeans, there are journals without number, both political and literary; there are learned societies, or societies calling themselves such, of every denomination—craniological, phrenological, horticultural, literary, medical, Wernerian, and I know not how many besides—whose members scarcely yield either in science or appetite to similar institutions in the United States. I could not hesitate between such *savans* as these and very eminent men, devoted to studies quite different from my own. Thus, as I sent you word, my first host was Mr. Pearson, advocate-general of Bengal, and the only lawyer who ever came from England with a great reputation already established. He is a man of at least your age, full of sense and good humour, and a liberal, like ourselves—which, in English, means a radical. I know not what confidence I inspire these people with, but they open their hearts to me on points about which they are afraid to speak to each other after years of acquaintance. They have the most favourable prepossessions with regard to the reason, liberality, and independence existing in the opinions of a Frenchman. In the country, where I have been living six weeks with Sir Edward Ryan, one of the judges, I was next door, or rather next garden, neighbour to the Chief Justice, a man of the highest talent in his difficult profession of English

Judge—a profession assuredly of the gravest cast, with also the gravest appearance. Well! he was the first to inform me, that Lady Ryan was very strict; and that, notwithstanding the good humour and want of strictness of the Knight himself, I might find Sunday a very dull day with them. He therefore invited me to take refuge with him on that day, at least to dine, take a walk, and play a game at chess in the evening, whilst his wife gave us some music. You may imagine, my dear friend, that I learned many things, during those charming evenings, from a man who has for the last eight years held a judicial situation in India, either at Madras or in Bengal. He wished me to see a criminal trial of natives; and I am indebted to him for the honour, here deemed very great, of having sat for two days on the *King's Bench* with the supreme court.

The office of crown-prosecutor is not considered odious in England, as it is in France. My present host, Mr. Pearson, who holds that office, is certainly, from the nature of his duties, better informed than any one else, concerning the character of the natives; and from the facts which he relates to me, and the opinions he expresses, as well as from the decisions of Sir Charles Grey, the Chief Justice, I have become acquainted with a thousand interesting matters relating to the people of this singular country, with which my own observation alone could not have supplied me. In India, the creature man is a very singular being. He, who having

decided on death, throws himelf before the sacred car to be crushed by its wheels, jumps up at the moment of being touched by them, and runs away, because a European passing on horseback gallops towards him whip in hand! Here are to be seen united in the same individual, the greatest contempt for death, the greatest indifference, the greatest insensibility to physical pain, and the most excessive cowardice. Instances are frequent of the most atrocious cruelty, combined with habits of charity; nothing is so contradictory, so whimsical, so mad, as this people.

But the man who, perhaps, does most honour to Europe in Asia, is he who governs it. Lord W. Bentinck, on the throne of the Great Mogul, thinks and acts like a Pennsylvanian Quaker. You may easily imagine that there are people who talk loudly of the dissolution of the empire and of the world's end, when they behold the temporary ruler of Asia riding on horseback, plainly dressed, and without escort, or on his way into the country with his umbrella under his arm. Like you, he has mixed in scenes of tumult and bloodshed; and, like you, he has preserved pure and unsullied that flower of humanity which the habits of a military life so often wither, leaving in its stead nothing but good-nature. Having been tried also by the most corrupting of professions, that of diplomatist, he has issued from the ordeal with the upright mind, and the simple and sincere language of a Franklin, convinced that there is no cleverness in appearing worse than one is. I have

been his host *en famille* for a week in the country, and shall always remember with pleasure and emotion the long conversations I had with him in the evenings. I seemed to be talking with a friend like yourself; and when I considered the immense power of this excellent man, I rejoiced for the sake of humanity.

Lady William is very amiable and very lively. I had the pleasure of conversing with her in my own language, and it was very great. I know not how it was, but she discovered that, like all Frenchmen, I was but a lukewarm Catholic, and not a very ardent Christian. As she is devout, or tries to be so, she endeavoured to convert me. For my part, I am not a whit better than before; and I fear, indeed, that she is now a little less sure of her aim than she was at first. This divergence has not been at the expense of the kindness which she was disposed to show me.

Thus then, so far as agreeable society goes, I want for nothing; and although I had already experienced English liberality towards foreigners, I met with more here than I had dared to hope for. You will even find that I have derived real and positive advantages from these trifling successes. I had postponed, till my arrival in Calcutta, several branches of study requisite for the undertaking of my journey, and for which I expected to find greater facilities here than at Paris. I have been seconded with all the assistance possible: the walls of my immense sitting-room are covered with maps of all kinds, geographical and geological, and in my migra-

tions from town to the country and back again, every thing has followed me. I have read, with pen in hand, all that has been published at Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, having been often obliged to have recourse to English compilations, in which interesting memoirs of this country have been published. Thus, I have acquired an exact knowledge of all that has been said about it, with respect to what interests me more especially, and have fixed the point from which I shall myself start in commencing my researches.

In the midst of this mass of business, a *pundit* of Benares came every day, in town, to pass an hour in teaching me Hindoostanee. I had, during my voyage, thoroughly studied Sir William Jones's excellent Persian Grammar; this has been an useful preparative to the Hindoostanee, which, as you know, is nothing but a sort of compromise between the language of the conquerors of India and that of the conquered—a contemptible shapeless medley of Persian and Sanskrit. I regret being obliged to devote so much time to such a study; but what should I do if I were compelled to speak to people only through the medium of an interpreter? So I do not spare myself. It is a difficult study. You, of course, when at Constantinople, learned some little Turkish. You know the detestable system of writing of the Mahometan nations of Asia—a sort of short-hand; and so difficult to read, that the natives themselves can never do it readily. Then again, the whole vocabulary is entirely new to

us, with the exception of some Sanskrit words which we have obtained through the medium of the Latin, the Greek, and the Gothic idiom of the Franks; add to these difficulties, that of hearing nasal sounds which scarcely differ in anything from a balked sneeze, and of forming gutturals taken second-hand from the Arabs, which require throats of rusty iron, parched with thirst, and you will have Hindoostanee. When, by hard study, you have mastered these difficulties, you have acquired after all, only a contemptible *patois* without any literature—a language of the court and courtiers, and of the guard-house, as its name imports (*urdu zaban*, the language of camps), which will be neither useful nor agreeable out of the country in which it is spoken.

The Calcutta botanical garden is an immense and magnificent establishment, in which are cultivated a great number of the vegetables of British India, of some neighbouring territories, and particularly those of the Nepaul, a curious country, whose heights sending, into the gulfs of Bengal and Cambaya, the waters which drop from their eternal snows, nourish a vegetation very similar, in some points, to that of the Alps and the Caucasus. A Danish botanist, of mediocre talents, who passes here for the first in the world, is the director of this establishment; he has certainly the best income of any *savant* in existence. Being on a two years' leave of absence, he has left the garden under the care of a member of the council, who has amicably installed me

in it, in the best possible manner for working well and quickly. I have, in six weeks, been able to scrape acquaintance with the whole vegetable host of India, collected together in a small space. A very expensive and very complete botanical library, annexed to the superb habitation of the absent director, serves me as head quarters.

In this beautiful spot, I gradually accustomed myself to the sun of this country. Undoubtedly it is powerful, and certainly raises unwholesome exhalations from a soil which is nothing but mud imperfectly dried, and filled with the remains of insects and worms without number; but I believe the danger of exposure to it is much exaggerated. Though I flatter myself I have been very prudent, I ought, according to the Indians, to have been dead ere this. It is true that, according to the physicians who have most experience of this climate, and whose great skill I willingly allow, my constitution is wonderfully adapted to its most prominent features. I arrived in the hot season; it ceased only with the deluge of rain which still lasts, and, during the intervals of which, the temperature rises exceedingly. It is the most unhealthy season, and they who are not attacked with very well marked fits of fever are for the most part languishing and debilitated. It is a universal custom to poison one's self with mercury, as Louis XIV., and, of course, his whole court, did with cassia and jalap. I have not had the slightest febrile sensation. I sleep well at night, in weather

which others, who ought to be accustomed to it, condemn as immoderately hot; and at day-break, in the cool and calm morning, I glide to my table and books, or else into the country. I go out long before sun-rise, when others are just beginning to fall asleep. This happy state of health is certainly owing to some little good management. My secret is abstemiousness: I recommend it to every body, and show its success; but they think the remedy worse than the evil, and every one about me goes on taking his three meals, and religiously abstains from all mixture of water with the strongest wines of Spain and Portugal. Then, in the cool of the evening, they mount on horseback, and young and old gallop about for an hour like automatons, and for no earthly purpose; they return home bathed in perspiration; and in order to prepare for an easy and comfortable night, sit down to table, where they remain a couple of hours, and rise from it only to go to bed. There is a great deal of stupidity at the bottom of this exhibition of manliness which the English think themselves bound to make; it forms a very ridiculous contrast with the cumbrous multitude of sumptuous articles necessary for their comfort.

If I had the same wants and exigencies, I should certainly have to give up my enterprise, being sure of never combining the means of execution. Were I to follow the example of the English, and take with me, on my journey, a bed, a table, a couch, and a bottle-case, I could scarcely expect to find means for my

equipment; nor can I reconcile any vigorous labour with an existence so encumbered with *soi-disant* material conveniences, and *soi-disant* enjoyments, which I find the most tiresome and disagreeable in the world. To whatever simplicity (privation, these people would call it) I reduce myself, I shall nevertheless require a retinue which would appear tolerably splendid to us in Europe. But the units of labour, intellect and strength, have not the same value here as in our own country. An ox weighs scarcely three hundred pounds, and drags two hundred weight, but not very far, in one day; each domestic performs only a few hours of the most detestably executed service. The latter have, like all their fellow-countrymen, that insurmountable strength which is the attribute of weakness: I mean indolence. One must yield before this obstacle, and, to obtain the smallest action, must consent to maintain a troop of these wretched creatures.

In my uncertainty, my dear friend, respecting the steps you are taking in my behalf, I have refrained from commencing any researches which might lead me into expenses surpassing the only resources of which I am certain—those I have in hand. This prudent reserve is unfortunately but too well founded, since up to the 1st of April, this year, nothing had been decided on in my favour. I have just written a long letter on this subject to the administration of the Jardin des Plantes, and moreover to the friends I have there, in order that they may take into consideration the means of setting

me afloat in a permanent manner. If, contrary to all my hopes, nothing has been done for me when you receive this letter, may I beg, my friend, that you will look around you for every thing that might tend to the success of my application; and may I also ask of your friendship to do all that you may deem compatible with your situation. You may say that it would be a pity to lose the precious opportunity of which I may be the instrument. Acquainted as I now am with all the most influential men of this country, their kindness and support will follow me, facilitate the means of seeing and knowing, and greatly multiply my own means of action, when the latter are sufficient to allow me to begin.

What I have hitherto done through prudence and necessity, I ought to have done under any circumstances. It was the proper beginning of my enterprise if I would render it successful; and before setting forward across this vast country, it was proper for me to gain some knowledge of men and things. The slenderness of my means has hitherto done me no prejudice, but I shall most certainly miscarry if it is prolonged.

Do not fancy, my dear friend, that these vexatious difficulties—that this anxiety about the future, assails me unprepared, or affects me severely. No: when I left Europe for these distant climes, I was prepared for accidents, obstacles, and misfortunes: I knew that such things were incidental to a traveller's life; and

yet I embraced it, because I knew it to be also mingled with pleasures, emotions, and enjoyments, which a sedentary life does not admit of, and because I flattered myself that, with courage and perseverance, I might acquire here what would, on my return, place me in an honourable station in the world. Now, my mind, though sometimes painfully preoccupied, preserves, nevertheless, its habitual liberty, which renders work easy and light. I feel myself in full progress, and with that feeling a man is never unhappy.

In looking after my interests, you may assert that, if from a parsimony of the most ill judged description my salary is not raised to 15,000 francs, I shall be obliged to renounce the undertaking, and that all it has already cost will be lost at the moment of reaping the fruit, but without reaping any.

I must conclude this already very long letter, for time presses, and I have not yet written to my family, who I know entertain a just sense of my situation, aware of the good and evil belonging to it, and confiding in my perseverance. For the last three days, being occupied in writing to Europe, and returning in thought to all that is dear to me, this intercourse has affected me. I must leave you, my dear and excellent friend, to repress an emotion ready to burst forth. But, believe me, never have I so strongly felt how dear you are to me—never have I enjoyed so exquisitely the pleasure of being loved. How little, when compared to ours, is that friendship which unites the men of this

country, who call each other friends! I am speaking of the English; and I cannot but praise their kindness —it is extreme towards me. I sometimes tell those by whom I am best known, and whom I esteem the most, that, in banishing from their manners every lively expression of tenderness, they deprive themselves of one of the greatest pleasures within their reach; and that many of them shut their hearts entirely against it. I say this, my dear friend, to those who I know ought to say yes, after a moment of pensive silence and sad reflection.

I am often astonished how I can please men so different from myself, whose thoughts rest on objects so remote from those, which mine visit when I set them at liberty. They would scarcely expect to find aught but lead in the head of a man who goes breaking stones on his road; and saving a very small number of exceptions, the most illustrious of which they overlook, botany, with them, is only a puerile and ridiculous study, a nonsense, which only makes the people who take to it more nonsensical. The revolution, which has drawn men of science from their closets to mingle in the world like those of France, has yet to take place in England, where they are as far from it as they formerly were among us. I am in high estimation for having read some of Shakspeare's tragedies, some of Byron's poetry, and some of Scott's novels; for having seen and admired some of Reynolds' pictures, and for having heard of one Mozart and one Rossini, who wrote

very beautiful music. They think it strange that I should question them concerning the commerce of this country, its internal administration, and the mechanism of the different public services which the local government performs; yet this desire of knowledge is very agreeable to them, since it enables every one to talk of what he knows best, and because I thus wage war, without premeditation, against the insipid conversation of their long dinners. They think me gay; not perceiving that I only excite their interest whilst I am gaining information. The truth is, my dear friend, that, without being melancholy, I am not a bit gayer than you have ever seen me; but this comparative seriousness is gaiety to them, whose gravity is, to us, a dull and gloomy silence.

Adieu.—What feelings, what ideas press upon each other in me to reach you; but I cannot give them utterance: I will tell you all these things on a future day.

I have written to M. de Broglie to thank him for his letter of introduction to Lord W. Bentinck; express my gratitude to him when you have an opportunity.

My father and Porphyre will tell you how my affairs stand. If you wish to have the direct testimony of one of the professors at the *Jardin*, I have a friend there, who is very amiable and very clever; you may write to him without ceremony and concert measures with him.

You will speak of me to your family, and apologise

for my not writing, on account of the number and variety of my occupations.

Madame Victor must have received a few lines from Bourbon. Adieu, my friend. I love you, and embrace you with my whole soul.

TO M. JACQUEMONT THE ELDER, PARIS*.

Calcutta, September 3, 1829.

After remaining six months without letters, I have just received some. Your No. 3, my dear father, came first; next day I received No. 1; as for No. 2, which must enclose the letters of M. Victor, Dunoyer, Mérimée, &c. &c. &c., I would wager that it is at the bottom of the Ganges, with a hundred Arab horses, which a Madras ship recently shipwrecked on the shoals was bringing hither—an accident which you know was near occurring to myself, and which is much less rare than I thought. They talked a great deal of storms two months ago in the Bay of Bengal; and I have to fear that I have suffered other losses. I hope my letters have had a more fortunate voyage

* Between the former letter to M. Jacquemont the elder and the present, there ought to be one which never came to hand, in which Jacquemont speaks of his arrival in Calcutta, and the manner of his reception. Its contents, however, are reproduced in the letter immediately following, and in that to M. Jacquemont senior, of the 26th August, 1830.

than yours. Not receiving any, I had no taste for writing; and not looking towards Europe, I absorbed myself in the things of Asia. Since I wrote to you, the kindness of the governor-general and Lady William Bentinck has been unremitting. I spent a week with them *en famille* in the country. After a few visits, I found Lady William Bentinck, as I must have told you in my first letter, a very amiable and distinguished person; but she is religious, or rather endeavours to be so. There is a great discrepancy between us, in this respect, as on some other points equally strong; but the French are allowed not to believe ——. In short, in spite of these little national failings of mine, Lady William continues to treat me in the most amiable manner, and I am always welcomed by her when I appear at her residence. She is, as I told you, the second person I saw in Calcutta, and her husband the third. I was introduced to him by her without more etiquette than if they had been here in a private station.

I have this moment come from their house, for I had left you to pay them a visit. It was a fortnight since I had called, having lived six weeks in the country. I was obliged to stay to *tiffin* (lunch), as it was on the table; and this leaves me little time to write to you.

Lord William is an old soldier, who has a holy horror of war, thinks and speaks straight forward, and, on the throne of the Great Mogul, somewhat resembles

a Pennsylvanian quaker. You may easily imagine that this character has seduced me. I know not whether he is influenced by the sincere respect with which he perceives that he has inspired me—but his kindness to me is unbounded.

As at Barrackpore, when I was his guest there, whenever I dine with him during his residence in town, he voluntarily allows himself to be made prisoner by me in a corner of the drawing-room, where we converse the whole evening in a low voice. He talks to me of India, I repay him in American coin; and when half-past ten strikes, the signal of a general *good night*, we seem to part mutually satisfied with each other.

He laughed much, when I told him what dilatoriness I experienced last year, in London, from the Court of Directors, when I applied for my passport; and the mistrust with which some old drivellers in that country used to look on me. "Why," said he, "have I not two hundred and fifty thousand men to march against you?"

He is a liberal. They call that radical in English—a term which sounds worse in the ears of good English society than that of *sans-culotte* in ours. In this point I agree with him, as with the excellent M. de la Harpe, of whom he often reminds me.

Had I been without letters of introduction, the flattering marks of distinction which I have received from the governor-general would have served for an introduction every where; but my packet was so well filled, that of all the men I have seen with pleasure and

advantage, there is not one to whom I did not bring one or more letters.

Socially, my situation is the most agreeable I could desire. In society, I find pleasure for my vanity, and interest for my mind. I learn many things which direct observation could not teach me, and I form acquaintance with men of influence, whose support and good offices may be materially useful to me.

Madame Lebreton will tell you of my last moves; you will know from her that I left my host, Mr. Pearson, to go and live in the country opposite the Botanic Garden, at Sir Edward Ryan's, one of the judges. He is younger than Porphyre, as good as he, and, notwithstanding his judgeship, a great lover of science. I brushed up his memory, and made him acquainted with modern improvements—and that, every evening with my elbows on the table, and without loss of time to myself. A solid and elegant boat took me every morning across the Ganges to the garden, where I remained at work all day, assisted by an admirable botanical library. At ten in the evening, when all had retired in the house, which Lady Ryan's bad health rendered quiet, silent, and quite favourable for study, I used to go *en voisin* and without ceremony to the chief justice of India, Sir Charles Grey, to chat over a game at chess, about India, where he has been a judge eight years; while his wife, the prettiest and most graceful person in the world, gave us music; and this amiable family too will help to shorten my letter, for

I am to dine with them. Sir Charles Grey is, perhaps, the cleverest man in the country. His office is very high; he holds the second in rank in India. Our hooked atoms caught together easily. He is extremely gay, and what surprises me most, is always hearing people speak of his icy gravity. The fact is, a Frenchman has much greater facility in entering into an Englishman's friendship than another Englishman—they are like bodies similarly electrified, which repel each other. We are decidedly much more amiable than they, much more affectionate; and I see that all who are worth anything are charmed with my manners. No one but myself goes on Sunday to the Chief Justice's to seek a refuge from the devotion of his countrymen. It is true that in my presence this man dares to be sincere, which he could scarcely do in that of his fellow-countrymen, or friends of his own nation.

I have often heard Frederick say, that it required stiffness to make one's self respected by the English. That is true of the ordinary English, but I am quite convinced that I please here only because my manners are perfectly natural. I show myself such as you know me to be; it is only in a numerous and consequently mixed company, that I drawl my speech and make myself heavy, after their fashion. When I am sure of my little auditory, I speak by the shortest cut, and spare both them and myself the ennui of speechifying, in which, however, I am wonderfully improved.

One with another, the people I see, and with whom

I live, have an income of from a hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand francs, and they spend it. You will ask how I manage among them? It only requires address. I am a traveller—which is an excuse for not spending anything. I seldom hire a carriage; I am in excellent quarters, and have both water and land carriage at my command. The Governor General one day lent me his yacht and his steam-boat: now, the hire of the boat alone would have cost me a thousand francs; moreover, I have no bravado—I do not boast of being rich. Those I visit are not people to esteem me the less on that account. They now know me; I have talked politics to some, metaphysics to others, and to all on subjects interesting to them. I am not to them a superficial drawing-room acquaintance; I am more and better than that. It is on esteem and consideration that is founded the liberty I enjoy among them, and which entirely overthrows all the etiquette that separates from them those of their countrymen who are not their intimate friends. My character of foreigner serves me in this.

After all, my dear father, I dare say you imagine your great boy has become a sort of dandy, quite the pet from one end of Asia to the other, and perhaps already ogling some heiress. No, indeed, far from it. I will now tell you what I have been doing in other respects.

Since my arrival, I have made the anticipated discovery that six thousand francs a year was absurd.

I wrote my conviction to the *Jardin*, begging those gentlemen to consider the means of executing what they expect of me. During my residence in town, I wished to make the best use of my stay for the furtherance of my object. The necessity of understanding the language first presented itself. That low jargon, the Hindoostanee, which will be of no use to me on my return to Europe, is difficult: besides, it is not the language of the people here. I cannot speak it to my servants; two of whom, at fifteen francs a month, are stupid Bengalese, who fan me, carry my letters, brush, clean, &c. &c.; and the third, a Tamul of Madras, speaks it but imperfectly, mixing it with his own and with Bengalee; so that it is only with my moonshee or pundit from Benares that I can study and practise. It would be dreadful to be dependent on a domestic interpreter during my journey; I already know what would be the case, as I need my Tamul—called Samy—to help me with the Bengalese. This man will nevertheless be useful to me, because he is intelligent; and as he calls himself a Christian, he can give me a glass of water occasionally to prevent me from dying, which the other true Hindoos would not do. Besides the necessity of being acquainted with Hindoostanee, I have found that of reading a good number of quartos published here or in England, on this country, in order to be well acquainted beforehand with all that has been said about it, and thereby advance as far as possible the point from which I shall start in my own researches;

and I declare I have got through more quartos than Frederick has been able to make out quadroon women, during his eight years' residence in Hayti. Duodecimos? None! Doubtless the rich have a better library in this small form; but they do not lend their books, nor even suffer their friends to see them, much less strangers. I have therefore had no intercourse except with the quartos of the Asiatic Society, and of some acquaintances. These works are very serious, and mostly in double columns, small print. I do not get on very fast, but I do not spare myself.

From a quantity of bad memoirs on geology, I have been able to make out tolerably well where to lay the blue, red, yellow, and green, on the map of India. By confronting, correcting, and rectifying these suspicious and incoherent accounts one by the other, I have frequently been able to see the objects described, which have been dragged out of the dust for me: and they have taught me more than was learnt from them by the persons who had collected and described them. I have guided the pick-axe for a dozen hours without stopping, waking my drowsy fanners twenty times. It was in the evening, or I know not when, but always, I think, without prejudice to my occupations, that I paid or received visits. I returned them by a note of a line or two, when it would have been inconvenient for me to make them in person, and said that I was only at leisure at dinner time, thus offering myself to be left or taken; and faith they took me. I have told you

elsewhere how I had selected my places of study; the evenings, which were a relaxation, a pleasure to me, were at the same time a new study. Those I spent at Mr. Pearson's house were not the least agreeable, nor the least instructive—that is, in India.

I thus studied both the language and the country. I improved daily, preparing vigorously for the future, and in more than one way; for my ingenious economy (in spite of my three servants—an admirable proof of it) did not permit me to spend five hundred francs a month—far from it. So that up to this day I have not broken in upon my credit for six thousand francs, which I might have received on the first of January this year; and my banker will owe me twelve thousand francs on the 1st of January, 1830. If I had been desirous of associating the smallest practical researches in natural history with these studies (the season prevented them in Bengal), they would have made me lose an enormous quantity of time in these very studies; and, however small the scale on which I might have carried on such researches, I should have required an establishment which could not have been kept up with five hundred francs a month.

I stated all this to the Museum, with the *why* and the *how*. Thereupon Sir Edward Ryan came and told me that he should be very happy if I would become his guest; he mentioned the proximity of the Botanic Garden, the convenience of his boat to take me there at all hours, the silence and seclusion of his

house, &c. &c. I remained at Mr. Pearson's until I had finished the business in which I was then occupied, and I afterwards went to the knight's, at the distance of five miles, on the river side. I there did my utmost, going to town only occasionally to dine with the Governor General, and twice to witness a criminal trial of natives, a truly memorable circumstance, as I had the honour of being seated with the three judges on the *King's Bench*,—an act of extreme politeness on the part of the Chief Justice, which has caused me to be taken for a kind of judge myself by the rabble of Calcutta, who are constant in their attendance at the court, and gains me salaams wherever I go. I brought to Sir Edward Ryan's, at Garden Reach, some other books which I had to get through; and while inuring myself, during my residence with him, to what was most pernicious in the climate of India, my literary were wonderfully combined with my botanical studies, which I carried on vigorously at the Company's garden; making in six weeks an honourable acquaintance with the *multam sine nomine plebem* of Indian vegetation, collected together into a small space, and sparing myself a great deal of useless trouble in my future expeditions. Very frequently I did not breakfast till noon; and in the midst of a frightful luxury, whilst others drank nothing but hock at a louis a bottle, I made many meals on rice and *eau sucrée*, rendering my hours for eating subordinate to my studies.

Night approaches, my dear father, and I must leave

you. Perhaps when I rise in the morning I shall learn that a new delay of the ship which is to bring you this, leaves me still some hours to write to you: I desire it more than I hope for it. I have written, within five days, a hundred and twenty pages of letters.

There will soon be another opportunity of sending to France direct, and I shall avail myself of it. You will learn from my letters to Madam Lebreton, Victor de Tracy, and Dunoyer, many things which I have not had time to tell you. Ask them to communicate what they think will interest you. Rely on my courage and perseverance. My prudence has been known to you ever since I first left you on distant journeys. My health is excellent.

I embrace Porphyre very tenderly. He loves me well, and I return it. Adieu, my dear friends; adieu, we must part. My heart is swelling. But I return again to you to tell you to be at ease, and happy on my account; I am full of strength, vigour, and resources.

Money matters will be arranged; and when the news reaches me of the increase of my means, they will also be increased by my prudent sparings, and I shall be in every respect admirably prepared for setting them in action.

The delays which have hitherto taken place have not cramped me in the least. Under any circumstances I should have done that which prudence led me to begin. I have no uneasiness with regard to the future;

and besides, I expected that there would be some in a traveller's life. There will be misery and privations; I reckon upon all that, and when these evils come they will not take me unawares. But there are, on the other hand, lively pleasures, and deep emotions which will never be effaced, and the remembrance of which will form the charm of my life. Adieu, for it is very late. I leave you for pleasure; to dine in a palace, in the middle of a beautiful garden, with a pleasant, amiable, learned, and clever man, very kind to me, and a pretty woman, the only one who speaks French besides Lady William Bentinck: I mean Sir Charles and Lady Grey. I shall be welcomed and almost caressed *à la Française.*

But the scene of it will be two leagues from this, and I have but half an hour. Adieu!

TO M. FREDERIC JACQUEMONT, SAINT DOMINGO.

Calcutta, November 5, 1829.

If I have a good memory, my dear Frederic, I have not written to you since I left Rio Janeiro. I am mistaken, for my journal reminds me that I wrote from Bourbon. You will have heard of me through my father and Porphyre. Let me, however, continue my history in a few words. Like people who are not in a hurry, we came from Bourbon to Pondicherry in forty days

without accident. At Pondichery I continued the guest of the new governor with whom I had formed a friendship on our voyage, although ten days before our arrival we engaged solemnly by oath never more to play at backgammon together: and when I was well rested and refitted inside and out by the good cheer of this "*roi d'Yvetot,*" and the comforts of his fine and extensive mansion, I came here in the Zélée with the governor of Chandernagore, who had been acting provisionally at Pondichery until M. de Melay arrived. At Pondichery I found our old school-fellow Rabourdin, engineer of bridges and roads in the colony. We saw a good deal of each other, and I think with mutual pleasure. We talked a great deal of you. You know how well I was recommended here: no European, I think, ever presented himself with so respectable a mass of introductions.

After losing, at the mouth of the Ganges, all the anchors we had left, and being, during a whole night, near running aground, and perhaps perishing, we moored at last before what they call the City of Palaces, which is only the city of large houses. They kept me in the first house I entered*; it belonged to the advocate-general of this presidency, one of the three or four Europeans who make most money, and spend most in this country (four or five hundred thousand francs

* The detailed account of his arrival in Calcutta will be found in the letter of the 26th of August, 1830, in which he repeats it to his father, who had not received his first letter.

a year), and the most distinguished for his profound knowledge in his profession, and out of it by his wit and learning; he is a radical besides, and a good and pleasing man. I could not have made a better hit. The second person I saw was Lady William Bentinck. Half an hour afterwards she introduced me, without etiquette or ceremony, to her husband, and I was obliged to stay tiffin (a slight meal at half-past one) with them, and then promise to return and take a family dinner. The next day, in a hired carriage, I paid, in the town, which is immense, and in the beautiful country-houses near it, some fifteen visits at least, to judges, members of council, great people, physicians, and merchants, some of whom are very rich. The first days were thus spent in gaining a footing, getting acquainted with faces, names, and the people themselves; then, when I had discovered and settled the use of which each might be to me, or the pleasure he might afford me, I set myself to work; that is, I borrowed maps, engravings, manuscripts, books, &c. Notwithstanding the extreme heat (it was May, the hottest month in the year), I began to work vigorously at the tedious task of searching, taking notes, and learning, morning and evening, what has been done, in order if possible to go farther. Observe, I beg, that there is not a young cadet, much less a young writer, attached to the company, who does not drive his cabriolet, and that I allowed myself

that expensive luxury but very seldom. A modest palanquin, which is the *ne plus ultra* of the modest in this country, was my sole equipage, when my host's carriage was engaged. Truly, I do not think I have a mind better constituted than any one else, but my vanity has not once suffered on account of my poverty, and I am poor, very poor. What more could I desire than I obtained—attentions, kindness, and flattering marks of distinction? Nothing. My manners, which I have left natural, and have not made stiff, as it is perhaps expedient to do with the English of the common class, has had the good fortune to please. I have spoken of all things to the best of my ability and without affectation. Some, perhaps, have liked me on that account; all have shown me attention; none have offended me. Very seldom, I think, has a Frenchman had such extensive and universally agreeable intercourse with the English. I forgot that I knew the language very little:—I spoke like a Frenchman. They were infinitely pleased with my want of pretension, my genuine simplicity, and my unaffected manners. My academic dignity from London has been of no use to me, any more than my official title from Paris: and no modesty can prevent me from saying, that it is on my own personal account that every one has been kind and hospitable. Wherever I went, I tried to pay in ready money, by giving some interest and a little diversity to the tiresome monotony of English

wherever I went; talking, in fact, when I thought the folks fit to taste that pleasure so little known among the English.

The character of Lord William Bentinck inspires me with a profound respect; which he no doubt perceives. He is an old soldier, abhorring war; a patriot without reserve, though son of an English duke; and, although Grand Mogul for the time being, he is an honest man after my own heart, plain and open; in short, he won my regard! And as no people are so amiable as those who love us, Lord William showed me great kindness. I have passed more than one evening with him talking politics in a retired corner of his lady's drawing room, as I do with two or three friends at Paris. I was happy to see so much power in such pure hands.

Three weeks after my arrival, I was drawn from the studies in which I was already deeply engaged, by an invitation from my lord and my lady to go with them into the country. They have a palace on the banks of the Ganges, five leagues from hence. Round it, in an admirable park, are scattered, as if to add dignity to the landscape, several large cottages containing a suite of elegant apartments. I remained here a week with a friend, whom I owe to Lord William, a Spanish refugee (Colonel Hezeta), a man of probity "*quand même*," and unfortunate. He has taken refuge here under the protection of his general, whose friend he is; for he formerly served in Spain under Lord William.

His character is somewhat like that of Dunoyer, with some physical resemblance. There, for a week was I overwhelmed with attentions. There was no Lady William Bentinck for any one but myself. She would have me mount an elephant for the first time, with her; and then for a whole week she had no other companion in her walks but myself. I spent several long days with her *tête-à-tête*, talking about God—she for, I against; of Mozart, Rossini, painting, Madame de Staël; of happiness and misery; and of love, in reference to both—of all things, in short, which require, if not intimacy, at least a great deal of confidence and reciprocal esteem, especially on the part of a woman—English too, religious and strict, with a young man, a bachelor, and a Frenchman. We never conversed on insignificant matters. Lady William Bentinck, who has lived a good deal on the continent, particularly at Paris, experienced anew the pleasure of talking with a Frenchman; and as she is a very intellectual woman, she took great delight in a style of conversation in which she excels. This is truly all very strange, and it sometimes makes me think that I am tolerably original. Things of this sort used sometimes to happen to Yorick, and yet I look at myself and find no resemblance between me and that sentimental hero.

The rainy season commenced while I was at Barrackpore (at the Governor General's seat), and the temperature was a little moderated. I continued my labours in town; having returned to my host's, the

attorney-general Mr. Pearson; and I soon yielded to the invitation of one of the two judges (150,000 francs a year, and a retiring pension for life of 36,000 francs after ten years' service), who lives a long league from the city, but below it, also on the river side, opposite to the most magnificent botanical garden in the world. I remained six weeks at his house, crossing the river every morning to have a little botany: being lord and master of this garden, the superintendent of which (a tolerably good Danish botanist with 72,000 francs a year, lodged in a superb house, &c.) is now in England. I was settled in the magnificent library which the Company have purchased for him; and there, assisted by the multiplied means of labour, I studied the plants of India which I gathered in the garden. I have discovered that I possess a talent of which I was not aware, that of drawing! Astonished at my success with plants, I tried the human figure, and here my surprise was still greater. You shall see all this some day. Each head cost me ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. I shall bring back with me some hundreds. The friend at whose house I resided, at Garden-reach, notwithstanding the gravity and importance of his office, is a young man of thirty-six, married at twenty; he has ten children in England. His name is Sir Edward Ryan. I wish you to become acquainted with people to whom I am indebted for so much kindness. He has some knowledge of the physical and natural sciences. I treated him as a man of thirty-six, and not as one of

his grave pursuits, and we are become sufficiently intimate to live very agreeably together. Next door to him resides the chief justice of India (200,000 francs a year, and 52,000 francs for life after ten years' service) a stout man of forty-five, who is considered the gravest in all India, where he holds the second rank, and whom I found to be the pleasantest man in the world. He, like Mr. Pearson in his profession, and like him out of it, has the longest and best furnished head in the country. I caused a revolution at his house, by introducing the custom of chance visits in the evening after dinner, for the sake of conversation, or a game at chess, while his wife, a handsome, clever, and amiable lady, amused us with music. Nothing is more whimsical than my connexion with them. I was made much of and caressed by them in trio, and always distinguished in the most flattering manner on the days of having company. Sir Charles Grey, that pearl of judges, is consulted by the Governor General on the politics of the country, although his functions are purely judicial. He views India from a higher point than any other man; I have gained a great deal by frequenting his house. He has dared to give me coffee on the chess-table, and I have dared to ask his lady to sing some Italian airs which I have heard a hundred times given by her in the finest style. It was at the hour when the whole English population of Calcutta was either asleep in bed or on a sofa, that we thus pleasantly wiled away a couple of hours. Till seven in the evening I worked like a devil, and so

did he. On returning from the garden dirty and wet, I frequently found a horse bridled and saddled waiting for me, and before I washed and shaved, &c., I had half an hour's, or three quarters of an hour's gallop; every day visiting some new place, and taking a close view of the life of those singular beings, the Indians. It was a life well filled with labour, physical enjoyment, noble pleasures, and corporeal activity. It suited my health extremely well. I there learned to walk in the sun without absolutely expiring; but I dined moderately and drank only claret, whilst the most abstemious took an ample portion of Sherry, Burgundy, Claret, Port, and Champagne;—and that daily. I found Lady Grey so beautiful, although she is really not so, that it was very well done on the part of Mr. Pearson, to recal me, that I might accompany him and his family to finish the rainy season and the vacation at another seat of his near Barrackpore. I took with me a Persian and Hindoostanee master, whom I made to earn, in reality, the hundred francs a month which he cost me. He has enabled me, for two hundred francs, to speak tolerably, to understand in the same degree, and to write (and to read some little of the current writing of) that most widely disseminated language the Hindoostanee, which is a mixture of Sanscrit, Persian, and Arabic. During this last residence in the country, I paid a visit to the governor of Chandernagore, an old retired sailor, an excellent man, with whom I came from Pondicherry

in the Zélée; I was but three leagues from Chandernagore.

Nothing would have been wanting to my satisfaction, which would have been complete, but for those confounded money-matters. I was in continual hopes of receiving the news that the negociation set on foot at the time of my departure, was concluded, and that I should have nine thousand francs a year more. With the slender resources actually at my disposal, I did not dare to press forward in this immense country. I have been obliged to write, to remonstrate, and to insist; but all this to Paris, and it is only after a lapse of six months that I can hope for an answer. However, my severe economy has enabled me to live hitherto on the funds I brought from France, and I am about to commence the coming year with the two years' allowance, that is, with twelve thousand, perhaps fourteen thousand. Whatever *unusual* moderation I may adopt in travelling, this is not sufficient to go very far, nor for a long period, if I have the foresight to add the expense of returning back again; and I have been compelled by this untoward circumstance to modify my original project. If I were to proceed straight to Bombay now, I should arrive there with too little money to carry on my researches in that quarter with any effect. I therefore economise my resources, and reconciling pecuniary prudence with the wants of effective exploration, as much as they can be brought

to agree, am going to set out from hence across the country to Benares, thence to Agra and Delhi, making some circuits, in order to see certain rocks, and get to the highest mountains in the world. I shall ascend them in April, and spend the summer there. Thence, according to the turn which my pecuniary affairs may have taken in the interim, I shall make a start upon Bombay the following winter—or—or—truly, if no amelioration is to be expected in this matter, I shall remain in the mountains as long as they continue habitable for a poor devil like me.

In another week, I shall begin this journey of six hundred leagues to the north-west. A bamboo cart, drawn by oxen, will carry my luggage. A bullock will be laden with the smallest tent in India. Your humble servant, devoted to white horses, will ride an old steed of that colour, which will cost him only a thousand francs (a good horse costs from 3000 to 3500 francs), at the head of his six servants; one carrying a gun, another a skin of water, a third the kitchen and pantry, another with the horse's breakfast, &c., without counting the people with the oxen.

An English captain of infantry would have five and twenty instead of six; namely—in addition to those I have—one for his pipe, one for the *chaise-percée*, without which no Englishman in India travels, seven or eight to pitch his tent—which would be very large, very heavy, and very comfortable—three or four cooks, a washerman, and a sweeper, &c., then a constant relay

of twelve men to carry his palanquin, in which he may stretch himself when he is tired of riding on horseback. Your poor Victor, with the miserable plainness of his ambulatory establishment, is going to do something new; but you know, my dear Frederick, that he has a pride of his own, and, if his poverty allows him, notwithstanding, to employ himself upon plants, stones, and animals, he will bear it easily. Besides, he travels with letters from the Governor-General of India; and this is some little satisfaction, occasionally very useful, in his situation, and not possessed by many colonels at 52,000 francs, and civilians at 60,000, who formed the crowd where he was, and still will be, distinguished. I say, *will be*, for precisely at the same time as I do, Lord and Lady William Bentinck, a large part of their establishment, and several of the high officers of the government, are to set out by nearly the same route, for the extreme north-western frontier, nearly eighty leagues north of Delhi, to pass the summer, in a climate similar to that of Switzerland, and producing the same fruits. They intend visiting the various parts of their empire, in their progress. Lord William has exactly a thousand times more people than I, having six thousand servants, of all kinds; he is escorted, besides, by a regiment of infantry, one of cavalry, and the company of the body-guard. I shall see him in the month of April, in a wooden house, which he has had built, six hundred feet above the level of the sea. I myself shall be a little higher still, ten thousand feet beyond any European

establishment; but in very peaceful regions. You will ask, no doubt, how a man who is so favoured a friend of the Great Mogul's as I am, can be reduced to travel at the head of six beggars on an arrant jade, without palanquin, or *chaise-percée?* Well then; it is because the present Great Mogul has introduced very rigorous, and, in this country, very unpopular measures of economy; and a sinecure, which was possible under other governments, is no longer so. If, moreover, I had some temporary mission from the Indian government, while I raised my income to 30,000 francs, for a few months, I should descend prodigiously from my social position. I should enter the ranks and be stationed at the bottom; whereas, in my native poverty, I am something apart; not classed according to money, and apt to class myself according to my own personal good and amiable qualities. By the vulgar method, that of splendid carriages, grand dinners, and extravagant houses, I should require at least a hundred and fifty thousand francs per annum to maintain the position which I occupy with my 6000 francs, and should probably remain beneath it.

Let us now talk of dangers. I have obtained statistical accounts of the army, which inform me that the average deaths, one year with another, are one officer in thirty-one and a half in the Madras army, and one in twenty-eight in that of Bengal. It is no great matter, as you perceive. It is true, they do not lead the life of hardship which I am about to do, and they

do not go in the sun, &c.; but, as a set-off, they drink a bottle or two of beer and one of wine every day, not to mention grog; and I shall drink nothing but water mixed with a little drop of European or native brandy. I possess one of the best syringes in India; but I conceal it, as my moral reputation would suffer. It is for want of *lavemens*, that the English for the most part die. I have, moreover, an ample provision of quinine against intermittent fevers, and all that is necessary against cholera, which is very rare where I am going. The tigers seldom say any thing to those who do not speak to them;—bears the same. The most formidable animal is the elephant, but he is excessively scarce in the countries through which I shall pass. After all, I am resolved never to speak to these animals except to whisper in their ear, and never to fire but when sure of hitting. When on horseback, I shall always have a brace of pistols at hand; and my *syce*, or groom, who follows me, running on foot for six hundred leagues, at the rate of six, seven, or eight leagues a day, and my grass cutter, are always at my heels like shadows—one with my carbine, the other with my gun. All this makes five bales, weighing together a quarter of a hundred. Some robbers or brigands have certainly appeared in that direction, but they have the stupidity to rob only their brethren, the natives, whom they kill, without mercy, for a few rupees; but I have never been able to discover a single instance of a European being killed by them.

The people here are dreadful cowards, and the English impatient. In this respect, I have been obliged to adopt their disagreeable manner. The domestic service is so divided, and each servant does so little, except the special object of his engagement, that an almost military exactness is required of him, by means of severity equally military; which is indeed natural enough. I have one man who has nothing else to do but bring me water. I shall want him on my journey, because, although there are two men attached to my cavalry, (the aforesaid jade) she would die of thirst if it were not for the water-carrier. The man who cuts the grass for her food, and he who dresses and saddles her, cannot draw water at a tank. True, I give my waterer, who also gives me drink, only ten francs a month, but when I find this man, who has almost nothing in the world to do, negligent in his office, you may imagine what a kick I am inclined to bestow upon him: and so of the rest. Would you believe that I have but two plates, yet I must have a man to wash them on my journey? So if they are not clean, woe to him! By an unusual artifice, I have accumulated on a single head the attributes of cook and waiter at table. At table! As if I were going to have a table! An English ensign, when on a march, has one in his tent, as well as chairs: for my part I shall eat kneeling or standing.

Hitherto I have received letters from our family pretty regularly. My father assures me, and the

rest confirm it, that he is perfectly well in mind and body. He feels a confidence in me, which I also place in him. This is a happy feeling on both sides. Adieu, my dear Frederick, adieu; no doubt for a long period. Kind regards to all about you—if you are still in your island, the remembrance of which sometimes affects me. I do not know what I am soon to see, but it is only beyond the tropic that I expect to find scenes of grandeur in India. They will consist of inaccessible peaks, eternal snows, masses of oaks and pines—nothing equinoctial. Since I left Haiti, I have seen great things in the tropics: Rio Janeiro, which is admirable; and Bourbon, which is only an enormous mountain, crowned with a volcano. But with the verdant hills of Marquisant; with the noble rampart of palm-tree forests, which rises over them, and separates the two sides; with the cocoa-nut tree, whose summit hung over the court of your modest dwelling—are associated recollections of the heart, which will make me always consider Saint Domingo the finest part of the equatorial world. I left there the first fruits of my admiration. Since then, when I see things worthy of being admired, I seem to admire them coldly. I have not yet been touched or affected by them! Adieu, my dear friend: the whole diameter of the earth divides us, but my heart is with you.

20th. I set out instantly.

TO M. PORPHYRE JACQUEMONT, PARIS.

Calcutta, Sunday, November 8th, 1829.

My dear Porphyre. I have spent the rainy season, fifteen miles north of Calcutta, at Mr. Pearson's country house, principally occupied with the study of Hindoostanee, which I speak, understand, and write tolerably well. I availed myself of a few rainless days, to pay a visit to the microscopic governor of Chandernagore, with whom I came on board the Zélée from Pondicherry, of which he was the acting governor, until the arrival of M. de Melay. He is a very obliging man, and no one could be kinder to me.

I have accustomed myself to walking, getting wet, and going in the sun without dying on the spot, taking with me my *moonshee*, or master, from whom I have gained more information in the presence of things and people than before a writing table. The Hindoostanee, you know, is a rude medley of Persian, Arabic, and Sanscrit. In the parts of India where Sanscrit was formerly the vulgar tongue, it still prevails in the Hindoostanee now spoken there: in those, on the contrary, which are geographically in the neighbourhood of Arabia and Persia, the Hindoostanee is scarcely any thing but very corrupted Persian. I have preferred this kind of corruption, in order that I might be intelligible, both to the people of India and to those of Persia, in case of necessity.

The intelligence on money matters which I have suc-

cessively received, since my arrival in Bengal, have given me much food for reflection during my studious retirement at Titaghur. I have in imagination supplied the money for different journeys, without any oriental pomp, as you may easily imagine, and I have in reality been obliged to stay where I was.

Meanwhile, the rains are becoming less frequent. The fine season, winter, is approaching; it is necessary to avail myself of it, and make up my mind to something. I have resolved on the only project which can be executed with the funds at my disposal.

In a few days, I shall set out for Benares; hence, without delay, I shall go on to Delhi, and from Delhi to the frontiers of the empire, among the highest mountains in the world.

I shall arrive there in April or May, and shall hire, in a neighbourhood which may appear good for forming collections, the house, hut, cabin, or perhaps cottage, of some mountaineer, in a spot elevated, no doubt, ten or twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea; and there I shall stay till winter.

I shall then descend with all that I may have collected during the summer; and, according to the credit I may have at Calcutta, shall proceed to Bombay, or remain in the mountains a little lower down, to ransack another valley next season, if I think I shall find sufficient there to make it worth my while.

I shall thus have come to India, crossed the line twice, to live in a smoky hut among eternal snows. If,

as I hope, I find something new in this place, I shall not complain of my abode. These wilds have been travelled over by a good many English, and I have reason to believe that their Flora is sufficiently well known, although, no doubt, they have left something to be done on a close inspection. By most, the preference has been given to geology; but they had all learned geology from books and in India, and I have no faith in their decisions.

Lastly, my friend, if what I am about to do is not the best that can be done in India, the fault is not mine, and I shall enter upon my project with this feeling of satisfaction: that of all possibles, if there should happen to be another possible, this is the best.

Take your map and follow me.

Mounted on a white horse (I am predestined to have white horses), pistols in good order, &c. &c., I shall open the march, followed immediately by two poor devils, who will cost me twenty-four or thirty francs a month; one of whom, called *syce*, is properly the groom; and the other, *gassyara*, or grass-cutter, is laden with my horses' food. Each will carry one of my guns loaded with ball or shot, according to circumstances. When I gallop they will run; this is the custom.

In divers groups round a rude car made of bamboos, and drawn by two oxen, on which my baggage will slowly advance, will walk the grand-master of my ward-

robe, *sirdah beerah*, a *ketmadgar*, as waiter at table, and (by an ingenious combination) at the same time cook, a *mochaltchi* or plate-washer (nota benè, I have two plates) and a *beetcheti* or water-carrier.

Besides the driver of the car, another will drive, as far as Benares, an ox of burthen, carrying the smallest tent in India.

I shall travel six, seven, or eight leagues a day; living upon rice dressed in the native fashion, fowls, and milk, and drinking water mixed with French brandy as long as I have any; never any bread. I shall sleep in my tent on a mat, or in a light cot.

In thirty-five or forty days, I shall be at Benares: it is two hundred leagues from hence, passing through Bardwan, Rogonatpore, and Sasseram.

At Benares, I shall refresh myself and my people, at some judge's or receiver-general's, and shall hire camels to go to Delhi by the right bank of the Jumna, leaving it a little to see an interesting country, the Bundlecund, passing by Murzapore, Callinger, and Agra. This will be going on excellently. The camels, they say, are admirable; they are hired at nine rupees (twenty-three francs) a month; at seven, when more than three are taken. There is no trouble about their fodder, nor that of the people who drive them. It is the same, however, with all kinds of servants, who are paid absolutely nothing more than their wages; they get on as they can afterwards. A camel will carry three or four hundred weight. As I shall then have

a stronger animal to carry my tent, I will have a better one, and the whole will be cheaper than the oxen and car from hence to Benares. But, on this first part of my route, there are no camels; and besides, there are houses built and supported by government, but who support only the roof and four walls, in which I shall often sleep on my ridiculous little tent which will serve only for a mattrass. I shall be better on than *under* it. From Delhi to the foot of the mountains, passing through a part of the territory of the Sikhs, I shall go on with the camels; then in the mountains with mules and oxen; and at last, at the end of my journey, on men's shoulders.

The road which I shall follow is very safe; there is no particularly unwholesome place to pass. Tigers and bears, whose existence I cannot absolutely deny, though much inclined to do so, are not common, and they seldom say anything to people who say nothing to them. If they speak first, you know that, at all events, I have five balls ready to give them an answer; and I believe that, as I am determined not to fire except within range, meeting them will not be dangerous.

If, however, unforeseen circumstances should make me desire any other protection than that of my own resolution, I might have an escort. Here is the passport which I yesterday received for that purpose. My father will translate it to you.

"Monsieur Victor Jacquemont, a native of France, engaged in scientific pursuits, being about to travel

in Hindostan, with the permission of the honourable the Court of Directors, and of the supreme government of India, it is the desire of the Governor General in council, that every necessary assistance and protection shall be afforded to him by the officers and authorities of the British nation; and farther, that he shall receive from them any attention they may have it in their power to offer."

This is better than the "*prions de laisser passer et circuler librement,*" &c. &c.

But in addition to this general recommendation to people to whom I shall have no particular letters of introduction, Lady William Bentinck is procuring me a great number of the latter kind, and I shall have some from herself. My London packet, of which I did not exhaust one half at Calcutta, is nothing to what I shall carry from hence. To-morrow I shall arrange with my banker, how, while on the road, I am to draw upon him: and this will be settled satisfactorily. It will be only to-morrow that I shall break in upon my credit account for 1829, to pay for my horse. I have almost reached the end of the year without touching it.

Thank Colonel Lafosse for the introduction he gave me to his friend. Colonel Fagan and myself are like two unfortunate lovers. A singular succession of little chances has broken off twenty appointments to meet. We have seen each other but seldom—though like people who know they have no time to lose, and will soon

be separated. A widower overwhelmed with business—for he is a major-general in the army—and ill, he lives by himself, goes nowhere, and receives no visits. Nevertheless at whatever hour I call, I am admitted: we converse about European affairs, and he informs me of those of this country. In spite of his being an Irishman by birth, and an Englishman by nation, I call him a Frenchman like myself, and more a Frenchman than many born in Paris.

I have the agreeable conviction, that the long use which I have made of Mr. Pearson's hospitality, has not been indiscreet. He pays me a thousand attentions. When the French ships arrived a short time ago, he had people running backwards and forwards two days in search of a Perigord pie; and this morning at breakfast he made me violate my Asiatic sobriety, by the surprise of a *pâté de cailles truffées*, which is so delicious, that we shall make it last as short a time as possible. In becoming as familiar as it is possible to be with an Englishman, I have constantly received from him the same flattering attentions with which he greeted me the first day. I am now a companion for him in life; I am, properly speaking, his only society, as he is mine, when I dine at home. In matters of idle stories, theoretical politics and literary taste, we agree admirably; and he appears to take much pleasure in our hour's chat after dinner, which is very profitable to me as he is a man of great information.

A small part of his knowledge and talents as an advo-

cate, brings him in 400,000 francs a year; 160,000 of which he spends nobly. His office of Attorney General only brings him in 100,000.

I could not possibly have been better billeted. What would have become of me if I had not spent twenty days in London? I well remember that I did not spare myself there. Adieu for to-day, my friend, for I scarcely spare myself any more now, leaving you to try a new horse, which has just been offered to me—a young Persian horse, saddled and bridled, and for 250 rupees (650 francs)—although I had this morning a heavy fall with the white jade in question, which has made my chest very painful. Adieu.

Monday, 9*th*.

I make you present at my departure, writing to you in the midst of my preparations. I have cut the connexion with my white horse, to which I owe a grudge for the harm he has done me; and it is on my new acquaintance of yesterday evening, approved of by a person of knowledge in those matters, that I shall start. It is a little bay-horse in which nothing is wanting, and this gives me a guarantee, that he will take me into the upper provinces, the circumstance of his having already been there once, as he was born there. His paces are good, and he gallops well when required. I have, moreover, along with the horse, the groom, a native of the upper provinces, speaking excellent Hindoostanee, and who understands the *morale* and *physique* of the beast, having taken care of him for

a year; a cheerful vigorous fellow, glad to return with me to his own country. I have formed an escort as I could wish, of people accustomed to wait on officers, and to be harshly treated by them; and I am already so much modified by the contagion of example, that I will suffer no relaxation of discipline. A man is degraded, and brutalised, by living among such debased beings. I now understand and excuse Frederick's harshness—I was going to say violence, and his great readiness in planting a kick on the hinder part of one of God's images. I already feel a similar inclination.

Your reminding me of another time and another place, has come very seasonably to repel far from me all idea of suffering in the long excursion which I am about to make. I am governed by the feeling most suitable to my situation. I consider myself entirely as a soldier in the field, taking the good where I find it, and enjoying it the more from the anticipation of the contrast, and soon lying down gaily on a mat in heat or cold—sometimes in rain, and sometimes necessarily too without dinner, although I have two servants for my *cuisine* only. After all, my caravan, the most wretched that ever traversed India, will be magnificent in comparison with your equipage on your return from Minsk. I remember, my dear Porphyre, your letters of that period, as well as if they had been read to me yesterday. It is on your particular case (which was then that of a million of

Frenchmen,) that I have formed my ideas of war and a military life; and I am, no more than yourself, appalled by the complaints which we have received from some of our warriors in Greece.

I shall recollect, in my worst days, those you formerly passed frozen, famished, and scarcely twenty years old; and I shall never think myself miserable.

The English have habits of opulence and numberless artificial wants, which would necessarily make them the same in the different situations in which I am about to be placed. I do not speak through envy; no, I despise this ignoble dependence on external things from the bottom of my heart. For my own part, I am sure that I shall, on the contrary, sometimes find a charm in the rather antiquated and biblical simplicity of my caravan.

Of course, in the states under the government or protection of the English, or merely in alliance with them, I preserve my European costume; it is sufficient to make a man, ever so little white, a Sahib or lord.

Nevertheless, in the upper provinces, it is convenient in winter to add a shawl and girdle to the European costume. The fashionables, of course, seize the opportunity of circulating the rupees, and envelope themselves in shawls. I shall think myself sufficiently magnificent, with a thick and very warm silk stuff, over a nankeen dressing gown. The whole, on the aforesaid bay horse, surmounted by a pale face, with spectacles and a large straw hat covered with black taffety, would afford Mérimée a good subject for a picture.

My banker, a correspondent of M. Delessert, is the most obliging man in the world; he has given me the best possible information on the questions of finance which I have put to him. I may draw upon him from nearly all points of my route, and thus future contingencies are provided against. On being informed of my proceedings, he will immediately let me know the increase of credit which he will be able to allow me.

I have told you nothing about my health—here is the bulletin. I have not had the slightest touch of fever. When the excessive heat here prevented every one around me from sleeping, I have slept as I used to do in winter at home. I have but little appetite, and eat little. I am very subject to colds in the head, which I shall probably avoid by wearing a turban; but here the thing is impossible; we shall see by-and-by. When I am in my hut, or under my tent, without having any hosts to respect, I may perhaps adopt it. Our father will be pleased to observe that the cold extends to the nasal fossæ and frontal sinuses, but never lower. My old disposition to sore throats, seems entirely gone.

The hygrometer is, like me, in every country—at the point of extreme dryness; but there are means, which ingenious art —— and they are used with discretion. It is, I am persuaded, from not using *lavemens* that many English die in this country. Their medical men cannot bring them to it.

Good day, my friend: I leave you to dine *tête-à-tête* at the quiet little table of my amiable invalid, Colonel Fagan.

Lord William has just lent me the French papers, which he has received from Bordeaux, up to the 17th of July, and I read them rapidly and with interest. It will be the last print I shall touch of my native land. In six days, farewell to the things of Europe. But, adieu. They make wine and brandy on the frontiers of Thibet, and I shall eat grapes next autumn; meanwhile, I shall only have plantains and bad peaches.

Barrackpore, November 21st, Saturday.

To a ship-owner, my dear Porphyre, I may say without impropriety, that yesterday evening I weighed anchor. You know how many sources of delay there are, in collecting all the things necessary for a departure. But yesterday at three o'clock, seeing my cars loaded in the street, and surrounded by my little army, tolerably complete, I gave them the order for departure. You sailors would have objected that it was Friday; but what could I do? If I had waited, some of my people would have lost their fathers or brothers in the night, and been obliged to remain to-day to bury or roast them according to the Hindoo custom. In short, I should have been still detained, and how long? God knows. At night-fall, I mounted my horse, and joined my troop on the road outside the city, and

pushed them on five coss. I have ten men with me; I think there are some good ones among them. Moreover, my cook's father follows me *en amateur* to return home. This fellow will end by costing me four rupees a month, for I cannot do without a *tchaokedar* or night-guard; and I shall be forced to confer this dignity on him, with a pike, or a sabre and buckler, according to which may be the most economical. The pike will cost half a rupee, and I fear the other will exceed the other half. My attendants cost me about fifty rupees per month, and the two cars from hence to Benares, eighty.

The engineers being essentially *wigmakers**, one of them in this quarter who presides over the *materiel* of the arsenals, has given me a pike, I think at the honourable company's expense, under the pretence that it was not new, because it had been used for an instant in order to show it; and for a hundred and ten rupees (the price of the second class, *old repairable tents*) he caused to be delivered to me a handsome little mountain tent, which, in my conscience, I consider quite new.

In taking leave of me yesterday, as I was mounting my horse, Mr. Pearson told me, that he looked upon me as a member of his own family; and that if any

* In the artillery, the superior officers and managers who apply to their own personal use objects and materials belonging to the Government arsenals, are called by this name.

unforeseen event should bring me back to Calcutta, I must have no other home but his house.

I am full of strength and resignation, happy that I am *en route*, and that I owe it to my prudence. Adieu, my friend, adieu; I love you with all my heart.

TO M. JACQUEMONT, THE ELDER, PARIS.

Calcutta, November 10*th*, 1829.

For the friends of local character, my dear and excellent father, there is a tolerably Asiatic appearance in this letter. Look at the edge of the Chinese and prodigiously economical paper, and tell me if that is not local character in earnest*. I have, at last, the pleasure of replying to a letter written in answer to the first of mine, which went from this side of the Cape of Good Hope. You were then afraid that my successful *début* among our countrymen of Bourbon, would not be maintained among persons of a different nation. But long ere this you probably know, without understanding it any more than I do myself, that the English in India have received me with a *crescendo* of flattering attentions and noble hospitality. To people

* This letter, like several others, is written on Chinese paper with rose-coloured edges. Jacquemont calls it economical, on account of its small size, which admits of considerable abbreviation in purely complimentary letters.

whom I find agreeable, I translate my French thoughts literally; this is something new and uncommon to them, which excites and often spurs them, to reply. In public, I deliver little sententious, well-rounded speeches; and as I am far from speaking English correctly, there are frequent gallicisms in my language, which take my truisms out of the class to which they really belong, and sometimes elevate them to the dignity of new and profound truths. The oral part of libations being suppressed in this country, I have had no opportunity of improving myself in that species of eloquence in which I made so successful a *début* last year in London.

You are going to scold me; but I must confess to you, that I have not spoken to three young ladies. They are, in every respect, the most insignificant in the world. Besides, I have always found them silly in every country.

It is long since I have had four cups of coffee, such as I had at Bourbon. Under this name, by an enormous abuse of language, the English inject into their stomachs the same number of cups of hot water and milk, dirtied a little with powdered charcoal. It is considered to be Mocha: But I accommodate myself wonderfully to these changes of regimen, not being the worse, I think, for not having real coffee.

My letter to Porphyre will inform you of the journey I am about to commence*. With my two years'

* See the preceding letter.

income to be expended in one, I think, taking all things into consideration, I may undertake that to the mountains, but no other. I shall wait there, and work hard, until the horizon, as the newspapers say, grows clearer, before I trace my further progress.

I shall write to you from Benares, Delhi, and Semla, where I expect to meet Lord William Bentinck in the mountains; but, as my letters will have to be jolted across India, they will, no doubt, reach you very irregularly; and afterwards, being secluded far from Europeans in the solitudes of the Himalaya, I shall be necessarily several months without writing to you. Put then in practice your just theories of confidence. After all, people are not glass to break, nor butter to melt in the sun: only one officer in twenty-eight dies annually in the Bengal army; and one, in thirty-one and a half, in that of Madras, and they do all they can to die. What then is the chance against me? One to sixty, perhaps? Would it not be the same at Paris?

If you hear that Runjeet-Sing has invaded the Company's frontiers, congratulate me on the opportunity I shall have of seeing an Asiatic campaign *en passant;* or if the Himalaya should sink to the level of the plains of Bengal, (which is not more probable than an invasion by Runjeet-Sing) remember the hurricane at Bourbon; and congratulate me on the sections of strata, junctions of rocks, &c. &c., which this accident would present to my view.

Friday, 10 o'clock, Evening—Calcutta, Nov. 13th, 1829.

I went out on horseback at four o'clock this morning, and did not return till eight: I rode no less than twenty miles. These are the last days of my stay here, and I must not lose an instant.

Before nine I was on my way to Garden Reach, where I was to occupy the morning in paying visits of leave-taking, and to dine in the evening with the chief justice, Sir Charles Grey. I breakfasted with Sir Charles Metcalf, one of the two members of council: it was he who so obligingly placed the Botanical Garden at my disposal, during my stay at Sir Edward Ryan's. To-morrow he will send me a letter to his brother, the collector, and a magistrate at Delhi, where he was himself resident for a considerable period; nothing could be more seasonable.

Those of his neighbours to whom I was indebted for some attentions and dinners, were soon despatched. I longed to arrived at Lady Ryan's, who had done more than show me attentions. I had not seen her for six weeks; and we met again like old friends. However, I was obliged to cross the Ganges, to take leave of the Botanical Garden, and complete some arrangements there. I found the gardener ill, and unable to assist me in this business, which I could not do without him. Another day's delay! I shall be obliged to return on Monday, accompanied by the chief of the native gardeners, a tall Brahmin with a very handsome countenance, and very intelligent. I

employed the time which the unlucky illness of the Englishman left at my disposal, in going over this immense and magnificent establishment in every direction. This time I had no need of an interpreter with the Brahmin. He appeared much surprised at my recent progress in Hindoostanee.

Having crossed the river and returned to Sir E. Ryan's, to make a third change of dress, as black as possible, the remains of the wreck of La Zélée, which still does honour to Porphyre's tailor, I went to Sir Charles Grey's. We dined *à trois*, in a very un-English manner. The English of this character, and I can say the same of my host in town, never completely accustom themselves to the insipidity of their national mode of living. My departure and journey formed the sole subject of a most agreeable conversation. To such people I jested about the smallness of my tent, and the projected patriarchal simplicity of my fare during my long pilgrimage; upon which Sir Charles Grey, who spends three hundred thousand francs a year, said that I could not do better; and that were he not a judge and married, he would willingly accompany me on my unusual, and perhaps hard conditions, but picturesque and proper for study. As Englishwomen follow the fortunes of their husbands more than ours do, Lady Grey regretted that she could not be of the party.

Now, you know, my dear father, that I have always been very much disposed to consider Lady Grey handsome, graceful, and amiable. I setting the thing agoing,

we began to be affected, and sought the means of depriving my departure of this melancholy solemnity. It was then settled, that if Lord William Bentinck should, as is very probable, be prevented from making his journey into the mountains in this year, Sir Charles Grey will avail himself of the preparations made for him, and proceed in his steam vessel as far, and as quickly as possible, in order to arrive at Semla before the heats, where he will inhabit the only comfortable house of the cantonment, that which has just been built on purpose for the Governor-general.

This is not unlike building castles in the air; but at table what can we do better? and why not? The chief justice is only useful, he is not necessary. He will be blamed a little for giving himself a year's holiday, without any appearance of pretext but his own good pleasure; but no one can prevent him: his high rank, which is immediately after that of the Governor-general, renders him in that situation, on the bench, much more independent than the Governor-general on his revocable throne. Besides, the immense respect in which he is held on account of his great talents and activity, allows him to do what no one else could venture upon. In that case, I shall sleep in a good bed a couple of nights at least at Semla.

I reckoned upon finishing this evening quietly and alone, as we had begun it. But Lady Grey had promised to be present at some amateur theatricals in town, and we all three went together. The performance was, as might be expected, very tedious; and we passed

the time in chatting, as we should have done in her drawing-room. She was very beautiful that evening; and, thinking of the fools who formed the crowd around us, I had the weakness to rejoice at her beauty. In the morning these people gallop about on magnificent Arabs, while I trot almost in my dressing-gown, without boots or whip, on my strong but nimble Persian pony. For this they despise me a little, assuredly; but in the evening you will see them make their *entrée* with some feathered owl on their arm; and it is then I have my revenge, escorting the beautiful Lady Grey. Without the happy chance of these aristocratical friendships, the place would not have been tenable by me; and, thanks to it, no one could have been more overwhelmed with attention and distinction. Good night. My dear father! Conclude from this chapter, if you will, *that I am, perhaps, a too great admirer of the foretold lady, and that it is high time for me to depart with the occasions of meeting her often* *.

Barrackpore, 21*st November*, 1829.

The time is past, those days are gone. Had I waited till evening, I could write you fastuously from my camp of—POLTAGATE.

I left Calcutta yesterday evening with my oxen and people. There were some laggers behind, among the rest unfortunately the cook; but the case was anticipated,

* This and the following paragraph are the author's own English —T.

and I faced the appetite I had gained, in riding five coss, (five short leagues,) with two biscuits and a glass of *sub-alcoholised* water. It was useless to pitch the tent, as there was a government bungalow at hand.

What a fine thing a European inn is! I have furnished an apartment with my camp bed; my shaving apparatus, to which is annexed the medical department, the whole in an herbalising box; guns and pistols, in a corner behind my head. I gave the word—*vigilance, responsibility, prison;* and ordered our departure the next day at four o'clock.

At half past four I was on my march. Every thing goes on better than I expected. The laggers have come up. I have just enjoyed the agreeable sight of my cook; and my Persian pony, which has not made its appearance, is rather in the front than the rear. In that case, I shall find him by-and-by on the bank of the river, which I shall cross, in order to pitch my tent near Chandernagore, where I shall dine to-morrow with our governor. I shall leave this letter and several others there.

So here I am on my route. This evening my education, as an Indian traveller, will be complete when I go to bed (that is to say, when I throw myself, without taking off my clothes, on a cane cot under my little tent, and with a pilau in my stomach); added to this, it is fine, mild, cloudy weather; dressed as I am in linen, it is perfection. At night, I wrap myself up in as many blankets as an Egyptian mummy.

They have offered me at this place—a military post of the presidency—in consequence of having received particular orders from the governor general, a guard of seapoys without my requesting it. As my groom and my cook's aide-de-camp, a fellow I hope to make something of, as a stuffer of animals, &c., walk before me each with a gun, as I have always pistols in my holsters, and as all the robbers on the high roads of Bengal could be put to flight with a rush, I declined the useless honour, notwithstanding the good appearance it would impart to my entrance into Chandernagore to-morrow. I am very well. Adieu, my dear father, adieu in earnest this time. I shall write in five weeks from Benares.

I embrace you with all my heart.

TO M. JACQUEMONT, THE ELDER, PARIS.

Thursday, December 24th, 1829. *Camp of Huinguilisse, on the Banks of the Sone. Lat.* 24° 55′ *N. Lon.* 84′ 10° *E. from Greenwich ;* 340 *Miles N. W. from Calcutta, and* 90 *Miles E. S. E. from Benares.*

This time, my dear father, it is not from a little corner of Europe, transported beyond the seas, that I write to you; it is from India. I speak no more English; I eat no bread nor do I sleep in a house. What a difference between this strange life and my existence at Calcutta among the refinements of all kinds

of European opulence, grafted on Asiatic luxury! It is scarcely more than a month since I turned Arab, and it already seems that I could have been born no where but under a tent. Borrow Arrowsmith's Atlas, or a map by Major Rennel; and start with me from Calcutta on the evening of the 21st of November.

I informed you from Barrackpore, where I stopped the next morning, of the total absence of events on my first day's march. On the second day, I arrived at Chandernagore, after crossing the Hoogly. I found my knife and fork placed and my bed permanently made at our good governor's, the same who formerly made war on M. Duvancel, with his thirty-two seapoys. (N. B. they had no cartridges). He is thirty years older than I am; but at the moment of leaving Europe, I felt myself drawn towards him by the mass of opinions and feelings in which men of the same country partake, without nevertheless having any proper or individual resemblance. However, I stood firm against all his entreaties, and stayed with him only one night, to afford rest to my men and cattle from the hurry and disorder of my departure. On the 20th, I sent them only as far as Hoogly, five miles to the north of Chandernagore, on the banks of the river of the same name. All the laggers had joined, and those whom zeal had led the first day beyond my first halt, had been overtaken the day after on the banks of the river.

At Hoogly I found my baggage arranged round a pretty bungalow, my bed made, and first pilau ready in

an unfurnished, but very clean room. I was about to make an assault on my first mountain of rice, when a *djemadhar*, a sort of native usher, a servant of some rank, was despatched to me from a neighbouring house—that of the collector. I found that he wished to know who I was, and I sent him Lord W. Bentinck's passport. Immediately there was a second message, an invitation to dine and sleep; I refused, on pretence of having a long beard. On this, the collector's steward was despatched to me with half a dozen cooks, tables, chairs, saucepans, spits, &c., to assist mine (as the collector supposed) in preparing my dinner. In return for this, I thought I could do no less than pay him a visit; and having only a garden to cross, I went and thanked my obliging neighbour, accepting of his kind offers only a chair and a table. In the evening he sent me a guard to watch, during the night, round my little domain, and a *tchouprassy*, a kind of armed messenger, very useful to a traveller, like the defunct janissaries in Turkey. This man, who brought me a very polite note, had orders to accompany me as far as Burdwan, forty-five miles to the north west.

This was a notable addition to my caravan, at the head of which I arrived in this city on Thursday morning without accident. It is the seat of a civil station. There are eight Englishmen here, who judge, tax, and in one word govern, a million four hundred thousand Indians, including a Rajah, who is upon paper the richest private individual in India.

I had a letter for the poorest of these eight Englishmen, the engineer officer superintending the roads. My reception here was even kinder, if possible, than at Calcutta. To tell you why, or how, is really impossible. Captain Vetch is a Scotchman, religious, &c. Moreover he is old enough to be my father; his wife, much younger than himself, is a rigid presbyterian. Are these, I ask you, a happy prelude to sympathy? Nevertheless, they have since written to me *con amore;* you would be touched if you saw their letter. Being introduced by my host to the seven other Europeans, a grand dinner was organised without delay for the next day, at the house of the colonel of the provincial regiment. I owed my people a day's rest, and I wanted some myself to adjust my paraphernalia, prior to entering the jungle. Captain Vetch having mentioned to me the propriety of a guard, in those districts unfrequented by Europeans, I demanded one from the magistrate, and sent my passport to him. It was immediately returned with five seapoys in full uniform, cartridges in their cartouches, &c., who are placed under my orders, as far as the first military station, Hazarubaug, eighty leagues from Burdwan.

Since I left Burdwan, I have travelled with a military escort, and shall have this guarantee around me as long as I am in India: Lord William did not tell me the magic effect that his firman would produce. My

little guard, which I can increase according to circumstances, adds little to my personal safety here, which would be nearly perfect without it: but with it, I am certain of not being robbed. When I start in the morning with some of my men, and two of my seapoys, I am sure that my cars will arrive behind, and that my servants will not plunder them and run away. No obstacle will stop them: if they sink in a bog, or are stranded in the bed of a torrent—if the oxen stop at the foot of a mountain, without being able to get over it, my serjeant with his red dress will know how to find hands to help them along. Where should I now be without my guard? Undoubtedly, drowned in the mud of some river near Burdwan. For a month past I have tasted of the sweets of absolute power; it is certainly a very convenient thing. Of course, I make the most temperate use of it; and you know that under a Marcus Aurelius, this most simple of all forms of government is, at the same time, the best.

When my baggage arrives at the place I have marked out for my encampment, my generalissimo, with the most formidable and stiffest air in the world, comes to say that all is in good order; he then urges on the little operation of pitching the tent. At night he comes to receive his orders for the morrow, and to inform me that he has posted a sentinel at my canvas door. Pistols and guns sleep in their holsters and cases, unless the vicinity is very fertile in tigers; in which case I have

always something ready at hand to make, at least, a great deal of noise. You know how Porphyre has provided for that.

But let us resume our map. From Burdwan, I proceeded for seven days to the north west on the left bank of the Dammhoudæurr, called also Dummoodah, Doonna, &c., by geographers (it may, however, be the exact pronunciation of its name in other parts of its course), passing through Manniore and Dignagur. It was there that I first encountered jungles, and I confess I was very much disappointed. I had imagined a thick impenetrable forest, offering all the richness of form and colour to be found in tropical vegetation, bristling with thorny trees, interlaced with sarmentous shrubs, and climbing plants, mounting to the tops of the highest trees, and falling gracefully back, like cascades of flowers. At Rio Janeiro and Saint Domingo I had seen scattered features of this picture; but here I found myself amongst woods still more monotonous than those of Europe, with some stunted underwood; and instead of the roaring of tigers in the distance, the noise of the woodman's axe.

I have since viewed scenes less remote from those which my imagination had pictured. I have proceeded a hundred leagues along a road, traversed by no path, bordered, shut in, walled on either side by the forest or desert plains through which it has been opened. I have penetrated into these

solitudes along the dried-up beds of torrents. As for tigers, I must believe in their existence; for I saw and touched one, which was killed at Hazarubaug six hours after my passage on the road, and the next day a leopard of the same growth; then again, my English host at the mines of Runnigunge, on the banks of the Dummoodah, has eighteen scars on his face, made by the scratch of one of them. But, incredulous by nature, I shall believe more in them, when I see but the shadow of a living one's tail. You will see, that after travelling in India like no one else, I shall return to see tigers at the Jardin des Plantes. Do not, however, be afraid that my incredulity will expose me to any danger, in this world at least: I am always on my guard, and never go on foot without a gun; nor alone on my exploring expeditions.

A recommendation from the proprietor of the mines of Runnigunge (banks of the Dummoodah, twelve leagues east of Rogonatpore) to the subaltern agent, who superintends the works, made me master of his house. After sleeping seven nights on a mat, I found the sensation of sheets on my naked skin in bed very pleasant. I remained at Runnigunge thirty-six hours; thirteen up to my knees in mud and cold water, a hundred feet under ground, with my hammer, compass, chemical tests, and measure at hand. It is the only coal mine that has been worked in India, and I spared no pains to make myself geologically and commercially acquainted with it. The thirteenth part of the hard-

ships, or miseries of this examination, would, no doubt, have given me a desperate cold at Calcutta; but I know, and you know, by the experience of half a score of years, that my constitution is singularly modified in travelling; becoming strengthened, and easily getting over a variety of things which would be serious obstacles, were they to present themselves in the midst of a quiet and regular life. At Calcutta, I was continually taking cold, from a change of temperature of five or six degrees: now, at three o'clock, the thermometer is at 87° in my tent, which is not sheltered from the sun by any tree; to-morrow, at three or four o'clock in the morning, the cold will come, as it does every day, to pull me by the legs under three blankets, and the temperature will have fallen forty degrees: and yet I do not take cold.

From Runnegunge to Rogonatpore, where I rejoined what they call the new military road, I travelled two days and a half through the sands of the Dummoodah; a terrible business for my oxen, though assisted by fifty people more or less benevolent, who were requested to shove the wheels. Then the desolation of desolation!—beyond the river no road. You must travel in the midst of thickets, and sometimes seize the opportunity offered by a ravine. Bless the seapoys! it was arm, leg, and head-breaking work, for both beasts and people: it is a miracle that my lantern alone perished. The children of some poor villagers lost in the midst of these forests had never seen a European: they paid

me back the annoyance, which I must have caused some twenty years ago, to some poor devils of Turks whom I followed in the streets and stared at, like other little blackguards of my own age.

From Rogonatpore, although the engineers have displayed but little ability, the road is nevertheless always good for a horseman; and my oxen and cars, tried as they had been, rolled on gloriously. Relays of porters are stationed along this line, to carry travellers who go post in palanquins; I have met two within the last sixteen days. There are also bungalows to receive them, as well as those who travel, like me, by marches. They are about the distance from each other that the oxen, camels, elephants, or servants on foot, can go in a day: five, six, seven, and eight leagues, according to the difficulties of the road. In these bungalows there are two very neat apartments, two bedsteads, two tables, and six chairs: in fact, two families might, at a push, find accommodation in them. Three servants attached by the administration of the post-office to each, are particularly useful to those who travel by palanquin alone. I found that at Rogonatpore, occupied by a collector, on a journey with his wife and young child. He has an elephant, eight cars like mine, two cabriolets, and a particular car for his child, two palanquins, six saddle and carriage-horses; sixty or eighty porters to carry him from one bungalow to another, independently of at least sixty household servants. He dresses, changes his dress, and dresses

again, breakfasts, *tiffs*, dines, and in the evening takes tea exactly as at Calcutta, without abating an atom; glass and china are packed and unpacked from morning till night; glittering plate, clean linen four times a day, &c. &c.

I appeared in the midst of this magnificence with a ten days' beard and a foot of mud below my knee, politely requesting half of the house to which I had a right, and of which he had disposed entirely, not expecting any visit. The table which was laid, apparently for half a dozen persons, was immediately removed on my declining to sit down, and carried into the other room. I waited in my own, with a heap of stones and plants, till my pilau arrived. Having despâtched a note to my unknown, offering him a bed in my room, for himself or any gentleman of his party, he came to thank me, telling me that he was alone with his wife, and remained some time conversing, extremely puzzled by the difference of my dress and my language. I amused myself by increasing his perplexity, talking about all the great people of Calcutta, like one perfectly acquainted with them, and of the most general topics of conversation, politics, and literature. Afterwards, finding him a good-natured fellow, I told him who I was; we entered into a community of arrangements. Like me, he was going to Benares each day, from one bungalow to another, and I annoyed him extremely by arriving every evening at the same quarters as himself: in the day-time he famished me,

his people not leaving a glass of milk within two leagues; and in the evening I came to deprive him of half his lodgings. He offered to stop a day, and to travel after me. I preferred going a double stage, and getting on before him; thus gaining time, without causing any loss of it to him. So, after keeping company two days, which I required to know the style in which these gentlemen travel, I left him behind me; and, though he followed me very closely, I have not heard the sound of his voice since.

But finding afterwards that my tent was better lighted in the evening with a wax candle, and much more cheerful than the bungalow; and that I was much more comfortable under it with my people lying round me, and my horse at the door, than within four naked walls as cold as my canvas, I have returned to the desert fashion, and encamp, and shall continue to do so in spite of all the bungalows, serais, and caravanserais in India. Besides, on this road, the only one on which they are decent, being reserved for Europeans, their use is not gratuitous, far from it. The company ask two rupees (five francs) a day; and you cannot give less than a rupee to the servants. It is not an objection, not even the subject of remark, to the English, who are all munificently paid: but ten pounds, more or less, from Calcutta to Benares, is a matter of some consequence to me: the sum is nearly half of what the whole journey will cost me.

Evening.

In the evening, proceeding from Rogonatpore in a west north-west direction, I re-entered the forests, which are somewhat thinner about that place, and again crossed the Dummoodah, near Gomeah. For a week I travelled over a table land, at an elevation of four or five hundred metres—of several points of which I have taken the level—constantly ascending and descending, crossing several large torrents every day, and encamping at night in the vicinity of a few huts.

Hazarubaug, which is scarcely more than a village, is a little political residence. The English establishment consists of a resident—who is colonel of the provincial regiment—a subaltern and a medical officer. Having a letter for the latter I remained twenty-four hours at this house. A note, with the usual compliments, seconded by my passport, was immediately sent to the resident, and returned with a fresh escort to release that from Burdwan, and an invitation to dinner. The two houses being contiguous, I paid a visit during the day, which was repaid before dinner-time. My Amphitryon was the remains of a very elegant, clever, and amiable man, ruined, but not brutified by drink.

Starting from Hazarubaug on the 17th, after a day's rest, of which my attendants stood in great need, I am now on my way to Benares, where I shall arrive on the 31st of December, or 1st of January, after travelling a hundred leagues without stopping a single day.

I must count them: the mountains are at such a

distance! nearly four hundred leagues farther! the hot winds at their foot are so terrible! sometimes they begin to blow at the beginning of March, but usually in April. You have read Bernier's Journey into Cashmere, with the Padishah Aurung-Zeb. You recollect the recital of his sufferings in the plains of Lahore when he encountered the shifting of the spring monsoon? I must leave Delhi on the 1st of March at the latest: it is unfortunate that I could not leave Calcutta ten days earlier. But you have seen my perplexities, and the embarrassments which stopped and detained me there till 20th November.

The circuit I made, in order to inspect the coal-mines of the Burdwan district, makes the distance which I have passed over amount to two hundred leagues. I have travelled more than half on foot, the rest on horseback. I set out at four, five, or six o'clock in the morning, according to the phases of the moon and the nature of the country. At noon, two, three, and sometimes not till four in the evening, I arrive at the end of my day's journey, the whole of which, like a native, I pass in the sun. Before mounting, I eat by moonlight a plate of rice and milk well sugared and cooked over night; I put a biscuit in my pocket, and, with this ballast, I accept as a windfall, but without at all depending upon them, all the cups of milk which my cook, sent forward with a seapoy, succeeds in procuring on the road. I dine when I am ready, and when dinner is ready at the same time; if not, it waits,

no matter what the hour is. The uniformity of my food fortunately compensates for the irregularity of the hours of my meals: I invariably eat a chicken cooked with a pound of rice, plenty of *ghee* or native butter, detestably rancid, but to which I have got wonderfully used; and some spices according to the fashion of the country, but very sparingly used. This is the dinner of a musselmaun with an income of twelve hundred francs. I drink two large glasses of water with a few drops of brandy, sometimes only pure water. The whole, including the illegal profits of the *khansama* (for my *maitre d'hôtel* is my only cook), costs fifty francs a month, half of which is stolen. I was forgetting very unreasonably, for I am this moment drinking a large cup of it, that in the evening I sometimes take tea. In cold weather, I find it very pleasant; or useful to keep me awake, when I have worked a great deal, and have an inclination to fall asleep.

After all, whatever may have been said of the laziness, stupidity, and mendacity of the servants of this country, their service is very convenient and very cheap. For twelve francs a month, I have a groom, who has my horse saddled and bridled at the hour of the morning ordered the previous evening for our departure. This man follows me like my shadow; when I gallop, he runs; it is the custom. If I dismount, he is at hand to lead my horse by the bridle, or to wait according to my order; now, I mount and dismount from ten to fifty times in the course of the day. The other servant

attached to the horse, the *gassyara*, goes on before, and I find him at the place marked out for evening halt, with a bundle of grass, leaves, or roots, which he gathers as fodder for the animal. In carrying the wages of these two men to my cavalry estimates, its maintenance costs me forty or forty-five francs a month.

The collections of all kinds, which I go on making on the road, require care, in which I must be seconded by several servants; but this species of service is not included in any of the preceding. So when I told my water-carrier to put his water-skin into one of the cars in the day-time, and walk near me with my portfolio under his arm to dry plants, he said that it was not his business, and that too in a very impertinent tone. I did not hesitate to give him a hearty kick immediately, otherwise another would have told me that it was not his place to carry my gun, another refused to carry my hammer, and so on. I take good care not to order any thing forbidden by their religious laws; with this exception, I exact imperiously, in addition to his own special occupation, every service that each can render. I hope that the majority will have time to grow accustomed to this little revolution before we arrive at Benares, and that I shall have but few vacancies to supply in that city. I was afraid, on leaving Calcutta, that I should soon be forsaken on the road by persons paid in advance; but not one has thought of doing so. Henceforth, with my escort, they will not dare. Moreover, at this moment I am in their debt.

I harden myself against cold as well as heat. I have, it is true, covered my whole body with flannel, but over it I wear only linen or cotton as in summer at Calcutta. Tired of constantly pulling off my stockings to cross torrents, I do not put them on, except at night to sleep in. Over my day-clothes I put on also at night, when I go to bed, a second flannel waistcoat, very thick and very ample, which I keep on in the morning on the march, till the sun renders it oppressive; but the wind is sometimes so piercing, that I do not throw it off. My Pondicherry hat, made of date leaves, and covered with black silk, is more brilliant than ever. In the morning I pull it like a cap over my ears, and find it very warm. It takes every shape that I wish; it is an admirable invention of mine, light, water-proof, firm, &c.

December 25th, the other Bank of the Sone.

It is a sea of sand of not less than a league in breadth, and my cars have taken four hours to cross it. To animate this desert, Providence kept in reserve two elephants and thirty camels, which it made to defile past my caravan. I shall, by a forced march, push on this evening as far as Sasseram, an ancient Indian city.

There is not a tree to shelter me. I am writing to you under a broiling sun, and just now I found the water in the river frozen. I avail myself of the moment that my horse is at his breakfast. It is a meal which

he seldom makes, having to submit to the chances which decide the hours of his master. He can, however, bear fasting very well in the day-time, and cold at night; and as he does not seem to have got out of condition during the last five weeks, there is no reason why he should not carry me to the world's end. The rogue justifies tolerably well the character of viciousness enjoyed by those of his colour, a sorrel, if there ever was one. Sometimes he throws me, when I am stupid enough to dispute with a beast without reason. In falling, I promise myself for the future to imitate Figaro, who always gave way to fools, instead of contending with them; and then, when the opportunity offers, I forget my plans of moderation and want him to pass what frightens him; hence there is a conflict, with kicking, and twenty other mischievous tricks, of which your horseman, Porphyre, will give you the nomenclature. However, we always arrange the matter amicably, as follows: one day he gives way, the next I yield to the *inclination which draws me.* In spite of these rebellions, which are, however, rare, I go on reading, sleeping, and studying my plants with a magnifying glass all the time I am on horseback, and congratulate myself on my purchase.

My Hindostanee vocabulary increases daily. Far from preventing my people from speaking near me, I invite them to do so, in order to break-in my ear to the inflexions, so different from those of the European languages to every one who has an ear. I converse with

them and the soldiers of my escort; I seek to penetrate their existence, their feelings, their ideas. I am becoming impregnated with India, instead of dipping the tip of my finger in, as many of the English do, who pretend to study it. In this respect my escort will always be very useful to me; the people of my little caravan, both servants and soldiers, are not the least interesting subjects of observation which I meet with on the road. The English encourage the higher castes to the military service. Among my five men from Hazarubaug, I have two Brahmins, and the others are Rajpoots; my Burdwan serjeant was also a Brahmin.

I have given up all thoughts of comprehending any thing of the Hindoo theogony; I am persuaded that it always has been unintelligible nonsense to the Europeans who have pretended to explain it, Bernier, Sir William Jones, &c. The arranging of the castes appeared to me impossible. I tried, with my little skill in classifying as a naturalist, and I convinced myself that there is no exact coincidence between those of one part of India, and those which bear the same name in others. It is impossible to establish among them what we botanists call a critical synonymy. On my return to Europe, I shall endeavour to acquaint myself better with what will be accessible to me on this topic, without knowing Sanscrit. You have surely seen Mr. Wilson's Hindoo Theatre; it will be a novelty to me. I saw the book every day at Calcutta, and the author very frequently, and have only yet had leisure to read his

excellent preface. Wilson has Mr. D'Arcet's place at the Mint, and several others, all sinecures, and very well paid. He is the best pensioned certainly of literary men; he is besides the first Sanscrit scholar in the world, and moreover a man of mind and taste. He resembles Frederic the Great of Prussia prodigiously.

My solitude is far from being irksome. I am quite certain that I shall pass my six months' seclusion in the mountains, without melancholy: I shall not see a single European. Thoughts full of sweetness and tenderness fill the moments of my life which are unoccupied by study. Certain periods of the past seem like dreams. I sometimes cannot believe that I am he that has done this, that has been there, &c. &c. For a moment I doubt my identity, and am near suspecting, in this country of the transmigration of souls, that some one else's has turned mine out of doors. The source of enthusiasm is exhausted, and when the cold keeps me awake under my bed-clothes, I contemplate the world, not as an actor, but as a critical and disinterested spectator of its different scenes. I no longer *perceive* past things, I only recal them, and so judge what was formerly in me, as well as what is without.

The admiration of the beauties of nature has its virginity; but it is soon sullied by enjoyment. Saint Domingo will always be to me the *beau idéal* of equinoctial nature. I cannot recollect without emotion the first scenes of the tropic, which chance presented to me.

Perhaps this profound impression depended on the disposition of my mind; and, if I were permitted to see them again, I might not find their beauties so touching. I have written so to Frederick. It is also for his sake that I love the corner of the world which he inhabits.

M. de Humboldt has been happy in his description of this first impression made by scenes near the equator: a natural philosopher ought to be more sensible when the study of nature's details does not close his eyes to its whole. You will conclude justly from this soliloquy that I do not blacken my paper with poetical prose. I write a great deal in all tones, and without effort, according to my humour, the state of my stomach, and the quality of my pen. No one is all sublime, all dignified, all cheerful and smiling. After a geological description, will come a confidential page, which none but myself ought to re-peruse. I should be afraid of telling falsehoods if I wrote otherwise. Adieu, my dear father, till I reach the holy city. Tell my friends that the recollection of them follows me, and charms many moments of my solitary life; but I have not time to write to them all the sentiments of tenderness which my heart contains. I do not tell you to be at ease concerning me, because I flatter myself that the eloquence of the two hundred leagues, which I have travelled so fortunately, will render a request of that kind on my part needless. Adieu! may you enjoy as good health as I do; and Porphyre also

imitate me. I wish I could send you some sunshine, of which I have too much in the day-time, for a little of the warmth of European houses in the morning. Consult M. Azaïs *en passant*, on the possibility of the exchange.

December 31*st*, 1829.

This last day of the year I arrived at the holy city. I brought an introduction from Lord W. Bentinck, one from my friend at Burdwan for a very rich rajah, whom I shall see to-morrow, and two from the major-general of the army, the friend of Colonel de Lafosse, and also mine, the most amiable of men, for two of his excellent brother officers. The first who saw me kept me and put me in possession of his house, and after breakfast I found an elephant at my door to take me on my visits. Then the director of the mint, whom I first went to see on my moving mountain, a man whom I knew by correspondence to be the wittiest in India, would not let me go alone, but said he would introduce me to each. The elephant was sent home, where his back will remain exclusively at my service during my short stay here, and I went my round of visits with the *spirited mint-master* in his carriage. He was expecting me as his guest, and had provided for my reception; letters from you and Porphyre, a letter from Taschereau, one from M. Victor, introducing me to Dr. * * *, another from Madame Le Breton, a long one from Miss Pearson, one from Sir Charles Metcalfe, &c., the whole directed to me at the post-office, by the obliging

governor of Chandernagore, who had picked them up, some at Pondicherry, others at Calcutta, and had forwarded them under official cover, postage free, to await me here. I have read the whole over and over again. Add to this, that I had ridden five leagues on horseback at night, to arrive at the holy city by sunrise. I have traversed it on foot, admirably favoured with a most beautiful Provence May morning. I know not what to begin with. I smiled at reading your fears respecting my reception in this country. No: we should not do in France for any stranger what is done here for me. The London streamlet increased at Calcutta into a river, which is now growing into a sea. Half the letters which I leave on the road bring me four times the number. I shall want another camel to keep pace with this geometrical progression. The bad taste of these figures is the fault of the eastern sun.

I will return to you, my dear father, before I leave this place: I leave you for the day. Yesterday I shaved off a beard of a fortnight's growth; I resembled Robinson Crusoe, and used to dine in my tent scarcely more magnificently than he did. To-day, I put on black silk stockings, as if I were going to a ball in Paris or London. I am going to dine with a dozen Europeans, who govern a portion of the British empire. Their ladies will be dressed in the Parisian fashion of six months ago. They are not vulgar nabobs, a character which exists no longer, except on the stage

of the London minor theatres. In the evening I shall enjoy an elegant and solid conversation: every means will be combined, to show me as much as possible of the wonders of the city in the short time I shall stay there. Trust to my star. There is certainly in this continuation of success, something besides good luck: it is a series of happy chances, which have by their repetition, ceased to be chances. But above all, the miracle is, my not having suffered in the estimation of others on account of my poverty!

January 1st, 1830.

If a thousand of my countrymen were to come into this country, with double or triple what I brought, they could not probably succeed in showing themselves any where. My host here, an infantry captain, exercising the functions of sub-intendant, has a hundred and fifty thousand francs a year; and all, you know, is on the same scale. By a peculiar favour, I have obtained a dispensation from riches; and my relative poverty has, on the contrary, been only a source of enjoyment to my self-love. Some of the most intimate of my acquaintance are not ignorant of it, and they accommodate themselves accordingly, the best way they can. I was seldom obliged to hire a carriage to go to dine at the Chief Justice's of India; when I was not next door to him, at Garden Reach, he asked my hour and came to fetch me. The fools who saw these attentions gave me credit, no doubt, for some mysterious

virtues, more worthy of esteem than the vulgar possession of a cabriolet, and took it upon trust.

Portionless girls, who have not succeeded in getting married in England, arrive here in cargoes, for sale, on honourable terms, I mean, to the young civil and military officers, who, along with their commission and the assurance of a fortune sufficient for two, receive orders to go and be rich all alone in some village, a couple of hundred leagues from Calcutta, and govern a territory equal to several French departments. Those, whose places are very lucrative, select a wife from the society of Calcutta as they would a girl in the street: it is well understood, that the small number of families forming the circle in which I moved, are an exception to the rule. For a man like me it is matrimonially the worst of countries.

There are still enormous incomes in India, but immense fortunes are hardly made there now. The daughters of those who grow rich are educated in such habits of luxury, that they are only marriageable to collectors, or others of the same rank. Then the English, who are the most matrimonial people in the world, have children by dozens, and no fortune could resist a division by so Christian a divisor. Lastly, the young ladies of the most polished, and at the same time, most opulent classes that I have had occasion to meet, are still more insignificant than those of any other country. They are as afraid of the little, very little, reason of a married woman of five and twenty, as of the polar ice.

It is not, however, because they are cheerful, but the few serious ideas which marriage always forces into the most empty head, frighten the absolute insignificance of those whose wit has yet to come.

Miss Pearson is the only person I have known worthy of the consideration of a man of sense. The poor girl, whom I left very ill at my departure from Calcutta, writes me that she is dying. I must direct to England the letter which I wrote to her on my journey. The physicians are sending her there without delay: her mother accompanies her. I am afraid my letter will arrive too late. But whatever may happen, and if chance brings us again together under the same roof, we shall never be to each other different from what we are at present. Although possessed of intelligence above her twenty years, and of a very serious turn of mind, she did not seem to perceive that I was a young man; and sometimes she would talk to me of matters of feeling, as she would have done to some old friend of her father's, or her own.

It gives me pain, my dear father, to overturn your castles in the air. But, were I to suffer you to go on building, without disturbance, you would end by believing in them, as in the famous system raised on the ruins of all others (style of the *Real Essences*) and would look with displeasure at me on my return, were I not followed by the family of king Priam.

How your letters have charmed me! they have effaced the surprise and ill humour, which the news

of the ministry of La Bourdonnaye, Mangin, and Co. caused me on my arrival in the holy city. I cannot answer those nine pages, which are worth fifty, for my letter would be endless. Your tenderness for me raises illusions which I cannot share, but with which I am much affected. Your reliance upon my firmness is a great happiness to me. Whatever evil may happen to me, you will know that I am provided with defensive arms, which is in me a whimsical principle of internal satisfaction, and simplicity of taste, belonging not to my age nor to my education; a sort of savage pride which will console me in bad times, should any happen. There are a thousand degrees of misfortune above the possibility of which I shall henceforth be placed.

I did not neglect writing to almost every body, during the last days of my stay in Calcutta. I must now give up that correspondence, in which all that I ought to reserve for myself would evaporate. Adieu, my dear father; my next letter will be from Delhi in two months. I embrace you, Porphyre, and the eternally absent Frederick, with all my heart: it is all that I can do now.

TO MADEMOISELLE ZOÉ NOIZET DE SAINT PAUL-ARRAS.

Camp of Moneah, Monday, December 28th, 1829.

Do not look in the map, my dear Zoé, for the place whence your cousin is now writing to you. It is

nothing but a clump of trees near a miserable hamlet. I, who have a tent to lie under, can do without their shelter, which is however very necessary for my people who sleep around in the open air. Although scarcely beyond the 25th degree of latitude, the clearness of the sky, and the north wind which precipitates upon the plains of India the icy air of the summits of the Himalaya, make the nights very cold: and although under a double roof of cloth, more warmly clad than in the day time, and wrapped in a triple blanket, I often wake quite chilled. Yet at noon, the temperature often rises to 86°.

I have travelled two hundred leagues in forty days, without perceiving that I am in want of any thing. At four o'clock in the morning, I eat half a pound of rice, boiled with sugar in milk; I drink milk on my road, when my servants succeed in procuring it. I sometimes see a hundred cows put in requisition for a single glass; and my cook's zeal would set fire to the village to warm it, if I did not prefer it cold. I encamp at two, three, four, or five in the evening; I then invariably dine on a hen, pullet, or cock, some bird or other, in short, made into pilau, with a pound of rice; I drink one or two large glasses of water, often very bad, and throw myself on my rush cot when sleep closes my eyes before my paper.

Having left Bengal, the country in which the rivers can find no slope to run into the sea, and their waters stagnate and fill the atmosphere with noxious vapours, I no longer mistrust the sun, and expose myself to

it like the natives. I journey more on foot than on horseback, and being turned out of my road by a thousand objects, I travel every day double the distance that my heavy baggage does. In these reconnoiterings, I am neither unarmed nor alone. I have made of four of my men, who are more active than the rest, a vanguard, which follows me like my shadow. Meanwhile, I every day feel myself full of new strength. No Englishman ever thought of living as I do, and it is for this reason that those are dead who attempted to expose themselves to the same physical influences. They laugh at my milk, my *eau sucrée*, my two meals separated by a mean interval of thirteen hours, and my abstinence from spirituous liquors: they would cross themselves (were they not heretics, and call the holy sign of the cross superstitious) if they knew that, notwithstanding all my abstinence, I am often obliged, in order to avoid gastro-enteritis to—(Well! how shall I say it.) In short, you understand, I am not, like them, afflicted with hydrophobia; and I, in my turn, laugh when they are buried, pickled in champagne, or preserved in brandy and mercury, which their doctors give them by the half pound.

At Benares, where I shall arrive in three days, I shall substitute half a dozen camels for my cars, and my caravan will be a little more picturesque for them. I nevertheless assure you, that it is so even now. What gives it rather a European, but infinitely respectable appearance, is the red coats of a little

escort of seapoys, which I renew every sixty or eighty leagues, and shall keep near me as long as I am in India. It makes me absolute master of the places through which I pass, adds a great deal if not to my safety, at least to my feeling of security. My generalissimo is a serjeant of the highest distinction, who stiffens himself like a post into the position of the soldier without arms at whatever distance he catches sight of me, and leads all my people in military fashion. He is a Brahmin, if you please; as was likewise the one I had before. A sentinel, relieved every two hours, guards my little camp at night, and sometimes wakes me with a shot at some suspicious-looking rover. In the hundred leagues of forest which I have just traversed, notwithstanding this guard outside at night, I had always at hand something to make a great deal of noise in the tigers' ears, in case of a visit from them; but I saw none.

Carrying on, at the same time, several kinds of research—applying myself in the midst of the studies and mechanical cares which they exact, to perfect myself in the language of the country, the only one which I speak at present—charged with a correspondence with several of my new Bengal friends—my long solitary days run away very rapidly. My being shut out from all communication with Europeans does not bear hard upon me. You know that from Benares I shall cross Bundlecund (a mountainous province between the Nerbudda and the Jumna) to Agra,

Delhi, and thence to the Himalaya mountains, to pass five or six months of the summer in some place, almost as much above the level of the sea as the summit of Mont Blanc, where I shall remain the whole time without seeing a man of my own colour. By the short experiment I have just made since I left Calcutta, to turn myself into an Arab, I know that this long and studious seclusion, entirely separated from the men and affairs of Europe, will not be painful to me.

How different, my dear cousin, from the life I led at Calcutta, where I spent the leisure which study left me, in noble and serious pleasures—the most exquisite of European civilisation. I have talked politics, with my democratic opinions; I have talked of religion, when I have been provoked to it, with my scepticism and incredulity; I have talked of all things, in short, according to the truth of my heart, and the errors of my judgment. I had the happiness to please all that I met of those people whose distinction made me desire their esteem and good will.

Now, in the desert, I cannot recal those days without emotion. Whatever may happen to me in this country, there are men in it in whose friendship I am sure not to die; it follows and protects me powerfully in my long pilgrimage. The major-general of the army, a man from whom I parted with a swelling heart and tearful eye, and who felt for me the same

sympathy which drew me towards him, has given me numerous letters of introduction (twenty-four) for such of his friends or brother officers as may be stationed on my proposed route. Every one at Calcutta contributed to increase my packet: Lord W. Bentinck made the magnificent addition to it of nine private letters. He gave me beforehand a passport in an unusual form, but so protecting, so friendly, that it undoubtedly rendered his personal recommendations useless, and I experience considerable embarrassment in showing it: for it is a formal summons made by the governor-general, to all officers in India, civil and military, to afford me the best quarters on my arrival at their residence. They would not have done as much for any Englishman. It was the same in London. There is certainly some national pride in this profusion of kindness to a foreigner, but it is of a noble kind; I enjoy it as an individual and a Frenchman.

The amiable man with whom I had the advantage to share the tedium of the sea for six months, sends me word from his Indian kingdom of Yvetot, that he shall not fail to treat to his best wine every Englishman that knocks at his door in Pondicherry; and that on my count. At the great distance at which I am from the southern extremity of India, it is agreeable to find on the map a little corner of friendly land.

Adieu, my dear Zoé! While writing to you, sleep does not come to close my eyes; but it is eleven

o'clock at night, and I have given orders for our departure at four: I must therefore wind up for this day. If you expected from me a *piquant* traveller's letter, you will be disappointed; for I have not told you a word of the men, nor of the monuments, nor of the scenes of nature, in the countries through which I am passing. But I have talked to you of things nearer to me; and I flatter myself that your friendship will see a proof of mine, in the artless confessions of my self-love. It is a weakness which I do not mind confessing to you; but confide it only to those who you know love me as much as you do.

I am, besides, too much occupied by divers pursuits and too positive researches, to see in a very prominent light the picturesque interest of objects. It is not that the minute and critical examination of the productions and phœnomena of nature closes my eyes against their collective pictorial effect; but the source of the charm, and of the rapture, which I heretofore experienced on beholding their beauties, is dried up. It is henceforth with my mind, and with my taste, that I complacently contemplate a landscape or a graceful group. Yet, in the spring, I shall see the loftiest mountains in the world; I shall pass a summer, half a year, amid their scenes of eternal snow and ice. Perhaps their desolate grandeur will find my sensibility too excitable. It will be a recovery of a melancholy faculty, but still less sad than insensibility.

Adieu, Zoé! I do not know when I shall write to you, and fear I shall be able to do so but seldom; but I shall often think of you, on my Persian steed; it is the most oriental thing that I can do for you.

TO M. VICTOR DE TRACY, PARIS.

Camp at Sunniput, between Delhi and Panniput,
March, 1830.

YOUR letter of the 29th June, 1829, after a journey in India, before which mine will always turn pale, reached me some days since at Delhi. You will easily imagine, my dear friend, the pleasure which it gave me, when I tell you that for two months and a half I have had no news from Europe. At Benares, a few lines of yours were brought to me from Calcutta by a young physician, to whom I was compelled to give a most negative reply as to the advantages held out to him for the practice of his profession in that city. There is but one Frenchman at Calcutta, and he is in excellent health. That is not the place for Doctor * * *. As for the English, who in general have very bad health, he will not suit them. They require a doctor of their own nation, by whom they may be sure of being understood, and who is not afraid of killing them, according to the fashion of science in this country, with calomel, opium, &c. &c.

I have not seen any European newspapers of later date than the beginning of September; so that I know quite well the change of ministry, a theme on which others would perhaps compose some tolerably gloomy variations; but which appears to me to be more ridiculous than dangerous. I recollect a time when these gentry might have risked a *coup d'état*, but now-a-days they have more interest than any one in the observation of the law, and will not dare to place themselves beyond it by raising themselves above it. The drawing-room spirit which prevails in the chamber and among the leading members, never allowed me to conceive a doubt of your success at the *tribune*, provided you were not recalled from it too soon, as happened to you the first time. The feelings to which you addressed yourself exist in the hearts of all well-born men; good sense is a thing too which nature has made common; and by speaking as you do, to principles of emotion and action, you cannot fail to exercise an influence which will be always on the increase. The liberal public did not at all like the remonstrances of its best friends; it did not at all understand being found fault with, nor even contradicted; and whoever deserved to gain its confidence and gratitude, received only an affront, after being previously imprisoned for it. Look you! Would Courier have been more fortunate? I doubt it. Nevertheless, your success makes, in the style of your *capable* and honourable friends, a *precedent*, or, in French, an ante-

cedent, subversive of the worship of popularity, which is not one of the least ignoble forms of servility. You will open the door to others; that is what we want—new men! What good can be done with such old *able* sinners as Baron ——, and others of the same school, at present our friends? I see them from hence esteem you (I hope so for their sakes), but smile at your want of parliamentary tactics; and when you are rewarded with public favour, grow vexed, and complain that you spoil the trade, by proving that it does not require so much *finesse* to succeed. Tell me, my dear friend, is it not so? I cannot forbear laughing at this idea, without respect for Mahomet, in the mosque which serves as my lodging to-day. Tell me what the people of Moulins and the neighbourhood say of you. They who have seen you at work, making war, without metaphor, on the furze, marshes, intermittent fevers, rot in sheep, &c., in a word, on the causes of moral evil and physical evil, do they not unanimously appreciate you? If, when you answer these lines, you add to the chronicle which I ask of you, the number of your sheep at Paray, that of your ploughs, the surface, and quality of your own sown land, the misty charm of distance will cause me to think these things about you and our country delicious.

As for me, I dare not tell you any thing of this country; during the four months since I left Calcutta, with a tent and ten bullocks, I have travelled nearly fourteen

hundred miles (six hundred leagues); and on this long journey so many new objects have presented themselves to my notice, my mind and imagination have been exercised on so many different subjects, that, for fear of writing you a volume, I cannot begin. It may be sufficient for you to know that I have experienced nothing but satisfaction. In the vicissitudes of a rather adventurous life, one certainly the most picturesque that can be *lived* in India, I have had good days and no bad ones. The numerous and powerful acquaintances which I formed at Calcutta, some of which ripened into friendship, make of me, in these distant provinces, a man of the country, and one of the best informed. Welcomed, though an entire stranger, because I always bring the most honourable recommendations, I am soon after caressed for my own sake, because I am furnished with articles of exchange for every one. I gain a great deal of information in my sojourning in *Europeanised* places, by making the judge talk of the moral condition of the millions of Hindoos and Mussulmauns subject to him; the collector of the taxes, of the very varied system of territorial property, and of the natural products: each, in fact, on the subject with which he is best acquainted. If I meet with a good Persian scholar, a man of critical sagacity, I seek to rectify, from his knowledge, the little I have drawn from suspicious national sources.

The variety of my studies, and also of my exercises, sometimes on horseback, oftener on foot, sometimes

on an elephant, or in a litter, allows me to feel no fatigue whatever. I have never enjoyed more steady health; my Brahminic diet contends with the fatal influence of the climate.

After St. Domingo and Rio Janeiro, the magnificence of nature in Bengal possesses a fatiguing monotony. The immense mountainous forests of Behar, which I afterwards crossed between the Dummoodah and the Ganges, have more variety; but the magnificence of the tropics has already disappeared. I discern no trace of it in the mountains of Boggilcund and Bundlecund, through which I travelled with much fatigue in the month of January. The plains of this latter province, and the Doah, or immense Delta, which divides the Ganges from the Jumna, have no marked character. But repassing the Jumna before Agra, and proceeding afterwards north-north-west towards the desert which borders the left bank of the Indus, the configuration of the country, and the vegetation by which it is covered, strongly determine its aspect. It is almost Persia: salt or saltpetre in a sandy soil, dust in the atmosphere, stunted and thorny vegetation, &c. Without departing from the route marked out for me by my researches in natural history, I have seen the most celebrated cities of India: Sasseram, Benares, Mirzapore, Callinger, Kulpy, Agra, Mutra, Bindrabund, and Delhi. Benares and Delhi are the two great Hindoo and Mussulmaum capitals; and I was shown through both with the greatest politeness, by

well-informed men. In order that I might see all that could be shown me at Delhi, the political resident made known to the imperial shadow, which the English Government pensions magnificently, his desire to present me to his Majesty; and the old emperor held a *durbar* last Wednesday for the ceremony. You, my dear friend, have no doubt been the victim of this honorific masquerade at Constantinople, and know what virtue it requires not to laugh at one's own face, if one has the ill luck to encounter it in a looking-glass. However, I was created *sahib Bahadur*, or lord victorious in war; which I consider equal to baron. For a hundred louis, I might have been the star of light, or the light of the age, or the abyss of science, &c.

The small retinue of Mohammed Akber Rhazi have a small share of their master's pension of four millions, and live on boiled rice and superb titles.

To-morrow I shall pitch my tent at Panniput, the field in which the fate of India has been so many times altered. Thence I shall enter the country of the independent Seikhs, and proceed to Kithul, where I shall be joined by several obliging persons, who intend getting up a grand lion hunt for me. This is what I could never see with my galloway, my eight servants, my little escort, and my bullocks; but the camp of my amiable huntsman, which I take with me, with my own establishment, which is lost in it, consists of a dozen strong Arab horses, four elephants, which are to be joined by seven others, a multitude of camels, and a

hundred domestics and horsemen. From Kithul they will conduct me to the foot of the mountains at the spot where the Ganges falls into the plains. The chief of this not insignificant expedition is almost viceroy of these provinces, under the title of Assistant to the Resident of Delhi; he is therefore a most desirable companion for me. The English are so rich that no obstacle can stop them. I shall find them every where on the first and second *stories* of the mountains. They have gone as far as the other declivity of the Himalaya, and have built two houses there, one of which I count upon occupying for three or four months. On my road I shall have an opportunity of making some fine geological investigations in the thickness of the central chain of the Himalaya, opened by the river Sutledge. An abode of several months in the lofty valley of this river, on the other declivity of the mountains, on a site elevated about ten thousand feet above the sea, ought to offer for my collections of natural history objects, if not varied, at least very new. I shall push my excursions as far as the Chinese frontier. Eleven years ago, one of my Calcutta friends, an engineer officer, went thus far on a geographical expedition, and since several other inquisitive people have followed his steps. But I think I shall be the first of my profession to make this journey. Mr. Moorcroft's notes on the Natural History of the Lake Mansarower are so vague, that they are of no value to science, which will henceforth have greater pretensions. My dear friend,

I promise myself many results from this journey in the Himalaya. The cold, which I do not bear well, has, no doubt, plenty of sufferings in store for me; but I have no mercy on my body, inasmuch as the fatigues to which I expose it cannot radically alter the state of my health. I write a great deal, and yet I find that I do not write enough; but time fails me, though I do not lose any. Since leaving Benares, I have come to an admirable arrangement with my horse; he suffers me to read on his back during the whole journey, provided I do not thwart him in his whims. The *Classicists* in horsemanship would hiss me outrageously if they saw me. The magnificent English, who, in respect to horses, are extremely tenacious, consider this pace very negligent; but as they know the value of time, especially to a traveller of my description, my character as a gentleman does not suffer by it.

19*th, Camp at Haberi.*

In order to rest, after going fourteen leagues without stopping since the morning, and a laborious day in my tent, with a temperature of 90°, I have just allowed myself, now when I can breathe, the pleasure of re-perusing your letter. My dear friend, I have often thought what you tell me, that it is not so very difficult to speak to men, from the pulpit or the tribune. When the first awkwardness of a novel situation is dispelled,—is not the latter, on the contrary, calculated to inspire talent? There is a certain lite-

rary perfection, which is out of season in those two places; it is that which the audience cannot fail to remark and admire. Such speeches are heard and judged exactly as a composition, as a literary exercise; an enormous blunder in those who make them! The English preachers whom I have heard, good or bad, pronounce the *th* so admirably, that they have all the effect to me of teachers of English giving a lesson. The purest delivery is not the best, if it is not the most expressive. Good night: at this moment you are no doubt reading the budget at your fire-side in your little room. My friend, we shall meet there again.

Closed in the Seikh country at Kitkul, without a minute to spare to add a word.

March 22nd.

TO M. JACQUEMONT THE ELDER, PARIS.

Delhi, March 10th, 1830.

My dear father,—Leaving Benares on the 6th of January, I followed the left bank of the Ganges, till I came opposite to Mirzapore, where I crossed the river; and provided with purvannas, (firmans, or local passports) by the magistrate of Mirzapore, (to whom Lord William Bentinck had recommended me,) for the independent rajahs of Boggilcund and Bundlecund, I struck off from the direct road to the Himalaya mountains, and entered those provinces in which I

knew I should find much mineralogical and geological interest. I went on to Rewah (W.S.W. from Benares), where I received a polite message from the rajah; thence to Punnah, a place celebrated for its diamond mines; and after wandering about on the lofty platform of Bundlecund for fifteen days, I again descended with considerable trouble above Adjygur, the residence of another rajah. There I was obliged to give my people and cattle some rest, as they were exhausted by their long march across the mountains. A happy chance caused me to find objects full of interest during my short compulsory stay there. Again entering the plains at Callinger, it no longer happened to me to be separated from my baggage, and to bivouac fasting among curious savages, as I was obliged to do several times in the mountains; my little tent has always followed since the 1st of February. At Bandah, a civil and military station, chief town of English Bundlecund, I refreshed my retinue, sent back my escort to Mirzapore, and, being equipped anew, resumed the road to the upper provinces, after only twenty-four hours' halt. I went to Hammerpore, at the conflux of the Betwa and the Jumna, thence to Kalpy, on the right bank of the latter river, which I here crossed to enter the Doab, a territory situated between the two rivers (Dô âb, duo aqua, in Sanscrit) Jumna and Ganges.

The winter had ended on the 1st of February at Banda; the nights had ceased to be cool, the days grew very hot. I continued, however, to travel in the

day-time, confiding in my regimen, which I had gradually brought to the simplicity of that of the natives. Some violent thunder storms disconcerted me a little in the Doab. Porphyre knows what rain is, when there is no house to afford shelter. At different distances, an old mosque or a Hindoo temple served as a refuge; but more frequently I only had a tree for shelter, and sometimes stripped of its foliage.

I arrived at Agra on Saturday, the 21st of February. It was the first great Mussulmaun city I had seen; it is full of memorials of the recent grandeur of the family of Timor. I remained there three days, which were days of rest to my people, who stood in great need of it, and of extreme fatigue to me; besides the care I bestowed on my collections, I tired three horses a day. English hospitality is in general admirable. Men overwhelmed with business have been my guides round the different places I have visited; not only did they lend me their elephants, their carriages, their horses, but they always accompanied me. There are several of them to whom I am truly attached, and the recollection of whom will always be very gratifying to me. The numerous and admirable introductions with which I am provided by Lord William Bentinck for his civil proconsuls, by the quarter-master-general of the army, Colonel Fagan, for his brother officers and friends, to whom those of my letters which I have hitherto had occasion to employ have been delivered, have procured me the most flattering reception; and

I must have had very bad luck indeed, not to be convinced in the evening that it was for my own sake I was thus welcomed. I feel and think in my own way, and express myself with *naïveté* in a language which I am always told is correct, but which is sometimes unusual, strange, and often picturesque. This manner immediately forces English stiffness to unbend. I make (*bonnes gens*) Frenchmen of all the English with whom I stay twenty-four hours.

Mutra and Bendrabund are two large Hindoo cities, insulated in the midst of an entirely Mussulmaun country. I saw them both on my way from Agra.

Delhi! Delhi is the most hospitable part of India. Do you know what had well nigh happened to me this morning? I was near being made *the light of the world*, or *the wisdom of the state*, or *the ornament of the country*, &c.; but fortunately I got off with the fear only. The explanation is as follows: you will laugh. The Great Mogul, Shah Mohammed Acbar Rhize Badshah, to whom the political resident had addressed a petition to present me to his majesty, very graciously held a *durbar* (a court) in order to receive me. Being conducted to the audience by the resident, with tolerable pomp, a regiment of infantry, a strong escort of cavalry, an army of domestics and ushers, the whole completed by a troop of richly caparisoned elephants, I presented my respects to the emperor, who was pleased to confer on me a *khelat* or dress of honour, which was put on with great ceremony, under the

inspection of the prime minister; and, accoutred like Taddeo in Kaimakan, (if you recollect the Italiana in Algieri,) I re-appeared at court. The emperor then (mark, if you please, that he is descended in a direct line from Timour or Tamerlane) with his imperial hands fastened a couple of jewelled ornaments to my hat (a white one), previously disguised into a turban by his vizier; I kept my countenance excellently well during this imperial farce, seeing there are no looking-glasses in the throne room, and that I could only see in my masquerade my long legs in black pantaloons appearing from under my Turkish dressing-gown. The emperor inquired if there was a king in France, and if English was spoken there. He had never seen a Frenchman, except General Perron, formerly his guard, when he was made prisoner by the Mahrattas; and he appeared to pay infinite attention to the droll figure I cut, with my five feet eight inches * of stature without much thickness, my long hair, spectacles, and my oriental costume over my black dress. In half an hour he dismissed his court, and I retired in procession with the resident. The drums beat in the fields, as I passed before the troops with my dressing-gown of worked muslin. Why were you not present to enjoy the honours conferred upon your progeny?

Of course I found Shah Mohammed Acbar Rhize Badshah, a venerable old man, and the most adorable of

* About six feet two inches, English measure.—Tr.

princes. But, jesting apart, he has a fine face, a fine white beard, and the expression of a man who has been long unhappy. The English have left him all the honours of the throne, and console him with an annual pension of four million francs for the loss of power. Do not tell this to my friends, the local character gentry, and you will see them discover at the carnival in 1833 or 34, that my oriental disguise is very badly imitated; then I will tell them what their so called badly imitated dress really is. The resident translated Victor Jacquemont, travelling naturalist, &c., &c., *Mister Jakmont, saheb bahadur;* which signifies, M. Jacquemont, lord victorious in war: it was thus the grand master of the ceremonies proclaimed me.

This lord victorious in battles is occupied here in any thing but war. He is poisoning with arsenic and mercury the collections which he has formed during the five or six hundred leagues which he has just travelled, and packing them up in order to leave them here during his journey to the Himalaya. There is no want of variety of situations in my wandering life. Here I never go out either in a carriage, a palanquin, or on an elephant, without a brilliant escort of cavalry. This is my host's politeness. I am the sole inhabitant of a sumptuous house, surrounded by magnificent gardens. If I dine out, it is with the general, or another great lord; and I do not decline. Nevertheless, it is probable that I shall spend three months of the summer in a smoky hut,

horribly dirty, on the other side of the Himalaya; and God knows how I shall get there from hence, for it is very high and very far. Whatever may occur, reflect that in my past vicissitudes from Calcutta to Delhi, I have not had the slightest indisposition, and (a prosaic circumstance of the first order) I have had the admirable talent of remaining within my estimate of expenses.

Next Saturday the 13th, I shall resume my solitary and perambulatory life. I shall go and encamp fifty leagues from hence to the north-west, in the country of the Seikhs, near a city called Kitkul. The first assistant to the resident will arrive at my camp on the 20th, with an immense escort of men, horses, and elephants; and, joining our unequal fortunes, we shall march together to the place where the Ganges escapes from the mountains. The object of my future companion is to hunt wild hogs and tigers. In order to procure this pleasure, he is going to spend 10,000 francs in a month or six weeks; but he has sixty thousand a year. He is a bachelor about my own age, and destined by his talents to rise to a high station in the country. I shall have one of the best informed companions concerning the things of this country, and the opportunity of seeing and sharing in sports which will naturally turn to the advantage of my collection. Mr. Trevelyan pretends to be infinitely flattered at my allowing him to be my companion. This people will make a coxcomb of me, if you do not think that I am become one

already: nevertheless, I do not fall upon them treacherously; I do not tell them that I am rich or noble; I do not put on my cravat better than at Paris; my coat is not in the fashion, and, after nearly two years of existence, eight months' navigation, and a fortnight's submersion after the hurricane at Bourbon, is tolerably rusty. In spite of that, there is no distinction which they do not lavish upon me.

Do not be afraid of the Seikhs; they are crafty thieves, but I am not suffered to go among them without a strong escort. When Mr. Trevelyan unites his little army with mine, we shall travel like conquerors. As for the danger of lion and tiger hunts, I have often put this question:—How many English gentlemen have been eaten, while hunting, since the time of Mr. Hastings? Answer:—Not one.

Panniput, March 17*th.*

I am writing to you to-day from the field of battle, where the fate of India has been so often decided.

You will perhaps laugh at this celebrity, which is new to you. Panniput, or Lilliput, is, perhaps, all the same to you; but you must change, my dear father, on that point, and become a little of an Indian for my sake. Is not D'Eckstein* at hand to instruct you? I

* *Le Catholique,* a monthly publication, edited at that time by the Baron d'Eckstein, often contained articles on the literature and religion of the Hindoos.

would give you a less sublime introduction to the history of this country; but I know only Mill, and his five enormous volumes would justly frighten you. Well—come—you believe *in me*, if you do not believe me.

The Delhians, with whom you ought to be in love, have conducted me two days' march from their homes. I followed their fashion with a good grace: that is to say, I showed myself as indifferent as they were, to the mishaps of my head and my limbs, while hunting wild boars with them. Fortunately, I met with no fall, which happened solely because they gave me the best Arab out of our whole cavalry. Falls from a horse come immediately after chronic hepatitis and cholera morbus, in the scale of causes of death in this country. A few broken legs, and shattered shoulders, are so much a matter of course in Indian hunting, that none is ever undertaken without a surgeon. As for hunting lions and tigers, it is (for gentlemen mean) a most harmless amusement, since the game is never sought on horseback, but only on an elephant. Each hunter is perched, like a witness in an English court of justice, in a strong and lofty box, fastened upon the animal's back. He has a little park of artillery near him: namely, a couple of carbines and a brace of pistols. It sometimes happens, but very seldom, that the tiger, when brought to bay, leaps on the elephant's head, but that does not concern us; it is the affair of the conductor (mahout), who is paid twenty-five francs

a month, to run the risk of such accidents. In case of death, the latter has at least the satisfaction of a complete revenge, for the elephant does not play the clarionet unconcernedly with his trunk, when he feels he has a tiger for his head dress; he does his best, and the hunter assists him, with a ball point blank. The mahout is, you see, a sort of responsible editor. Another poor devil is behind you, whose duty it is to carry a parasol over your head. His condition is still worse than that of the mahout; when the elephant is frightened, and flies from the tiger, which charges him and springs on his back, the true employment of this man is to be eaten in the gentleman's place. India is the Utopia of social order for the aristocracy: in Europe the poor carry the rich upon their shoulders, but it is only metaphorically; here, it is without figure. Instead of workers and consumers, or governed and governors—the subtle distinction of European politics—in India there are only the carried and the carrying, which is much clearer.

In this key I should never finish. I return then to myself. On the eve of my departure from Delhi, the 12th, I received a packet, returned from Loodheeana on the banks of the Sutledge to Runjeet Sing's outposts. It contained a letter from Porphyre (29th July, 1829), a note from you too short to be counted any thing, and a letter from Victor de Tracy. The whole had come to the good governor of Chandernagore, who spares no pains to seize my property

wherever he finds it. He will forward this to you through the same channel, and also another, written yesterday, to the Jardin des Plantes.

A Catholic bishop resides at Agra. Although I did not even know his name, I was so much in fashion, that I did not hesitate to send him a very polite note in Italian, to request the favour of seeing him. Confounded by the superlatively Italian politeness of his reply, I hastened to his *palace*. This episcopal palace is a small mosque in ruins, which the government has given up to him. He there lives in great poverty. I found him dining at noon with excellent appetite and a very slender dinner; ruddy, active, jovial, fat, he had the finest face and most splendid gray beard I ever saw. The English, who cannot believe that so poor a priest can be a bishop, content themselves with calling him *padri*, a mangled Portuguese word, which is applied in Hindoostanee to every kind of Christian and Mussulman priest; and the *Monsignore* by which I called him, seemed to delight him the more as I had an English companion with me. The good prelate, without pride or embarrassment, pressed us much to share his dinner; and as we refused, we were forced at least to take wine with him. He confessed that his wine was good for nothing, and told us that the wine of his native village in Tuscany cost fifty times less, and was a hundred times better. I asked him the extent of his diocese—the number of his flock. *La caldaja*, said he, *e molto grande; ma*—

la carne, molto poca. As, in speaking this, he pursued with his iron fork, the remains of a poor fricassee, lost in an immense pewter plate, I found in his reply an *à-propos*, which his Italian pantomime rendered the more expressive, and which made me burst into a fit of laughter. The Englishman, who, by the bye was, a Scotchman and a saint, asked me, *What is it?* seeing the bishop laugh as heartily as I did at the joke. I explained it to him. He did not laugh at all, but on going out, observed to me that it was especially unbecoming in a priest, to speak so of Christian souls.

I have no more chance of meeting Sir Charles Grey in the mountains this summer. He has just been travelling for two months in a palanquin, in the provinces in which I now am, and has seen that part of the mountains which the snow does cover; this will be all he can do. Lady Grey, in the meanwhile, has remained in tedious solitude at Calcutta, where she has not, like her husband, the pastime of judging people. I found I had been announced by Sir Charles Grey at Agra, Mutra, and Delhi; he thus served as my quarter-master general. The Calcutta newspapers, which Lord William Bentinck leaves as free as those in England, have libelled the chief justice terribly for this little gratification of his curiosity. I felt so disposed to become too great an admirer of Lady G——, that it was perhaps better that our fine projects of November last should be reduced to this journey of the knight's.

About the 1st of April I shall be at Hurdwar, a small town situated on the banks of the Ganges, as it issues from the mountain. It is the epoch of a celebrated fair, held every year, where I shall see Chinese, Tibetians, Tartars, Cashmerians, Usbecks, Afghans, Persians, &c. I shall buy warm clothing there, for myself and servants. I shall see three or four people I want; and, as an object of curiosity, the old Begum Sumro, who made war more than sixty years ago on the Mahrattas with the best cavalry of the period in India. It is not very well known whence she comes; however, she is generally considered to have been a slave, brought either from Persia or Georgia. I shall not have to regret not having seen her principality of Serdahna, whither I should not have gone but on her account. The resident of Delhi gave me letters to her. She was married some sixty years ago to an Italian adventurer in the service of Shah-Allum, and has since passed, I know not why, for a Christian and a Catholic. Would she not be a fine match for me, if I was to inherit her sovereignty? I will think about it on my way to Hurdwar.

I shall enter the Himalaya by the valley of Dhoon, above Hurdwar and Sharunpore. Dehra is the chief town. A Major Young *reigns* there, with the title of Assistant to the Resident of Delhi, and Commander of the Mountain Militia. Thence I shall go to Subhatoo, a similar place, the capital of a like establishment; whither I shall also carry numerous letters to

its chief, two of which are letters of credit. From Subhatoo, I shall go on to Kotgur, on the second platform of the Himalaya, near the Sutledge; and thence, either by a hanging path, above the precipitous banks of that river, or by a gorge, across the eternal snows of the central chain, I shall cross this chain and enter a little country called Kanawer, politically independent of China; but which, from its geographical position to the north of the Himalaya and its climate, belongs to Tibet. Its productions must be nearly the same as those of Tibet, and for the most part unknown, if not very varied, which its hyperborean winter renders improbable. Captain Herbert, who discovered the way to this country in 1819, is the only man of information who has visited it. He travelled through it merely as a geographer, with a repeating circle and a chronometer. Since then, some inquisitive people have been there empty handed, and have built two houses, one of which I hope to occupy. If any first comers have anticipated me this year, I shall build myself a hut or a shed, or agree with a villager to hire his. Such, my dear father, I suppose will be my abode for four months. I shall live at the height of nine or ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, in a country where the summers are like those of Hungary, and the winters like those of Lapland. The nights, however, will always be cold: eternal snows will shut in every part of my horizon. The principality of Kanawer is indepen-

dent of the English; but I shall enjoy the same security in these mountains as at Delhi or Calcutta. The last English authority resides at Kotgur. All my letters will be addressed to me there, and the Commandant of Kotgur will forward them to me at Kanawer by express.

Meanwhile, before I go to freeze at such a height, the spring is come to broil me in the plains. It is very fortunate for me that I take with me to Kithual the camp belonging to my Delhi friends. They have immense double, quadruple tents, which I have pitched in advance of me on the road, so as to find a shelter when I arrive at my quarters at ten or eleven in the morning. I must leave off (it is ten o'clock) to lie down under mine, that in which I am writing to you; it will be struck in an instant, taken to pieces, rolled up, packed on camels, and will take the van at midnight; and as I do not set out till four in the morning, I shall find it pitched to-morrow on my arrival. Good night; it blows hard. Oh, what fine things houses are! If you did but know how disagreeable it is to be caught in one's bed like a net, in a tent overturned by the wind! Adieu.

Closed at Kithul, in the Seikh territory.

March 22nd.

TO M. PORPHYRE JACQUEMONT, PARIS.

Camp of Cursali, at the head of the Valley of the Jumna, near its source, 2615 *metres above Calcutta—May* 15*th*, 1830.

It is a very long time since I wrote to you, my good friend; yet I cannot give credit to my journal, which, after "*Chandernagore, the* 21*st of November*, 1829, *a long letter to Porphyre, No.* 2," is silent about you. If I really have not written to you since, I have often thought of you; you have so often accompanied me in my solitude, that I am completely under the illusion of being the most faithful of correspondents. The last letter to our father, No. 10, written at Delhi, travelled with me as far as Kithul, in the country of the independent Seikhs, to the north-west of the English possessions, till the 22nd of March, the day on which it took the road to Delhi, and thence to Calcutta, commencing its long and adventurous journey in the cartouche of a Seikh cavalier, sent forward purposely *en estafette*.

The day after, I mounted my horse at sunrise, with the amiable people to whose good fortune my very slender one was allied for a fortnight, and for three days we galloped enough to kill our horses. Of course, my faithful Persian galloway, notwithstanding his modish appearance, came in fresher than my companions' superb Arabs, each of which cost five or six thousand francs. We found another set of tents; and,

before our encampment, the Rajah of Patiala's seventeen elephants, and four hundred horses, drawn up in battle array. An elegant and simple breakfast served up on our arrival, without abating a single useless fork, was quickly despatched; and immediately after we each mounted our elephant. They were polite enough to give me the rajah's, with its royal seat of velvet and tinsel. We placed ourselves in the centre of the chain formed by the multitude of these animals, most of them without riders, or carrying the ministers (wakils) of the neighbouring rajahs deputed to our young friend the sub-resident of Delhi. Our cavalry deployed on the wings of this imposing line; and with the rajah's two drums placed in front beating the royal march, we entered the desert.

It consists of vast, sandy, salt plains, covered with thorny shrubs, interspersed with large trees here and there, or else grassy steppes. There are no obstacles for elephants: they laboriously tear down the trees which they cannot pass, and the branches which would strike the hunter on their back. Being stopped by the forest, our cavalry was sometimes obliged to fall back, and passed afterwards through the large gap which we had opened; where it could act freely, it formed on each side into a semi-circle, which beat the surrounding space at a great distance, and drove all the game in the plain in front of the elephants. Among us six, we killed hares and partridges by hundreds. A hyena and many wild hogs passing under our fire, were wounded *as the*

hunters say; for they escaped from our horsemen, who went in pursuit of them. We saw troops of antelopes and nylghaus, but without being able to get within gun-shot of them. Lions, not the shadow of one; but we hoped for the next day, and returned at night-fall to our encampment. I was in raptures with the strangeness of this novel scene. I saw more of the East that day, than during the whole year I had been in India.

On our return, we went to the bath and toilet; the bath was a skin of cold water, which a servant spouts with force over your chest and shoulders; the toilet was the lightest cotton garments; and then dinner in an immense tent, lighted up like a ball room. The bottles fell before us, as the hares and partridges had done in the day-time. I, the only unworthy one, was present at both fêtes; nevertheless I did my best. Water was excluded, the weak-headed and timid drank claret instead—it does not reckon as wine; champagne even is considered only as an agreeable mean proportion between water and wine; this latter name is reserved for the wines of Spain and Portugal. The solid part of the dinner equalled the liquid in elegance and perfection. And in order that nothing might be wanting in the soirée, which lasted till midnight, at the dessert some Persian comedians entered, whose extravagant burlesque obliged us to quit the table and throw ourselves flat on our backs on the carpet, in order to laugh with less danger. These being dis-

missed, the dancing girls entered; they sing and dance alternately: nothing is more monotonous than their dance, except their singing. This latter is not without art, and they say that the loud tones, which pierce at intervals through a feeble plaintive murmur, which is scarcely heard, please, in a peculiar manner, those who have forgotten the melody and measure of European music. I am not yet Indian enough for that; but their dancing is already to me the most graceful and seducing in the world. The entrechats and the pirouettes of the Opera appear to me like the gambols of the South Sea savages and the stupid stamping of the negroes; it is in the north of Hindoostan, however, that these nautch-girls are the most celebrated.

Next morning, at five o'clock, the maître d'hôtel woke me as on the preceding day, with a large, clear, smoking cup of Mocha coffee, made on purpose *for their French friend.* Ballasted with their cup of tea, *my English friends* were already mounted. We gallopped forward ten leagues, and found, as on the day before, all things and all the people ready on our arrival. During the night, our elephants had brought the set of tents, kitchen apparatus, &c. &c. Our whole camp marched during the cool of the day; and, having rested and taken refreshment, we found after breakfast the same order of battle as the day before. We hunted the whole day in the same manner, began again on the next, and thus continued for a week. At last, after we had beaten all the covers in the

country, exhausted and ruined the few villages scattered over it, and worn out the Seikh cavalry, we returned home, taking with us only a troop of cavalry and the elephants which were to serve in the tiger-hunt, at the base of the mountains. The joyous and magnificent company accompanied me as far as Sharunpore, a small town in which the Government maintains a wretched botanical garden. The director of this garden, who is also the physician of the station, was very useful to me. At his house I made my new preparations for travelling, leaving my heavy baggage and my collections, formed since my departure from Delhi, under his care; and taking only what was strictly necessary, I bade farewell to the plains on the 12th of April, two days after the shifting of the monsoon, and the commencement of the south-west winds, which have a temperature of 95° in the day-time, and 92° and 93° at night. I shall go up as far as Dehra in the Dhoon, with cars and bullocks; which I shall there dismiss. I sent back my poor poney to Sharunpore for my botanist's stable (the English have five or six excellent and polite names for our unique and ignoble *bidet*, which I cannot resolve to apply to my horse any longer). In his place, I provided myself with a long and strong bamboo, and after having carefully visited the first platform of the mountains, whilst, in my camp, basket-makers, harness-makers, and workmen of all kinds were making preparations for my journey to places accessible only to man, I ascended the second platform of the Himalaya on the 24th of April. No

traveller was ever seen fitted out so plainly as I am. Thirty-six carriers are sufficient for me, at the expense of nearly 400 francs a month: it is true, that I have been able to reduce the number of my servants to five, even although I have added a gardener to them. I have besides an escort of five gorkha soldiers, commanded by a chosen havildar, who perfectly understands how to make my men get on; so that, including myself, my party amounts to twenty-six. You will consider this a royal cortège. Nevertheless I have a very bad dinner every day, deeming myself very fortunate that I have not had to go without it hitherto. It consists of boiled rice, some insipid and tough kid, and water from the next torrent. I drink brandy only at day-break to warm me; a few drops are sufficient. I sleep upon a very hard bed, without a mattrass. My tent is very light: the icy wind, which at night falls from the snowy tops of the mountain, blows through it in gusts, and freezes me in my clothes and under my blankets. Tempests, of a violence and continuance quite unknown before in the mountains at this season of the year, have assailed me since the day which followed my departure. This vein of adversity is not yet exhausted; every day brings at noon a little storm of hail and rain. At Dehra, the lightning struck a tree under which my little tent had been pitched. Two of my people were in it with me, and both were for some instants paralysed in the left side. On the heights of Mossouri, which overhang the valley of Dehra, the

space around me was strewed with the splinters of a blasted rock; whilst, chilled with cold and wet, I made my careful and slender repast. It seems in truth that they are aiming at me from above. The two first shots have not touched me; but I must beware of the third.

The influence of elevation entirely effaces here that of the latitude, 31°, on the climate and its productions. I am encamped under a grove of wild apricot trees, which are only just coming into leaf. The carpet of my tent is, without metaphor, enamelled with flowers; they consist of strawberry plants, which are found everywhere here amongst the grass. The wind brings me the smoke of a large fire, around which my mountaineers are sleeping or rather dozing: its odour is agreeable; it is either a cedar or a pine that they are burning. Most of our forest trees, or species so allied to them that a botanist alone can perceive the difference, prevail in the middle zone of the Himalaya, associated with some others which are foreign to us, but which nevertheless have their representatives in the plains of North America.

My sight has certainly grown shorter within the last year: I only take off my spectacles to read and write, and even with them I do not see far enough to make use of my carbine. The range of my gun is just the same as that of my eyes: so I have left my carbine at Sharunpore. You must compliment your comrade of St. Etienne; his arms are excellent.

But in the inventory of my person, this is the only deficiency I feel: a year's residence in the plains has not affected my constitution. I have again found, in the mountains, the legs I had in the Alps. I suffer from cold, just in the same degree that I was formerly incommoded by heat; these contrary extremes only affect my temper, without touching my health. My policy of insurance against cholera, dysentery, and jungle, three great diseases of India, never leaves me; and I think, indeed, I shall not open it till I get to Paris, as I may never be obliged to open it till then:—it is a little box, containing the violent remedies proper for an attack, with an excellent instruction or little treatise on their use, which the cleverest physician in Calcutta was good enough to make for me. When I recollect his attentions, I cannot help retracing the uninterrupted series of kindnesses, and flattering distinctions, which I have not ceased to meet with, since my arrival in this country. They have often almost affected me by their true cordiality. In this respect, nothing has been wanting; old and young, great and small, overwhelm me. The oddest thing of all is, that my fortune has been the same, even among the fashionables. Although I have just travelled seven or eight hundred leagues on horseback, without whip or spur, the officers of the most dashing corps of the English army, in which the major, in order to become lieutenant-colonel, pays 240,000 francs, &c. &c., are my sworn brothers; and when I descend from the mountains, in October or November,

I shall find a relay of horses prepared by their care, to take me in one day, without stopping, from Sharunpore to Meerut, a seven days' march, without any kind of expense (fifty leagues).

It is late; I must bid you good night, my dear friend. Good night, and adieu, for a time. To-morrow I shall go up to the sources of the Jumna: they are, I believe, two thousand metres above this place, the last inhabited part of the valley; which makes six thousand feet, or twelve thousand steps of a staircase a hundred and fifty times the height of ours. Adieu! —adieu!

Camp of Rana, May 20th.

Again under apricot trees, my friend, but two days' march below my last station; and although the height of this still exceeds two thousand metres, the sun is nevertheless very hot now, and I am just arrived, exhausted with fatigue, and sick, from the change of regimen to which I have been forced by necessity in these lofty mountains. For the last six months, the foundation of my breakfast (if my slender repast merits that name), and my dinner, has been rice. Here is nothing but wheat and barley. I thought myself well stocked with my usual provender; and as I have little desire to put my nose into my cook's den of iniquities (I mean the provision basket), I took the blockhead at his word, and a deficiency of rice was soon declared. But my Gorkha havildar, who is my lieutenant-general, by violating the domiciles of the few

inhabitants of this lofty valley, found some baskets of potatoes. We had a fine feast; although I ate them with salt, as Bonaparte did artichokes. But if you have your Paul Louis Courier present in your memory, you will recollect that he who was not yet called the Duke of—I know not what—exclaimed, "Great man! admirable in every thing!" Although I relatively am a very great lord, no one paid me the compliment; and the passing from dried to green vegetables had the fatal effect on me which you felt eighteen years ago, on the banks of the Niemen, when walking from precaution, and leading your horse by the bridle. Nevertheless, the weather was very fine; and at the foot of the lofty pinnacles where I was encamped, it was too precious a circumstance not to be immediately taken advantage of. I ascended them twice, at the interval of a day; being stopped on the first occasion by the superstition, and above all by the stupid cowardice of my men, much below the point which I had purposed reaching. I should in the same manner have been thwarted in the object of my second expedition, if, to the first promises encouraging them to follow, I had not added threats of chastisement, to be inflicted on those who refused to march. One only, my gardener, the most stupid and timid of the Hindoos, remained faithful to me. The rest of the band, squatting, in the sun, on a rock which pierced the mantle of snow upon which we had been marching for two hours, became perfectly mutinous, and called to my poor gardener. I did not

expect that his fidelity would succumb; and though it is difficult to climb over soft snow, some hundred feet above a certain level, when the rarefaction of the air renders respiration quick and laborious, and exhausts a man at the end of thirty paces, slightly bending my knees, supporting myself with my two hands and my long and strong bamboo, which moderated my velocity as I needed it, when I made it plough up the snow deeper, I darted like a stone upon the rock of revolt, where the bamboo played another part. The traitor whose voice I had recognised calling the gardener paid for all, and very dearly too. The least weakness on my part—a half measure—would have been the most dangerous of all measures. The culprit being besides the most active, the most robust, and habitually the most evil-intentioned of all, I gave it him so heartily on his shoulders from the first that he would not have been able to reply, had he made the attempt. As these poor devils, notwithstanding their piteous and humble condition, are of high caste, and essentially military, I really did not know how the others would take this lesson. Rajpoots, and mountaineers though they are, they took it as true Hindoos; that is, joining their hands, and asking pardon. The one who had been beaten, recovering from his stunning, took the head of the file, holding the end of a long rope, which all the others took in their hands, like a rail, for fear there should be crevices under the snow. Fastened in this way, along with my botanical aide-de-camp, I

marched along on the flank of the column like a true shepherd's dog—a toilsome matter in such places—exhausting all the tropes of my Hindoostanee rhetoric to stimulate their fainting spirits. Had it not been for the snow, there is not one of these people who, though loaded with a weight of a hundred pounds, would not travel along the most detestable paths of the mountains, three times as far as I could do in the same time; but they are not used to these deserts of snow. Having left their accustomed roads, and the snow concealing entirely from them the often fatal danger of a false step, their instinct of progression expires before these snowy declivities, which require neither address nor courage, for there is no danger in a fall. I fell down frequently; all I had to do was to shake my clothes. I wished to ascertain the height at which all vegetation ceases. I saw it on the point of expiring; but the delays of my march, and its extreme slowness, obliged me to think of returning before I had reached the last crests of rock which rose above the snow, and which are probably the limit of the vegetable zone. In returning from the country of Kanawer (Kannaur), this opportunity will not be wanting; but I should have liked to have fixed this point in different parts of the central chain of the Himalaya.

Do not blame too much my violence with the people of my escort. Between the hammer and the anvil, between contempt and servile respect, there is no neutral

situation possible. You do not thrash people for not calling you "your lordship, your highness, your majesty:" now it is the rule in India for the natives never to address the smallest English gentleman but by these titles, the same which they give to their rajahs, their nawaubs, and the emperor of Delhi. An ill-tempered fellow on the road having called me *you* this morning instead of *your highness*, I was forced to give him a very severe lesson in politeness. I had fully as much right to do so as the Parisian philanthropist would have in boxing the ears of a rustic for *thee* and *thouing* him. I ought to be the more jealous about etiquette, as the simplicity of my equipment, the hard life I lead, the privations and fatigues I endure along with my people, my dress of common stuff proper for this kind of life, and every thing in me and around me, tempts them to depart from it. "My lord," therefore, is not sufficient for me; I must have "your majesty," or, at least, "your highness."

You would undoubtedly laugh at his majesty, if you were to appear before him, in his dress of white bear's skin and long mustachios, an ornament which has a very imposing effect on the scarcely-bearded people of the Himalaya. Fortunately I have no looking-glass to settle the question, and I figure to myself that the reddish reflection, which I perceive on looking down, is only the effect of a false light.

In more than one disagreeable respect, my dear Porphyre, my little misfortunes follow your miseries in

Moscow at a respectful distance. The horrible dirtiness of the mountaineers, against which I cannot defend myself, is one of the evils to which I have the greatest difficulty in submitting. I hope I shall not grow used to it. The storm has just moderated the heat. A military therapeutic experiment has had full success. A burning infusion of the tea-pot, for want of tea, edulcorated with equal parts of brandy, set me on my feet again. They are bringing me a kid at last to interrupt my Brahminical diet; in the style of the *Constitutionnel*, the clouds which were covering, &c. &c. are dissipated, and I catch sight of the dawn of a curry on the fire, that is with red pepper, absolutely uneatable for a Parisian, although but little burning to me, and which will completely replace me in my saddle: without it, I should have been dismounted.

This (evil be to him that evil thinks) reminds me of a pharmaceutical episode (in this very modest country I know not what decent name to give it) of my journey among the Seikhs. One morning I was awakened by the cry of "thieves!" Day was hardly breaking, after a dark night. Servants, soldiers, horse and foot, were all aroused. A robber had slipped into my tent, which is very small, by making a large entry with his sword, and passing under my bed, which is very low, stole at random from amongst the objects lying on the ground. My pistols and watch were almost in his way; but, disturbed in his operations, no doubt, by some noise or false alarm, he had not time to choose,

and escaped, carrying away with him what was under his hand, namely, my powder flask and shaving apparatus; then, disturbed in his flight, he abandoned the least precious of his booty, the razor strop, shaving box, a phial of nitric acid, &c. &c. These articles were found on the road to the neighbouring village. The shining of the pewter in the twilight made the Seikh believe that he had stolen some precious vessel; whereas he had only taken ———. The plenipotentiaries of the Seikh rajahs immediately waited upon me to request the value and description of the stolen articles, in order to cause them to be sought for everywhere, and to restore the price, in case of ill success, at the expense of the freeholders of the place. As they understood but ill my description of the one I most regretted, I illustrated it with a drawing of the natural size, and prepared to make copies of this *signalment* for distribution among the inquirers, when my English friends came up at the noise. My drawing threw them into consternation; they blushed to the white of their eyes, and were heartily vexed with me, that having the unfortunate custom of using a ———, I did not take more care to keep it secret. I told them gravely that it was a matter of life and death to me.— "Ah, death a thousand times over rather than keep one," they exclaimed altogether. "No!" I replied, "a thousand ——— rather than a single headach?" Then followed a serious eulogium of that admirable remedy,

and a medical satire of calomel, jalap, &c. which the English have the folly to consider its efficacious equivalents. My speech was no doubt eloquent; for the rajah himself was immediately written to, to request him to rummage all the huts, and beat all the bushes of his paltry empire, to find the stolen article, and, if they chanced to recover it, to send it to me under a good escort, at whatever place I might happen to be. I do not despair seeing a party of Seikh cavalry bring it back to me to Paris, in a few years, on a velvet cushion. Meanwhile my English friends, reconciled to the reason of the thing, had the politeness to overcome their scruples, and to send messengers in search of a substitute to the directors of the neighbouring military hospitals. They succeeded in procuring me one, which I suppose to be of a venerable antiquity, and the first attempt of the kind. Our father and you would both laugh at it. The noise of this accident has given me the most perfect reputation, not of immorality precisely, but as a freethinker, passing into cynicism. Adieu, dear Porphyre; I was quite melancholy when I came to you, exhausted and ill: and now punch and this gossip with you have revived me, and almost made me merry. I leave you to do honour to my aforesaid English friends. In my isolated situation, and in this remote spot, I feel the inestimable value of health, and I take every care of it that circumstances will allow. Rely on my prudence, moderation, and

address; rely also on my honour (for there is something else besides good management in it) to see me return some day without the loss of a hair. Adieu.

Encampment in a forest below the summit of Kedar-Kanta, May 27th, evening, at the height of 3200 *metres.*

You are the sole confidant of my sufferings, my poor friend; since it is you who hear all my complaints. I was well enough to continue my march, trusting that my return to my habitual regimen would completely cure me; and, having arrived yesterday at the head of the valley of the Boddiar, I left this morning its highest habitations to come and encamp in this solitude, in order to climb the neighbouring peaks to-morrow, and pass to the other side, into a valley parallel with this. I arrived, overcome with fatigue, after a march of only seven hours. Nevertheless I had collected ample material for work, and set to without delay—besides, my bed is so hard that I rest as well in my chair—but on a sudden I was seized with such excruciating pains in my bowels that I became almost delirious. The spot was ill chosen for sickness: behind me the nearest habitations are seven hours' march, before me two days', and my people have only provisions enough for this interval: so that I must either advance or go back; and for what purpose? This is the reverse of the medal: —on the side of health it is magnificent; but on the side of illness it is very bad, and there is not a woman who cannot bear acute suffering better than I can.

I scarcely know it except by very rare cramps, a fit of fever eight years ago, and my suffering of to-day; and the idea has always come to me to make an end of it, to get rid of the evil at once by strict diet. What my legs will be to-morrow I know not. But night brings counsel—and it is come. Adieu, then; it is so cold and wet in my tent, that from prudence I leave you, in order to put my bed-clothes between its atmosphere and myself. The scoundrels of Seikhs are perhaps the cause of my indisposition. Good night. Oh, how happy you are to live in a house.

June 4th, Camp of Adjalta.

Quite alive, I assure you. If I was paid at the rate of six thousand francs for that (and would to God I was so) I would explain to you in the most satisfactory manner how, by the influence of air and water, from being ill as I was, I am restored to health; but the fact is, without having a single day of perfect rest, I am now the best in condition of my whole caravan. Such is the state of the case—for there is not a day passes that I have not to ascend and descend twelve or fifteen hundred metres, without reckoning parentheses. I have substituted milk for water as my beverage, and I drink two bottles of it without scruple every evening at my dinner. It is a sort of antidote to the essence of fire, which forms the sauce of my eternal curry. It costs me three sous a day more, and a little of the arbitrary. I ascend to the mountain in search of cows,

(observe, that to-day I am encamped at the height of two thousand three hundred metres—yesterday I was two thousand six hundred) and before the door of my tent a dozen are brought to obtain this small quantity of milk. I pay magnificently—three sous did I say?—it is half as much again as it is worth; but they must make haste, and the arrival of the milk coincides with the last touch of my cook. Nothing, besides, is so easy as to be arbitrary when one has only to say, like Monsieur de Foucauld, *seize him!*—I imitate him with a wonderful word of the Hindoostanee jargon, before which the *seize him* turns pale—*pacarau!* and my Gorkha seapoys would seize the devil and Monsieur de Foucauld himself. Besides the people in this country seem to think there is a degree of honour in being so treated. Those you want do not stir from home unless you despatch a soldier to them in form. What a useful thing arbitrary rule is; but what a villanous country, that which requires it! I cannot think of my own country without experiencing a feeling of admiration and affection.

Semla, June 22nd, 1833.

I have just, my dear friend, given my father such a broadside of writing, that, unless I quit the subject of my own affairs, I am at the end of my news: since the essential is told, let me amuse myself. I have been disagreeable enough with you in the preceding pages.

So you too, my dear Porphyre, are in love with the Afghans; and, not content with this, also with the

Kabulians, Kandaharians, and others, after the fashion of Messrs. of the *Courrier* & Co. Oh! oh! No one is a prophet in his own country.

Those two heroes, the two brothers, Mohammed Khan and Purdile Khan, have no more effect at Delhi than the Duke of Saxe-Schwerin, or of Anhalt-Cobalt, who may, however, be very great princes, but incognito.

Know that the Company's army consists of three hundred thousand men; thirty thousand of which are king's troops, seven or eight thousand entirely European corps in the Company's service, such as almost the whole artillery, and, lastly, the native army is commanded by numerous European officers and non-commissioned officers: it is disciplined and drilled as well as the king's army, dressed like it, fights very nearly equal to it, and is commanded by officers in whom it has the greatest and justest confidence;—that in a country like this, intersected by deserts, and in which the richest provinces, with the exception of Bengal, which is extremely distant from Erzeroum, could not support the smallest army, the smallest body of troops, in order not to die of hunger, and often of thirst, would have to drag along with it an immense number of elephants, camels, and wagons;—that the company has three thousand elephants, forty thousand camels, and *materiel* of all kinds and proportion;—that it is always ready to take the field;—and ask yourself if, from this place Semla, at a distance of seven leagues

from Runjeet-Sing, I have not reason to scoff at him indefinitely, *quand même ;* as well as at all the Afghans, Kandaharians, Kabulians, the brothers Mohammed and Purdile, the *heroes*, and lastly at all the varieties of vagabonds, brigands, and mendicants, both horse and foot, who flourish on the right bank of the Indus.

If you can find a discreet and inoffensive mode of insinuating this information, tell Messrs. of the *Courrier* not to believe easily in heroes, which are a sort of animal more rare in this country than elsewhere, and in general exotic everywhere.

If I had more money, I would go to Cashmere, which belongs to Runjeet-Sing. The Resident of Delhi, whom I would request to ask a passport of him, would write immediately to him for that purpose, and would receive forthwith the desired firman. Perhaps it is not to be regretted that pecuniary prudence interdicts so interesting a journey, because Runjeet-Sing may die one of these days. He is not young; and on the day of his death there will be war between his two sons; and a pacific naturalist is sure of being pillaged, if not worse—how shall I say it?—the Seikhs are such Turks in that respect.

M. Allard is quite the Soliman Bey of Runjeet-Sing. He comes from time to time to Loodeeana (on the banks of the Sutledge) to visit the English officers on that station, one established beyond the Company's territory, among the independent Seikhs, in the dominions of my friend the Rajah of Pattiala, who has

not yet sent me back my syringe. He is well paid (a hundred thousand francs, like a general officer on this side the river), but he is half a prisoner. Runjeet-Sing takes great care to make him spend the whole of his income every year, in order to take away all desire of leaving him. He pursues the same policy with regard to his other European officers, upon whom he only half relies. A Mr. Mevius, a Prussian, commander of one of his regiments of cavalry, having very lately excited a revolt in his corps, by the application of the German procedure of the whip to his Seikhs, was obliged to take refuge in the tent of the king himself (Runjeet-Sing) to escape the fury of his men. Runjeet saved his life, but refused to retain him in his service; upon this, sharp words ensued upon both sides, and at last Runjeet, dismissing him, exclaimed with an oath: "Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen, those —— are all the same!"

I ought to have left an enormous blank for the oath, which is very short in Hindoostanee, but so energetic that it would require a whole line to express it in French.

The English Government has every interest in Runjeet's preserving his sovereignty. Before the establishment of his power, parties of cavalry used constantly to pass the Sutledge, and pillage the independent Seikhs on the left bank, the friends and protégés of the Company. These it was necessary to succour; and, unless the fugitive aggressors were

pursued on the other side of the river, no satisfaction or reparation was possible: the petty princes of the Punjab being too weak to be responsible for the robberies committed by their subjects. If such a thing was to happen now-a-days, the political Resident at Delhi would send Runjeet an apothecary's bill, with an immediate demand of the value of the crops and cattle plundered, and moreover a respectable number of the culprits, in order to have them hanged with all due ceremony. Runjeet would care very little for their hanging, but the payment of the rupees would concern him much; he therefore takes care that nothing of the kind shall happen. There has been no example of it since the establishment of his authority.

Although my host is the political agent who exercises his control over the only Tartar and Tibetian states to which the English power extends, we have never heard of the anonymous savant who is travelling in Tibet with an escort of twelve hundred cossacks, and other mounted *canaille* of the same kind*. The twelve hundred horses of these twelve hundred cossacks would run a great chance of starving in the part of Tibet which extends to the foot of the Himalaya on the northern side. I am not without some fear as to the means of feeding the only steed which I reckon upon the pleasure of riding in Kanawer.

* Jacquemont here contradicts an article in a French paper, concerning which his brother had questioned him.

My artilleryman, with his thousand foot Gorkhas, is so much the master of these mountains, that, during the last nine years since his arrival, he has not had occasion to resort to force. He deposes the kings in the neighbourhood when they kill too many of their subjects. He imprisons and fines them: he has only to give information to the Resident of Delhi, under whose orders he is politically placed. The Hindoo Tartar rajah of Bissahir takes great care to inform him of all that passes on the other side of the mountains where he resides, and I have reason to believe that the savant in question, with his twelve hundred cossacks, must have stopped some months' march from this frontier.

You appear to me to be pretty confident about the Afghans, and you commence with a very pleasant reflection about a pie; to which I am happy to be able to answer that I have the prospect of eating here in four months a *Strasburg pâté de foie gras*, and also a *Perigord pâté de foie gras*, which are not inferior to the *Boulogne pâté de becasses* in their finest season. The Bordeaux vessels bring them every year to Calcutta, where they arrive as fresh as at Paris; and your colleague the artilleryman, my host at present, has just written to the capital, in order that he may regale me with both at our next meeting. Since we are talking of pies, I will tell you that upon the peaks of Mossouri, in the mountains of the Himalaya, another artilleryman, a general, a grey-haired old bachelor, whom you would love to

distraction if you knew him, made me taste—taste! I devoured a *pâté de lièvre truffé* and a quantity of *Perigord pâtés de perdrix-rouges truffées.* The proceeding of both is very simple; the one on account of his high rank in the army, and the other on account of his office, have an income of a hundred thousand francs, which diminishes distances in a singular manner, and exercises the action of a sucking-pump on all the good things of Europe, raising them to a height of seven or eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. Why are you not the captain of artillery *aux pâtés de foie gras?* In your absence, know, however, my friend, that the treacherous islander, your compeer, drank your health yesterday with me, and (do not tell our father or Taschereau) that it was not with *vin de Tours.*

June 25th.

I close this packet with announcing to you that I set out the day after to-morrow for Kanawer. Adieu.

TO M. JACQUEMONT, THE ELDER, PARIS.

Semlah, Semla, Simla, Simlah, ad libitum, June 21st, 1830.

My last letters were addressed to you, the one from Benares, called in my memorandum *enormous;* the latter was commenced at Delhi and closed at Kithul, in the Seikh country, on the 22d of March. Under

the same cover as this, Porphyre will receive a sort of journal of my march from Kithul to the centre of the Himalaya, which almost dispenses with my mentioning it to you.

This place, like Mont-d'or or Bagnères, is the resort of the rich, the idle, and the invalid. The officer charged with the military, political, judicial, and financial service of this extremity of the British empire, which was acquired only fifteen years ago, bethought himself, nine years ago, of leaving his palace in the plain during the heats of a terrible summer, and coming and encamping under the shade of the cedars. He was alone in the desert; some friends came to visit him there. The situation, and climate, appeared admirable to them. Some hundreds of mountaineers were summoned, who felled the trees around, squared them rudely, and, assisted by workmen from the plains, in one month constructed a spacious house. Each of the guests wished also to have one; and now there are upwards of sixty scattered over the peaks of the mountains or on their declivities. Thus a considerable village has risen, as it were, by enchantment. In the centre of the space which they occupy, splendid roads have been cut through the rock; and at a distance of seven hundred leagues from Calcutta, and seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, the luxury of the Indian capital has established itself, and fashion maintains its tyrannical sway.

Porphyre has a right to be jealous of my host. He is

an artillery captain of his own age, and, like him, of long standing in his rank. He has a hundred thousand francs a year, and commands a regiment of Highland chasseurs, the best corps in the army. He performs the duties of receiver-general, and judges with the same independence as the Grand Turk, his own subjects, and moreover those of the neighbouring Rajahs, Hindoos, Tartars, Tibetans; these he imprisons, fines, and even hangs when he thinks proper.

This first of all artillery captains in the world is an amiable bachelor, whom the duties of his viceroyalty occupy for one hour after breakfast, and who passes the rest of his time in loading me with kindness. He had expected me for a month past; some mutual friends having informed him of my design of visiting Semla. He passes for the stiffest of dandies, the most formal and vainest of the princes of the earth! I find nothing of all this; it is impossible to be a better fellow. We gallop an hour or two in the morning on the magnificent roads which he has constructed, often joining some elegant cavalcade, among which I meet some of my Calcutta acquaintance. On our return we have an elegant and *recherché* breakfast; then I have the entire and free disposal of my day, and that of my host, whenever I think proper to put it in requisition, to view men and things. At sun-set fresh horses are to the door, and we take another ride, to beat up the most friendly and lively of the rich idlers and imaginary invalids whom we may chance to meet. They are people of

the same kind as my host, bachelors and soldiers, but soldiers employed in all kinds of departments: the most interesting people in India to me. We sit down to a magnificent dinner at half-past seven, and rise at eleven. I drink hock, claret, and champagne only, and at dessert Malmsey; the others, alleging the coldness of the climate, stick to port, sherry, and Madeira. I do not recollect having tasted water for the last seven days; nevertheless there is no excess, but great cheerfulness every evening. I cannot tell you how delightful this appears to me, after the dryness, insipidity, hardness, and brevity of my solitary dinners, during two months in the mountains. And I have not one arrear to pay off. Having the approaching prospect of four months of misery on the other side of the Himalaya, I revenge myself by anticipation. I arrived here so much exhausted by fatigue and the consequences of an obstinate indisposition, that I thought I would avail myself of the period of my stay, to recruit my health; but my host's cook cured me in four and twenty hours.

Do you not see Semla on your map? A little to the north of the 31° of latitude, a little to the east of the 77° of longitude, some leagues from the Sutledge. Is it not curious to dine in silk stockings at such a place, and to drink a bottle of hock and another of champagne every evening—delicious Mocha coffee—and to receive the Calcutta journals every morning?

The king of Bissahir's vizier, whose master is the greatest of my host's allies, is here at present; Captain

Kennedy (that is my artilleryman's name) has introduced us to each other; and I am assured of receiving all sorts of attention at the other side of the Himalaya.

One of his officers will follow me everywhere, and I shall take with me from hence a couple of Ghorka carabiniers belonging to my host's regiment, the most active and clever of them, and one of his *tchourassis* (a sort of usher or janissary) who has already visited that country, having gone thither with his master some years ago.

The people on this side the mountains are horribly afraid of their neighbours on the other. It is rather difficult to procure porters for the baggage, and constitutionally it would be impossible to make a single domestic follow one thither; but Captain Kennedy has obligingly offered to imprison any of mine who refuse to accompany me; and although they declare that they prefer being hanged on this side the mountains to being free in Kanawer, I think that by availing myself, in one or two instances, of my host's kindness, I shall make the rest decide upon following me. What the simpletons fear I know not:—but it is no longer India on the other side; there are no more castes; instead of Brahmins there are Lamas. Besides, in my suite there will be perfect safety. The rajah of Bissahir knows very well, that if any harm happened to me he would suffer for it, and he will take great care of the *francis saheb, captânne Kindi sahebké dôste*, which means "the French lord, friend of the great General Kennedy."

June 22nd.

Yesterday was the solstice, and the periodical rains, which that period brings, invade all the southern slopes of the Himalaya, notwithstanding their distance from the tropic. It is already several days since this disagreeable change of weather took place; I can scarcely see sufficiently to write, so thick are the moist clouds in which we are inclosed. Nevertheless I shall be obliged to march a fortnight before I reach the Tibetian valleys, where it never rains. It will be the worst part of my journey.

A few lines in answer to your two letters. I cannot help smiling at your fears, arising from the news of an insurrection of the Company's troops at the time of my arrival in India. What must you not have thought, when you saw the *Half Batta* affair in the English papers! You must have believed the army to have been in full mutiny, and Lord William Bentinck compelled to embark for Europe, with his council—the natives availing themselves of the quarrel among Europeans, and arming on all sides against them.—Now to me this monstrous ignorance of Asiatic affairs in Europe is the height of the unimaginable, for an enormous mass of correspondence is constantly exchanged between the two countries; the fluctuation of travellers between them is no less so; and, lastly, though the Government of India is despotic on principle, and ought to be so, it is in fact as free as any other in Europe. There is no preventive censorship exercised against periodicals,

which are numerous; first, *at Calcutta—John Bull*; second, *the Hurkuru, (which means in Hindoostan the Messenger)*; third, *the East India Gazette*; *the Government Gazette*; *Literary Gazette*, &c. &c. without mentioning the journals published in Bengalee and Hindoostanee language. From the contradictory reports of these different papers, nothing would be more easy, it seems to me, than to deduce the true state of affairs: all of them go to England, and yet the mass of the English public is as ignorant of India as we are in France. Some of the little newspaper scraps which you sent me, to inform me that the Afghans had sent an embassy to the Russian general at Erzeroum, and that the king of Lahore, Runjeet-Sing, was inclined towards the Russians, have excited the mirth of my Indian friends. Here we are precisely a day's march from Runjeet-Sing, and in five days we can see a considerable part of his dominions:—now he is as supremely indifferent to us as the emperor of Japan. The forces maintained by the Company on the north-west frontier, at Delhi, Kurnal, Meerut, Agra, Mutra, and Loodeeana, would be sufficient to invade the whole of the Punjab without any movement of troops in the interior of India. Runjeet-Sing might risk a battle behind his actual line of defence, the Sutledge, and he would afford the English a precious opportunity of annihilating him in half an hour. As for the Afghans, "a warlike nation," says your estimable journal, "which has so many times invaded India, and can bring thirty thousand cavalry into the field,"

this is a little too much: the days of Mahmood, and Ghirni, and Timour, are past. The Afghans are very inferior to the Seikhs, and, at most, just strong enough to do battle from time to time with Runjeet-Sing.

This latter disciplines his little army in the European fashion, and almost all his officers are Frenchmen. Their chief is one M. Allard, of whom a great deal of good is said on this side the Sutledge. A month ago, three young French officers, one of whom is a younger brother of M. Allard, passed through this place on their way from Calcutta to enter Runjeet-Sing's service. Not only did the local government allow them free passage, but they also received many attentions on their long journey. Lord William Bentinck regrets that the Russians were blockheads enough not to take Constantinople; and, though they were to occupy the whole of the Turkish empire, he would not feel himself in less security at Calcutta, or even at Delhi or Semla, than he does at present.

In order to maintain his little army (from thirty to forty thousand men) on a European footing, Runjeet-Sing is obliged to grind his country with imposts, which are ruining it. Several of his provinces are calling for the English; and I do not doubt that some day or other (but not for some years) the Company will extend the limits of its empire from the Sutledge to the Indus. It is not a hundred years since the Punjab was dismembered from it, after the invasion of Nadir Shah,

and it naturally forms a part of it: the religion is nearly the same, the language also scarcely differs; and the course of the seasons is the same. But the English will make this conquest only at the last extremity. All that they have added to their territory for the last fifty years beyond Bengal and Bahar, beyond the empire which Colonel Clive had formed, has only diminished their revenues. Not one of the acquired provinces pays the expenses of its government and military occupation. The Madras presidency, taken in the lump, is annually deficient; Bombay is still further from covering its expenses. It is the revenue of Bengal and Bahar, principally of the former, which, after making up the deficiency of the north-west provinces recently annexed to the presidency of Calcutta, Bundlecund, Agra, Delhi, &c., sets the finances of the two secondary states afloat. In France, we consider a hypocritical farce, the excuse of *necessity* alleged by the English for the prodigious aggrandisement of their Asiatic dominions: nothing, however, is more true; and certainly no European Government was ever more faithful to its engagements than that of the Company.

Your map, in four sheets, is not the same as mine. But I know it is a very good one; and you will be able to follow me step by step, except in the mountains. Since you love this country for my sake, and desire to become acquainted with it, summon all your courage, and ask at the Library of the Institute, or at the

Royal Library, for the five octavo volumes of Mill's History of India. It is beyond all comparison the best work on that country. Perhaps the two quarto volumes of Dr. Heber, the late Bishop of Calcutta, might amuse you more, but they would give you very little information: *it is regular milk and water!* Those parts of the Deccan left blank in the map, and marked *unexplored countries*, annoy you. You are afraid that I should have to cross them. Be of good cheer. Should it so happen, I shall take a strong escort; besides, the danger to be encountered there is that of dying of hunger and thirst, or of atonic fevers, rather than that of being attacked by parties of marauders. But there is no interest in visiting them. They are deserts without water, covered with wretched forests, through which a few hovels are scattered at great distances. I saw a good specimen between Rogonatpore and Sheergottee, in the beginning of my journey. In many parts of India every one is certain of death who passes through those terrible places between September and January; and the danger is the same to the natives as to Europeans. Rely on my prudence, and my complete submission to the exigencies of places and seasons.

The learned or literary societies of the United States are about on a par with those of India. As societies, the latter are below every thing that can be conceived in ignorance, folly, and puerility. However, there are necessarily some men of merit in each; in that of

Calcutta particularly, Horace Wilson, for instance, the first Sanscrit scholar in the world, a linguist, literary savant, and poet, at the same time. Read his Hindoo Theatre: this book cannot be wanting at the Royal Library. I wrote yesterday to my old host, Sir Edward Ryan, and my amiable neighbour, Sir Charles Grey, chief justice of India, and explained to the latter why I sent no memoir to the Asiatic Society of Calcutta. I concluded my chapter of grievances against it with the very circumstance of his being the president without having any title to be even a member, and as a proof that the society itself is absurd. The very great talents of Sir C. Grey will find employment in politics. His short hours of leisure are for European literature; and he cares as little for the history and antiquities of this country as you do. I have the same contempt for them. The Sanscrit will lead to nothing but Sanscrit. The mechanism of this language is wonderfully complicated, and nevertheless they say it is admirable. But it is like one of those machines which never issue from museums, and are more ingenious than useful. It has served only for the manufacture of theology, metaphysics, history intermixed with theology, and other stuff of the same kind: triple nonsense for the makers and the consumers; and for foreign consumers especially—nonsense = $\frac{1}{0}$. The Arabic is not exempt from these evils. The allegorical mysticism of the Orientals has penetrated even into the elementary

notions which they have acquired of the physical and mathematical sciences; and the Trinity, translated into good French, is not so clear but that the interference of Brahminic fables with the planetary motions and principles of physics, complicates the understanding of it with singular difficulties.

The fashion of Sanscrit and literary Orientalism in general will last, nevertheless; for those who may have spent or lost fifteen or twenty years in learning the Arabic or the Sanscrit, will not have the candour to allow that they possess a useless piece of knowledge. D'Eckstein is, I think, very right to go on as if he understood them; and the trash which he gives, *se non e vero e ben trovato.* Try some of Schlegel, who is honest and conscientious, and see if there is much difference. Try some of Cousin. Have not the absurd at Benares and those in Germany a family likeness?

Let us go on to your second letter. Here come back your Afghans—then the probable war between England and Russia, occasioned by the latter's hostile designs upon India; the sedition of the Indian army: —all this is broad farce at Semla. Porphyre's moustaches are something new; but I flatter myself that mine owe them nothing. They are an ornament which ecclesiastics almost alone, in the north of India, dispense with, and which is particularly appropriate to the country in which I am now travelling.

I am much surprised that the *Jardin* had not

received a letter from me on the 9th November, 1829, the date of your letter, as I wrote to those gentlemen from the Cape of Good Hope, on the 27th December, 1828, by Captain D'Urville, who arrived in France in the month of March or April, 1829. I also wrote to them from Bourbon after the hurricane; and I have already received news of other letters, written at the same time and intrusted to the same ship, having reached Europe. What astonishes me no less is their silence respecting me. I wrote to them from Kithul, and I also write to them to-day, that, my credits expiring in the year 1831 inclusive, if new ones do not soon arrive for the year following, and supplementary ones for the present year, to enable me to carry on to the next, I shall be obliged to start for Europe from Bombay by the shortest and least expensive route. Whatever may happen, do not be any thing more than vexed at it; but entertain no fear that I shall allow myself imprudently to be cast on the shores of India, by the unforeseen retreat of the wave which has carried me thither. My confidence being restored in that respect, I do not suffer myself to be turned from my present studies by any uneasiness as to the future.

What need had you of the testimony of V—— to be convinced of the extravagant absurdity of a scientific journey into equinoctial America? Mexico in particular? One had need be French, to be so completely ignorant of external affairs. M. de Humboldt was very fortunate in the period which he fixed upon to make

his great journey; and the social confusion of the countries which he visited is a literary god-send for him, since he drives away new observers, and restores a sort of monopoly for his works on America. Besides he had to describe the finest part of the world.

With regard to the picturesque, India is very poorly gifted. Can it be, I have sometimes asked myself, that the source of admiration in me is exhausted? I have passionately admired the scenes of nature at St. Domingo, and afterwards in Brazil. The evil is not in me; the fault is in the objects in the country.

The English papers are filled with the complaints of all Europe about the excessive cold of the winter. I am more disturbed about it on your account, than by the changes of the ministry on account of the prosperity of our native country. I think there is no Government capable of doing much harm in France henceforth. The "Association Bretonne" was invented, nearly two hundred years ago, by Hampden. The invention will remain with the English. Its adoption among us appears to me, as well as to you, a revolution, if it is adhered to.

A letter by M. Jomard, translated into the English journals, informs us that the Pacha of Egypt has availed himself of Courier's advice to the King of Spain, and given himself the productive amusement of a little puppet of a representation. But I am afraid he will scandalise our liberal friends, by shooting from time to time some of the members of the opposition, unless he

associates with them some rivals of the counter-opposition, in order to prevent jealousy. However, this is the way to begin: and until Bolivar becomes a king, or, remaining president (never mind the name), shall have the power of acting in this way, every one will kill his neighbour, according to his own convenience. This right must be limited to a single person; and though he should be half mad, like Christophe, public order would still gain by the immoderate and often absurd manner in which he might exercise it.

I thank you for M. Humboldt's letter to M. Arago, and for the report of the labours of Beaumont.

I leave here, with my regal artilleryman, all the collection which I have formed since my entrance into the mountains; and I shall leave him, in a couple of days, to proceed by Kotgur, Rampore, and Seran, along the banks of the Sutledge, through one of the hottest valleys in India. I shall be carried in a sort of arm-chair. At Seran, the summer residence of the Rajah of Bissahir, I shall re-enter the mountains, where I shall dismiss my porters, and probably substitute in their place a *ghounte*, or mountain horse, of wonderful strength and activity, though of small size. My suite will then be reduced to fifty persons, at an expense of seven or eight hundred francs a month, and it is only by reducing my personal baggage to what is strictly necessary (and in truth, all that is necessary is not among it), that I can proceed with so few people. In the autumn, I shall return by the Barunda Pass, over the central chain

of the Himalaya, either to this place, or directly to Subhatoo (Sabatoo, Subatoo), Captain Kennedy's winter residence, if he be already come down to it, sending my baggage on before me; and from Subhatoo to Sharunpore, without the mountains, where I shall reinstate my travelling establishment for the plains. I have left a considerable part of my baggage and collections there. The whole will be despatched to Delhi, which I have constituted my first depot; and when I see my wagons start for Sharunpore, instead of marching slowly after them, to bring up the file, across a province entirely destitute of interest, I shall gallop in a single day to Meerut, where I shall rest for several days from fatigues, privations, and miseries of all kinds, which I shall have experienced. I do not know Meerut; but I have a number of acquaintances, almost friends, there. Perhaps I shall have some leisure in Kanawer, and may find an opportunity of writing to you; however, that is not probable. Expect, therefore, a long interval of silence after this. Long as it may last, be assured I shall then be in a country as salubrious as Europe, eating apples and grapes, drinking the wine of the country, which is execrable, and lastly,

Sachez, sachez,
Que les Tartares,
Ne sont barbares,
Qu'avec leurs ennemis.

Adieu, adieu; I love you and embrace you with all my heart.

TO M. VICTOR DE TRACY, PARIS.

Semla in the Himalaya, June 23rd, 1830.

My last letter, my dear friend, was addressed to you from Kithul, in the country of the Seikhs, dated the 2nd March. For a fortnight I was running after lions there, which we went in search of nearly to the edge of the desert of Bikaneer, but we did not so much as catch sight of one. In this short space of time, deducting the lions, I saw more of the East than in the whole year which had elapsed since my arrival in India.

On the 12th April I entered the lower valleys of the Himalaya, and on the 23rd I ascended the peaks of the secondary chain. In the midst of the extreme disorder of the often very lofty mountains, which cover so large a space to the south of the line of its eternal snows, I proceeded as far as those above the sources of the Jumna. I also approached those of the Ganges. Thence, by the most tortuous paths, I came hither, near the banks of the Sutledge, but six thousand feet above its waters.

For two months, I have been living among the wildest and most desolate scenes of the north of the Upper Alps, and under their inclement sky. I have had many fatigues and privations to suffer; but I think myself sufficiently rewarded by the interesting nature of all that I have seen. It is a purely scientific interest: the landscape is poor and monotonous. In the highest

mountains in the world there is necessarily grandeur; but it is grandeur without beauty.

My health has suffered a little from the want of some articles most necessary to life. The numerous suite, with which I cannot dispense in a country inaccessible to beasts of burthen, and where all my baggage must be carried on men's backs, does not permit me to remain in any village to take the rest which would recruit me. My people would soon exhaust the resources of the most considerable. Here, however, I have again found the abundance, luxury, and riches of European civilisation. After two months of misery and absolute isolation, without seeing a single European, I cannot tell you all the charm of this transition. My health is perfectly restored; it is necessary for the journey which I am going to undertake through the eternal snows of the Himalaya, a barrier but lately considered insurmountable. I shall pass the summer in Kanawer, a country at once Hindoo, Tartar, and Tibetian, where I shall escape from the solstitial rains, and which has scarcely hitherto been visited at all. Its climate is extremely severe. The English protection will accompany me, and leave me exposed to no other dangers than those which result from the country and climate. I shall not return to India for four months.

As I am hurried by different cares incidental to the preparations for this journey, I must confine myself to these lines. Perhaps I shall have leisure on the frontiers of China; and if at the same time I have an oppor-

tunity of sending a letter for you to India, you shall receive one longer than the present. The European newspapers, which I have found here after being so long deprived of them, interest me exceedingly; perhaps they would alarm others. But I have a happy confidence in the strength of the party on the side of reason. I do not believe that there could be any Government henceforth capable of doing much harm in France. Nevertheless, I should like the English journals to bring to me the *denouement* announced for the second of March: for the meeting of the Chambers must bring one.

My correspondence has become very irregular since I left Benares. For the space of five months I have been without any intelligence from Europe, and I shall have to wait the same length of time before I receive any. What a melancholy idea! Adieu, my friend, adieu! Write without delay, in order that I may find a letter from you on my arrival at Bombay, next spring. I love you with all my heart.

TO MADAME VICTOR DE TRACY, PARIS.

Semla, June 24th, 1830.

Dear Madam,—Although this place (an unknown desert nine years ago) is situated at the extreme limit of the British dominions, thirteen hundred miles from

Calcutta, at a greater height from the sea than St. Bernard and Mount Cenis; although the roads to it seem impracticable, except for mules and men devoured by curiosity; in spite of several days' march through a thousand difficulties: notwithstanding all this, your countrywomen come here and pass whole months of the summer to avoid the insupportable heat of the plains. Braving the wild and sterile solitude of the desert, they mount their horses every morning and evening in very elegant costumes, adorned with ribands, and without the omission of a single pin; they could not be better dressed in Hyde Park. Sometimes this amuses me; at other times it is detestable. It is a discord; and you know how variable is the effect which contrasts produce on our nature.

I have just been travelling for two months among mountains without meeting a single European. I have lost my small provision of English, and am afraid you will find too great a mixture of Hindoostanee in this letter to understand me easily. For want of French, English pleases my ear as well as my own language, which I have for a long time only been able to make use of in writing; it is grown like Latin to me.

I am going to pass a very cold summer. I shall cross a range of mountains adorned with snow, to arrive at those which are the highest in the world. You would laugh a good deal if you saw my disguise, and you would make a caricature of me still more amusing than that in which you represented my tall figure on one of

the little Bourbon ponies, the beast and myself with hair streaming in the wind. I resemble a white bear, enveloped in thick woollen coverings; my head thrust into several silk caps, my legs concealed in thick gaiters, and my face ornamented with a pair of very long mustachios. This latter part of my costume is altogether indispensable; it is the *dustour*, a tyrant infinitely more absolute in this part of the world than fashion in England. This powerful Persian word is as much above *fashion* as this latter is above *mode*. The individuals of my escort have the ideal figures of banditti, such as one dreams of. We have no fault to find with each other.

I have latterly travelled through strange scenes of wild and savage solitude, and I flatter myself I shall find some of a character still more curious when I arrive at the frontiers of Chinese Tartary. As for danger—that proceeding from the hand of man—none exists; for man is so scarce in these deserts, that my numerous escort shields me from being carried off, and gives me the air of a conqueror.

After so many marches and counter-marches, seas, the burning sun of India, the snows of the Himalaya, what shall I still see before I return to my country?

After all that, with what delight shall I enjoy the calm prospect of Paray!—with what a sweet feeling of repose shall I walk about those peaceful domains!—Sometimes I think I am dreaming; I seem to be

already a hundred years old. As for you, you will never grow old. Adieu, I embrace your husband with my whole soul. God bless you both.

TO A. M. ACHILLE CHAPER, PARIS.

Semla, in the Himalaya, June 25th, 1830.

It is more than a year since I wrote to you, my dear friend: and, if I recollect right, I then sent you only a few lines, to inform you that I had at length arrived at the end of my long voyage, and was receiving from every one most distinguished in India for rank, intellect, and learning, a reception which confounded, by the flattering excess of its kindness, all the hopes I had conceived of the noble pride of the English. Since then I have often been inclined to retrace my wandering life to you, and confide to you the emotions excited in me by the sight of so many new objects, to make you the partaker of my pleasures, and my associate in the fleeting troubles which interrupt them —but I have too much to say; and being limited by the short space of my rare moments of leisure, I have found it more convenient not to write at all, than to do it with the restraint imposed by this want of time. In your journeys to Paris, you have, I think, sometimes seen my father, and from him you must have learnt at least

that I am alive, and moreover content. I have seen Benares, Agra, Delhi, and have travelled to the north-west of that city, beyond the frontiers of the English possessions, into the country of the Seikhs, and scarcely stopped till I reached the margin of the desert of Bikaneer. From thence, returning to the east, I entered the Himalaya; on the 12th April I visited the sources of the Jumna; I also approached those of the Ganges, and ascended considerably above them, on the eternal snows of the colossal chain which separates India from Tibet. This latter part of my journey kept me for two months from all European society.

Under this severe climate of the Upper Alps, among their most rugged and desolate scenes, the remembrance of you more frequently presented itself to my thoughts. I often recal to mind those mantles of snow which you were the first to teach me to climb, and the nakedness of the rocks which here and there pierce through them. How many times have I not been moved before those first pictures of our friendship, which my imagination renews with so much freshness! Alas! I am alone here; no friendly recollection will associate itself with that which I shall preserve of these strange places to render them dear to me! To live alone, to be solitary in feeling! oh! my friend, it is not because I am so far from our country, lost in the icy deserts of the highest mountains of the world—that my isolation is painful to me; I should perhaps feel this cruel void quite as much in the midst of the sweets of European society—perhaps in

the midst of its tumult and its pleasures, I should not suffer less—and I am not yet thirty! Let us drop the subject.

The forms of the Himalaya, the progressive elevation from the base of the mountains heaped upon each other on the plains of Hindoostan, up to the crests of ice which cover the line of their most elevated summits, the absence of platforms, valleys, and escarpments, singularly disguise their height. I have several times encamped, at an absolute elevation of three thousand metres, habitually at 2000; however, it is always in the lowest and best sheltered places, near villages, that I must make my halts. You see, then, what subtraction must be made from the absolute height of mountains, in order to measure their relative or apparent height. The latter is still enormous; but as the eye seeks in vain to oppose horizontal to vertical lines, and as the declivities, notwithstanding their great inclination, do not shoot up all at once, but are added to each other on planes successively more distant, there is no point from which the highest peaks can be seen under a very large visual angle. Lastly, where there is grandeur—beauty and grace are wanting. Oh! how beautiful the Alps are!

The Indian acclivities of the Himalaya, which I have just visited, are pretty well known. But a very small number of travellers have crossed to the Tibet side, at least with the information requisite to study that mysterious country. In two days, my dear friend, I

shall undertake this journey. The productions of nature must be little varied in so cold a country, but I may hope that a great number will be unknown to us. I reckon upon going as far as the frontiers of Chinese Tartary; the admirable protection of the English Government will defend me so far from all dangers which may proceed from men. The half-Hindoo half-Tartar rajah, who rules the lofty valleys hollowed out of the northern base of the Himalaya, has also some states on the Indian side, which make him absolutely dependent on the English power. I am besides obliged to have a very numerous suite, nearly fifty men, and it is rather in order to be absolute master in my camp than for any other object, that I take an escort of Gourkha seapoys with me, whose utility I experienced in my first excursion. You must, my dear friend, give me absolution for my little acts of arbitrary power: without them all that I have done here would be impossible. Some day or other we will philosophise and theorise on their morality. Adieu; you will easily conceive how much occupation the multiplicity of my researches gives me—I am overwhelmed with work. But my health has remained perfect, except in the snows at the sources of the Jumna, where cold, fatigue, and bad nourishment slightly deranged it. I am restored to my accustomed vigour, which is very necessary for me, in order to resist the fatigues, privations, and miseries of all kinds which I shall have to endure on the other side of the Himalaya. I embrace you with all my heart.

TO A. M. JACQUEMONT THE ELDER, PARIS.

Chini, in Kanaor (Kanawer), July 15th, 1830.

ONLY a few words, my dear father, to avail myself of an opportunity which may not very probably offer again until my return to Semla. I left that place on the 28th of June, overwhelmed, by my host Captain Kennedy, with still more attentions than I had perhaps ever yet received. He made admirable preparations for my journey into this country; and on my arrival at Seran, the summer-residence of the Rajah of Bissahir, that sovereign came in all haste to pay me a visit, and make me all kinds of offers of service. I had a draught on his treasury, the amount of which it was not convenient for me to receive immediately; and another on one of his subjects who was absent. The amount of both will be paid at sight, in the Rajah's name, whenever I may think proper to demand it; his little Chancery has written to all the chiefs in the Upper Country, and to the Lamas of Ladâk, to comply with all my desires. I hope then to be able to penetrate as far as the platform. The Rajah, besides, has given me, as Captain Kennedy had done, the highest in rank among his servants, to serve as interpreter, and to give orders everywhere in the name of his master, whom nobody here contradicts. My Semla janissary has, besides, under his orders, some Gourkha soldiers; so that, what with persuasion and coercion, I shall be but little exposed to die of starvation, or to be stopped in the

middle of my journey for want of people to carry my baggage forward.

A story-teller might find something superb in the visit of the Rajah, with his fan in his hand, during a furious hurricane, which threatened to overturn the tent in which I was expecting him and his viziers, for such is the Hindoostanee and Kanaor name of his ministers. His court and people assembled to shout *God save the King*, after their own fashion. Like Louis the Fourteenth, on another occasion, I regretted the weight of my grandeur, which did not permit me to return the King of Bissahir's visit, for I was very anxious to see the interior of what is called his palace; but Kennedy had justly reproached me for having spoiled his allies by this excessive condescension. It was the Rajah's place to come with all the pomp of his royalty, and to consider himself honoured at my allowing him to take a seat before me, and at my shaking hands with him. I could neither have embraced him, nor returned any present, or his visit, without derogating from my dignity.

Nevertheless do not believe, I beg, that he is a bandit of the lowest kind, in a cavern, covered with scarlet rags, with plenty of daggers, pistols, and other melo-dramatic instruments at his girdle. The Rajah of Bissahir is a legitimate king, who reigns *de sire* or *de cire* over a degree of latitude, and two or three degrees of longitude; and although the greater part of his dominions lies buried under the eternal snows of the Himalaya,

although nine-tenths of the rest are covered with forests, and the remaining tenth nothing but sterile, arid pastures or naked rocks, he has a revenue of a hundred and fifty thousand francs a year, without pressing on his subjects, who are the most wretched in the world. His *nuzzer*, or offering, consisted of a bag of musk in the animal's skin, a rarity indigenous in his mountains, which is not wanting, I hope, either in local character or in Tibetian perfume. The only thing I gave him in return was a lesson in geography, of which he stood in great need. He leaves the trouble of knowing it to his viziers, and passes his time with his Cashmerian slaves, whom he fattens in their cage, and who are probably not very handsome:—whatever may be said, they are not generally so.

On the 11th of July, I crossed the Sutledge, or, if you don't think that fine enough, the Hyphasis; and have been travelling ever since on its right bank, or, more correctly, three, four, or sometimes five thousand feet above its right bank. The climate here begins to be very different from that on the southern side of the mountain: on this side there is nothing but wind and fog, while on the other the rain falls in torrents. There are apple trees and vines in the gardens, but unfortunately without either apples or grapes in this season; that will be for my return. Budha here begins to steal the clouds of incense of which Brahma has the exclusive right on the Indian side of the Himalaya. They practise the religious precepts of Miss Frances Wright

on the community of the sexes, for there is *polygamy* as in India, and *polyandry* at the same time; and this latter institution prevailing, the consequence is an excess of females, who retire into convents, situated, no doubt for mutual convenience, in the neighbourhood of little abbeys of Lamas.

At Kanum, I shall soon see that incredible Hungarian original, M. Alexander de Csomo, of whom you have no doubt heard: he has been living for four years under the very modest name of *Secundœur-Beg*, that is to say, Alexander the Great, dressed in the Oriental style. He is now about to throw off his sheep's-skin, and black lamb's-skin cap, and resume his name, in order to go to Calcutta, and no doubt annoy you, with the *galimatias* of the Tibetian Encyclopædia, which he has just translated. You will see that M. d'Eckstein will have some fault to find with it; and yet M. Csomo is the only European in the world who understands the language. The Tibetian Encyclopædia abounds in astrology, theology, alchemy, medicine, and other stuff of the kind, no doubt translated from the Sanscrit at some distant period. If M. Csomo gives us ever so little of it in German, and M. d'Eckstein turns it from German into French, it will be nonsense, raised to the fourth power—an expression, the magnitude of which Porphyre will explain to you, if your algebra will not carry you so far.

I am very well. I shall find milk everywhere. I have rice for three months, sugar for the same period, and forty-six pounds of tobacco of the finest quality, which I bought at Rampore, to make presents to the Tartars of the Spiti (and which cost me seven francs). On my road, when the mornings are cold, I smoke the best leaves in a little roll of paper; it is better than what is sold for forty-six times the price at Paris. Since leaving Semla I have had a new cook, my steward and maitre-d'hôtel at the same time; he has the character of being a terrible rogue, but makes me fare as well as the resources of the place will admit, that is to say, very badly, but no worse—an immense amelioration in my establishment; for his predecessor was an honest man, but his works defied the rudest appetite. The mountains here produce rhubarb, *celestial happiness!* But this is not all; after three months' research, the Rajah of Pattiala, one of those whom I should embrace, and whose visits I should return—a man with a revenue of four millions—this admirable ally of the English power has written officially to my friend, the ex-sub-resident of Delhi, since promoted to the political agency of Kotah, that he has recovered my syringe. The news is in the *Akbars* (manuscript gazette) of his court: he has sent it to the Resident of Delhi with a strong escort. It is deposited in the palace of the residency, and I am officially asked for instructions, either as to the manner of sending it,

or keeping it till my return. One would say that it was a barometer or pneumatic machine: however, at the top of the letters written to me on the subject is printed

"POLITICAL DEPARTMENT."

I shall thus bring back to you the most diplomatic and historical syringe that has ever existed. You shall leave it to Porphyre, and it shall pass from male to male. If Porphyre does not marry, he has brothers worthy of possessing such an object.

I fancy that Porphyre's *moustachios* might be thicker and of a more equal tint. Mine are irreproachable—an inch long, as thick as a postilion's queue, and of the most uniform red; they are extremely admired in Kanawer, but I regret their beauty every morning when I eat my porridge.

Whilst the political resident at Luknow, with an income of two hundred thousand francs a-year, is sweating and stifling in his palace, I am warming myself at the fire-side, in a wretched little house, costing one or two thousand francs, which he built two years ago, in order to spend a fortnight in it. What a luxury a house is, let it be ever so little or wretched!

I am extremely busy, and shall only stay here to get through my arrears of business. I close this letter, by adding, that it will go, with my No. 7, to the Jardin des Plantes. Twenty-three months have now elapsed since I left France, and I have not yet received a line from you.

Adieu, my dear father! Do not be afraid of the revolt of the Birmans, nor of the insurrections of the army, nor of the great approaching collision of interests in the debates of the British parliament; it is always from the English journals that we learn that we are upon a moving soil here;—I assure you that there is not a firmer. As for the only real dangers, those of the climate, let the treasure-trove of the rajah of Pattiala quiet your fears. I embrace you and Porphyre with all my heart.

A MADEMOISELLE ZOÉ NOIZET DE SAINT PAUL.

Camp of Tashigung, on the borders of Ladak and Chinese Tartary, August 24th, 1830.

MY DEAR ZOÉ,—I had only just sent off one of my mountain servants to Semla when a Tartar arrived from Soongnum, a great Lama village of Kanawer, and brought me, among many others, your charming letter of the 10th of February. To answer you properly would require a volume; and it would be a delicious task to write that volume, if I had some days to remain unoccupied in a camp. But I am overwhelmed with labours of all kinds—botany, geology, &c., give me no leisure. I must go forward, and can only allow myself a few lines. If your letter had joined me yesterday with a great number of others, these lines would now be on their way to India. But, at the distance we are from each other, a few weeks sooner or later matters little.

I have this moment returned from a half military excursion into the Celestial Empire, which I conducted in the most fortunate manner; for, without being obliged to commit any other hostility than a display of murderous arguments when the Chinese made any show of opposition, I saw the object of my curiosity very quietly. I had to march five days without finding any village, and to cross two lofty chains of mountains, more than five thousand five hundred metres, or eighteen thousand English feet high (two thousand five hundred feet higher than the summit of Mont Blanc). I was obliged to have provisions carried with me, sufficient for the whole journey till my return, and my troops amounted to more than sixty men. I had, besides, a quantity of new plants, and organic remains, which I found at the enormous height of five thousand six hundred metres, so that a great number of interesting observations amply repaid me for the trouble and fatigue of my expedition. I am now exploring Ladak; and am going to visit some mountains, where, according to the reports of the mountaineers, I expect to observe several interesting geological phenomena. I this morning crossed the Sutledge, to follow the course of the Indus at no great distance. Both of them are but large torrents here, being very near their sources. The Sutledge rises in the celebrated lake Mansarower; as do the Indus, and the Barampooter, which are the two largest rivers in its immediate neighbourhood.

The Tartars of the mountains have certainly nothing of the ferocity generally attributed to them; and though there are in my numerous suite only six armed men, the *Francis saheb*, or French lord, as they call me, would drive thousands before him like a flock of sheep. They are, on the contrary, mild and peaceable people, who keep pressing round my tent to obtain a little tobacco, several parcels of which I brought from India to distribute among them. When their extreme curiosity grows troublesome, a single word disperses them. They have nothing of the servile manners of the Indians; and the progress of our corruption is so rapid among the latter, that at Bekar, the Chinese town to which I laid siege, the head man coming to me to complain of this violation of the territory of his most *Tea*-ific majesty, and advancing very near me without alighting, I felt really so indignant at this want of respect, that in a transport of rage, I seized the fellow by his long plaited queue and pulled him off his horse.

Does not the second person plural, which I am obliged to make use of when writing to you, sound strange to your ears, my dear Zoé! This language is at present as familiar to me as my own; nevertheless I am not yet reconciled to the coldness of the *you*. In my opinion this is a great defect in the English language; and it will always make it disagreeable to me to speak it with those to whom I am accustomed to address myself in our own language in a more tender way.

Here is my dinner—spring water (for I preserve carefully for bad days, snow, &c. &c., my almost exhausted supply of French brandy)—very coarse cakes made of barley meal, scarcely ground—spinach, or rather, instead of that vegetable, the leaves of buckwheat, which have nearly the same taste;—apricots, the only fruit of these lofty regions, but small as cherries, and without flavour; and, as a foundation for all this, the bones of a cold leg of mutton. This is a faithful testimonial of my cook's skill; for to obtain so wretched a dinner, I must keep a cook and his assistant, properly called scullion, whose duty it is to wash the two only dishes I possess.

As it would be a thing worthy of the bitterest censure to *embrace* you at the end of this letter, I ought, in order that I may be English to the last, sign myself, my dear Zoé, your very affectionate Cousin.

What an insipid thing an English letter is! Yorick was right: "they manage it much better in France."

TO M. PORPHYRE JACQUEMONT, PARIS.

Camp Nates, in Kangarang, August 25th, 1830
(frontiers of Zadah and Chinese Tartary).

THIS Delhi paper, more botanical than literary, blots with European ink; I must therefore, my dear Porphyre, give you blue and white, instead of black. The place from which I am writing to you is twenty-five days'

march from the last English station; and is probably one of the most lofty inhabited places on the surface of the globe. Its height above the level of the sea is four thousand metres. As I was ascending yesterday from the banks of the Sutledge, which flows a thousand metres below, a Tartar belonging to the Vizier of Soongnum, nimbler than myself in climbing almost vertical declivities, gained on me, and delivered me a packet pretty well covered with grease and dirt, but in which I found, among many others, letters from you, our father, Madame de Paray, and Zoé. These were all from Europe; but from India and Africa there were a great many more. I read my father's immediately; yours at a thousand feet above; and it was only this morning that I finished those from Africa and India. It is curious that the day before, another courier (couriers who, although Tartars, scarcely ever run, but manage with hands and feet to clamber up the rocks, and when they have gone thirty steps puff, and take their breath to go another thirty): it is singular, I say, that the day before, a messenger also succeeded in finding me. The latter brought me only letters from India, but a well furnished packet. There are some which I thought proper to answer without delay; and yesterday morning, raising my camp at Nanija, I despatched one of my people to Semla (one-and-twenty marches) to deliver them to Kennedy, who is charged with forwarding them to their destination. One of them

—this will astonish you—is addressed to M. Allard, Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, Commander-in-Chief of Runjeet-Sing, Rajah of Lahore; a man, in fact, who appeared to frighten the Company's Directors in London so dreadfully, when I went to ask them for a passport. I sent you from Semla (perhaps they were addressed to my father) some information concerning M. Allard, who enjoys the most honourable reputation among the British officers. In my day before yesterday's packet, I found a letter from him, addressed to me, which he sent to me at Semla. Here is a copy, since it is of no great length.

" *Lahore, July 28th,* 1830.

" Sir,—I am informed by Dr. Murray, of the arrival at Semla of a French traveller, distinguished for his attainments and the mission with which he is charged. This news gives me the hope that an old officer may find it in his power to be serviceable to one of his countrymen, in regions so remote from the mother-country. I therefore have the honour of addressing to you the present letter, by one of my hurkarus—(a sort of footmen, chamberlains, janissaries, or what you please)—to offer you all that my situation at the court of the Rajah of Lahore may enable me to be useful to you in. Dispose of my services, Sir, as freely as I offer them; it will be a mark of nationality. In the meanwhile receive the

assurance of the high consideration with which I have the honour to be," &c.

This cordial offer from a stranger, who thus came in search of me on the frontiers of China, affected me, and I am sure I answered it with some sentimental effusion. My answer is too long to be transcribed, although I have kept a copy. But here is the substance of the most important part:—" To visit the plains of Punjab (a country between the Sutledge and the Indus, where Runjeet-Sing is firm in his stirrups), would be no great service to me; but if M. Allard could overcome the repugnance of the Rajah, to suffer Europeans to penetrate into Cashmere, and succeed in obtaining this permission for me, guaranteeing me perfect safety, I should feel under very great obligation to him. As a motive to induce the Rajah to suffer me to see the mountainous parts of his empire (Cashmere), M. Allard may inform him that my researches will enable me, more than any other, to discover mineral masses which it might be advantageous to work."

His letter is evidently a proof that he has no doubt of getting me as far as Lahore; and in fact there is no reason to doubt it. Whatever he may gain beyond, I am nearly resolved, at least to pay him a visit; for on the spot, it is possible that I may find some means of getting something out of Runjeet-Sing.

The possible is impossible to be foreseen, on account

of its variety; perhaps it may amount only to zero. This is what I shall very probably ascertain at Lahore. In order to arrive at that great city, where I shall of course be the comfortable guest of the French commander, there are only fifteen days' march on a plain. Admitted by the Rajah, I cannot fail to be taken to his durbar, and to hook *en passant* a good Bukhara horse and a Cashmere shawl, instead of the shabby thing which the Grand Mogul of Delhi, like a Jew, sold me. In any case I shall not pass the Sutledge (that is to say, from India and Lahore, for here I cross it every week, yesterday for once) without writing about it to Lord William Bentinck.

I pass on to your two letters. It is indeed very extraordinary that in the month of February 1830, none of my letters from Calcutta, of May, June, and November, had reached you; but, my friend, you promised me, in your security, to take a large share, not of my personal accidents, but of those of my correspondence. A letter of mine to M. Victor de Tracy arrived seasonably after a very long time, to show you the risks which it had run. You have, besides, indirect news of me in my letter to De Mareste, in the months of July and August from Calcutta, and you persist in making yourself uncomfortable: this grieves me, when I consider that still longer intervals may elapse without your hearing of me at all. Unless you wish to condemn us mutually to a great deal of uneasiness, you must rely on my dry and stringy fibre, my

prudence, and—what more shall I say?—my dexterity. I know how to fill up the blanks of our correspondence with nothing but fortunate things. I have always done so when I thought of you; however I will confess, Porphyre, that I long to know how our father got through the terrible winter of unheard-of rigour, as the English journals have informed me.

From the Jardin and its inhabitants not a word since the amiable letter which I received from Jussieu and Cambassedes at Calcutta. If the fault is theirs, the devil take them! Not a word from England. Yet Sutton Sharpe, M. Seguier, and Sir Alexander Johnson cannot fail to have answered me. Yes, if they have received my letters. It is provoking! I return to yours.—I agree with you on the name which you give to your musical fanaticism; it is truly a slight tinge of madness. You might have told me who sang to you, and what they sang to you for your subscription to the Italian opera. That would have appeared singular to me in Tibet, where they sing a great deal also (one or two inhabitants per square league), but only a single song of three words, *oum mani pani;* which means, in the learned language, which neither the villagers nor their Lamas understand, "oh! diamond water-lily!" and leads the singers direct into Buddha's paradise. Laugh colossally at —— in my name; and his accidents by flood and field. Tell him that it happens to me to be several months without hearing the sound of a European

voice, also that my dinner is fundamentally detestable; and that I do not complain. A-propos of dinner: I have hit upon a mode of preserving my health; spinach made of the leaves of buckwheat produced the desirable result; coarse cakes of corn scarcely ground strengthened this amelioration, by means of which I am in every respect as well off as you. It is wonderful: on bad days, for instance, when I am encamped at the height of six thousand feet, or have been obliged to cross mountains of more than eighteen thousand three hundred feet high, I have set before me the bones of an ex-leg of mutton smoked *à l'Ecossaise,* which bones I shall finish by eating likewise; for they cannot be harder than the flesh that was on them. But Kennedy sends me word that he will treat me with truffles every day on my return to Semla. The excursion in which I have been obliged to ascend four times to so enormous an height (seven hundred metres higher than the summit of Mont Blanc), had for its object some beds of shells which I presumed were there, and in fact proved to be so: it furnished me at the same time with many new plants. But with five days' march without a habitation, and the lowest of my encampments at the height of fourteen thousand feet, I was obliged to carry twelve days' provisions; for the Chinese town or village, where at the beginning of my expedition it was very uncertain that I could arrive, would in no case furnish me with any for my return. My little army, for it was truly an act of hostility

I was committing against his *Tea*-ifying Majesty of Pekin, exceeded sixty men; six of whom, reckoning myself, were fighters. By rare good luck, I found Chinese vigilance at fault on the frontiers; and the unexpected arrival of my caravan, in close column, surprised the people of Behar so much that they fled on my approach instead of offering any opposition. I encamped peaceably in a chosen spot, and next day received in my little tent the visit of a Chinese officer, who commands a turret of sand-stone, fortified with two leather guns, at no great distance. He came to complain. I transformed him into the accused; put a multitude of questions to him without allowing him to speak, except in answer to them; then dismissed him and his staff with a nod, after I had sifted him to the bottom. I designedly put on a threatening look, and commanded my people to do the same, in order that such demonstration might suffice. The Beharites had no idea of a double-barrelled gun, still less of a percussion one.

The effect of two balls which I shot, one after the other, into a tree at hand, a moment or two before giving audience to the Chinese officer, and in the presence of several of his followers, made a wonderful impression on the subjects of the celestial empire. I gave them a little tobacco, which made them love me as much as they had before feared me. A whimsical incident immensely increased their respect for the French lord. I was exhausted with fatigue, and was, nevertheless,

going to continue my march: I therefore drank the stirrup-cup, filling my spoon with brandy, in order to put a bit of sugar in it. The sugar remaining solid, I set fire to the brandy, and when it was melted, after blowing on my spoon, I swallowed this dose of punch. The Beharites, who are no artillerymen, thought that I was drinking *fire*, and almost took me for the devil. It was on that day that I encamped so high as sixteen thousand feet. I was still on the Chinese territory, where I wished next day to determine the direction of some strata. During the night, some horsemen came to lie in ambush near my camp. However, I had intimation of their arrival, and of their small numbers. Not caring at all for them, I commenced my examination at day-break, followed by six servants at most. The Tartar-Chinese cavalry immediately got into motion, following my steps, but at a respectful distance. I commanded one of them to approach; and the fellow doing so without alighting to speak to me, I laid hold of him by his pig-tail and threw him off his horse. This comes, my friend, of living a year in India: a man thinks himself very sincerely insulted by every act which is not servile. Here I was wrong, for the poor devil of a Beharite was ignorant of Indian etiquette. But I saw only one thing, the colour of his skin; and, forgetting the difference of places, I took his ignorance for deliberate insult: *inde iræ*. His comrades had gallopped away. The poor man remounted his nag with a

good deal of trouble, and joined them as quickly as he could.

Afternoon.—Here I am, in spite of my thick woollen clothes, wrapped up in blankets from head to foot. I am obliged to do so every evening, and yet I suffer from the cold. This is a strange climate: it snows moderately in winter, and there is no thaw for four months; it scarcely ever rains, but blows a violent hurricane every day at three o'clock, which lasts far on in the night. I often awake long before day-light, frozen through my five blankets.

The good-natured vizier of Soongnum joined a little present to the packet of letters; this was a small basket of bad apples, such as divine Providence has made them. Great feasting on the occasion. But the grapes will be ripe when I return to Soongnum, the highest spot where the vine prospers (ten thousand feet): then there will be thorough feasting. In my Indian packet of the day before, were some newspapers: an attention of Captain Kennedy's. I saw the speech at the opening of our Chambers, attacked in an article in the Globe, entitled, *La France et les Bourbons en* 1830: an article criminally prosecuted, adds the English journalist, with many others of the same description, which appeared daily in the liberal papers. I do not know what to think of the issue of this. Is the question only to know which of the two will be most afraid and give way? I wish it were so; but in truth I know not well what to think.

Supposing, what will not take place, that the direct government of the king should succeed that of the Company in India, this change would not cause the slightest shock in Asia. Our father appears to be uneasy about the attitude of Mahrattas and Afghans, &c. &c. (and other canaille who are not worth a kick ———) in this *crisis*. Let him know, then, that the sixty millions of Indians about whom he was so much alarmed, are ignorant of the difference between the king of *Valaïte* (Europe altogether, England, America, &c. &c., for they are no geographers) and the Company. This subtle distinction is understood only, and but indifferently too, by the superior (mercantile) classes at Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay. But the peasant who ploughs, the mechanic who works, and the seapoy who mounts guard, have not the slightest idea of it. The ideas entertained in France about this country are absurd. The governing talents (St. Simon and his crew of the *Producteur* have no doubt manufactured a better word to express this idea) of the English are immense; ours, on the contrary, are very mediocre; and we believe the former to be embarrassed when we see them in circumstances in which our awkwardness would be completely at a stand still. Our father also regrets that I have not brought with me all the papers, which might assist in verifying my character as a Frenchman; as if it was by papers, truly, that it could be proved to people among whom, in his idea, it might be useful to me! as if they could read the Roman letters!

as if they understood a single word of a single European language! Let him take courage; he may live till he is a hundred before he learns that a general massacre of the English has taken place in India. The cold redoubles, my dear Porphyre, and I should never get warm in bed if I delayed any longer getting into it. I embrace you.

August 26th.

I return to you, my friend:—I have just written to our father, and have determined to despatch a courier (of the description mentioned above) to take the whole to Semla; whence Kennedy will forward it to Calcutta—thence it will be despatched to Chandernagore, to the obliging care of M. Cordier, my agent for Europe. I shall take care to write to you as soon as there is something determined upon about my Lahore affair; but—for heaven's sake—if six months elapse between the receipt of this letter and the arrival of the following, do not be uneasy, my friends. For your own information, Porphyre, do not refuse me the modest title of Esquire, which you appear to fancy sometimes, that the F.R.A.S. excuses you from giving me. It is not *ad libitum*, but indispensable. The F. R. A. S. is facultative.

When you speak of the excellent table kept on board merchant ships, I would willingly say, "Vous êtes orfèvre, Monsieur Josse." Do I not recollect the very hostile manner in which you spoke of the passengers, their appetite, &c., and the nautical artifices of a certain

captain to excite tempests just at dinner-time, and other accidents, which rendered it necessary to adjourn the sitting before the attack on a certain pie, of which the messmates of his ship had only seen the outworks on their arrival at Port au Prince. It must have been a pasteboard pie, or such as they have on the stage, if there was any at all. But it is true all ship-owners are not captains of artillery; and it is said that the Bourdeaux gentlemen, whose ships come to Calcutta, do things liberally.

My annual credit of six thousand francs expires in 1831 inclusively. On the 1st November, on coming down from the mountains, I calculate that I shall have three thousand or two thousand five hundred francs left, in all eight thousand five hundred. This is enough for my journey to Lahore (if I must return without proceeding further), and from thence to Bombay, perhaps even to Pondicherry, where, on my arrival, I shall have something left to pay for my passage to Europe on board one of those excellent merchantmen, where there is such good cheer. That, my friend, is what I call making the best of the matter; that is to say, calculating the chance that the Museum forgets to send me a prolongation of credit.

You will have to sell two or three shares in ships to pay for the carriage of this letter, and our father a few volumes of his *Essences* to some silly bookseller, to whom Taschereau is specially charged to recommend the undertaking.

Adieu, my dear friend; envy me my mustachios, which are now five months old, a foot long, and of the brightest red. My cigar takes fire at them whenever I smoke a moment or two in the morning to warm myself on bad days. Adieu! I love you, and embrace you with all my heart.

TO M. JACQUEMONT, THE ELDER, PARIS.

Camp of Nako, August 26th, 1830. Long. 78° 40′; Lat. 32°. Frontiers of Chinese Tartary.

My dear Father,—To write a letter every evening by stealth, either in Europe or India, in order gradually to liquidate my correspondence, would occupy my mind and distract it from the horrors of this hell of ice, upon which it would otherwise have to sleep. But I make a great sacrifice, and take a whole day of rest in order to finish all to-day, and not think of anybody till my return to Semla. I am writing to you on Indian paper, with a magnificent peacock's feather, and indigo rubbed down; a goose quill would be a great deal better, and some *petite vertù*, whether indelible or not, and some of the paper of those dogs of Christians. But what would you have? The necessities of past times have been such in this way that those of the present impose this wretched epistolary apparatus upon me.

I already *blued*, yesterday evening, ten or twelve

feet of this vile paper for Porphyre; and I send you many articles of this akbar or gazette as a reply to several chapters of your volume-letters. Until insurance companies are established for the contents of letters, I am perhaps wrong in risking such large packets; but at the distance which separates us, I cannot write short notes. So I commit this to the care of God: may he watch over it.

As it appears that he, or his favourite substitute, Providence, suffered my first from Calcutta to be lost, I return to that place, and beg to inform you that his Most Christian Majesty's log, which carried me and my fortunes, cast anchor before Fort William, on the 5th May, 1829, and after the customary salutes from the guns of the aforesaid vessel, I arranged my plans of landing for the next morning; they were put in execution as follows.

My Portuguese valet from Pondicherry having called a palanquin, I bid farewell to the Zélée, dressed in black from head to foot; and, throwing myself into the little ambulatory house, I said to the carriers, "*Pirsonn sahebka ghœur me;*" a Hindostanee sentence, which I had been meditating ever since I left Pondichery; it caused me to be set down without hesitation at the door of Mr. Pearson's magnificent house, which happened to be the one nearest to the river. A sort of Eurybates preceding me, between a double hedge of servants lining a wide staircase, introduced me into an immense drawing-room, where

I found three ladies in full toilet, and a man with grey hair in a light cotton dress, all four being fanned by a complicated machinery of hand-screens. My unknown name announced by the herald, and the simultaneous entrance of my tall black person, produced the effect of a thunder-clap; but the excessive pre-occupation of my mind, caused by the novelty, strangeness, and extraordinary appearance of every thing I had seen in the six minutes after my landing, paralysed my English eloquence mortally. Thus, at the critical moment when the spectre should have spoken, there was a pause. I would have given ten louis for a glass of port wine, which would have given my sail some little wind—unable to stir, my début was the candid avowal of my inability to proceed. "I spoke a few words of English formerly, Sir, but I perceive I have forgotten the whole; so I must entreat you to help me!" and so the grey-haired gentleman did, and so did the three ladies, the two young ones in particular, and so well, that an instant after I was swimming in English like a little fish in the river. The strangers were Mr. Pearson, Mrs. Pearson, their daughter, and her governess or companion. I delivered my letters of introduction, on the effect of which I did not rely with implicit confidence, because they were second or third hand; however, they caused me to be considered a guest at the breaking of the first seal. I was asked if they were the only ones I had brought to Calcutta; a question, which I answered, by

exhibiting an enormous packet which deformed my pocket, and which, being charged beforehand, like a judicious firework, commenced on opening it with a few trifling squibs—Dr. —— Mr. * * *, merchant, or Captain ——; then by degrees shot out the name of a judge, then that of the chief justice, then a member of council, and terminated in a grand crash with the name of Lady William Bentinck, and then the Governor-general's five times repeated. Each drew a chair near mine, and loaded me with questions and kind offers.

Eleven o'clock struck, and Mr. Pearson said to me: "This is the hour at which I must go to the Supreme Court, and I regret exceedingly that I cannot introduce you to the persons whom you are to see; but my daughter will inform you of every thing, and my carriage is at your service." He then left me, giving me a hearty shake by the hand. Miss Pearson told me that my first visit ought to be to the palace; and without informing me, she wrote and despatched a note to Lady William Bentinck. The answer, according to etiquette, was addressed to me direct, and delivered in less than a quarter of an hour, by the aide-de-camp on duty, who gave me to understand that her ladyship expected me. I got into Mr. Pearson's carriage, with footmen before and behind, and on arriving, I was received at the palace by the aide-de-camp, who conducted me into Lady William's private drawing room. She is a woman of fifty, who must have been very handsome,

but is now without any of the pretensions of youth. My letter to her was from Lord Ashley, one of the members of the Indian Government in London, whom I met only once at the famous dinner of the Asiatic Society. I confessed therefore how slight was the title of recommendation which I brought; it was scarcely mentioned. Lady William had already discovered that I had seen several of her acquaintances at Paris. We chatted an hour and a half on a multitude of subjects, till her physician and also her guest entered to offer his arm to conduct her to the dining room, where the collation was served. Lady William despatched the doctor to her husband, to inform him that she had a new acquaintance to introduce to him; and a few minutes after I entered the refreshment room, giving her my arm. Lord William Bentinck came at the same time from the opposite side, with the ministers and two members of the council, which met on that day. Lady William introduced me in the most friendly way; and I sat on the right of the Governor-general, who read his five letters rapidly during the collation, and introduced me, when we rose from table, to all the persons assembled round it. I reconducted Lady William to her apartment, and did not leave her till I had promised to come and dine in the evening at eight. She taught me by heart all about the family on which my good star had fallen.

On returning to the Pearsons, who were a little surprised at the length of my absence, I found the

two best rooms in the house placed at my disposal; and when I retired there to congratulate myself on my happy début, a host of servants pursued me armed with fans to cool me. I had some trouble to get rid of them. At five o'clock, Mr. Pearson, returning from the court, paid me a long visit, and acquainted me with the form of his material and domestic existence. I related my history, the last incident of which, my engagement with Lady William for the evening, rather embarrassed me; but he seemed more satisfied with his acquisition than vexed at losing it for a few minutes on the first day. I was a recherché guest. At six, he took me on a drive in his carriage along with his wife and daughter: this is the daily pastime of the inhabitants of Calcutta for an hour at sunset. They return to dinner by candle-light. After a short toilette, mine being changed, I went to the palace in Mr. Pearson's carriage.

The company was assembled in Lady William's drawing-room. I was once more her *chevalier*, and sat next to her at dinner, that being of course the place of honour. Every thing around was royal and Asiatic: the dinner completely French, and exquisite delicious wines served in moderation, as in France, but by tall servants with long beards, in white gowns with turbans of scarlet and gold. Lord William asked me to take wine, a compliment which I immediately returned, begging the honour of taking wine with my fair neighbour, who was conversing with me on a variety of agreeable topics, and offered to act as my Cicerone. To give

our appetites time to revive for the second course, an excellent German orchestra, led by an Italian, performed several of the finest symphonies of Mozart and Rossini, and in a most perfect manner. The distance from which the sound proceeded, the uncertain light flickering between the columns of the neighbouring room, the brilliancy of the lights with which the table was illuminated, the beauty of the fruit which covered it in profusion, and the perfume from the flowers by which its pyramids were decorated, and perhaps also the champagne, made me find the music admirable. I experienced a sort of intoxication, but it was not a stupid intoxication. I chatted with Lady William in French on art, literature, painting, and music, while I answered, in a regular English speech, the questions put by her husband concerning the internal politics of France. I did not avoid showing, in my opinions, all that might excite disapprobation, employing, however, to express it, the most modest forms, which a lad of sixteen in England considers himself entitled to dispense with. Returning to Lady William's drawing-room to take coffee, of which I drank five or six cups without perceiving it, I found myself complimented by every one enough to turn my head. You will imagine that I did not fail to engage the physician, who is still young, in conversation, on the novelties in physiology; for I had no opportunity, in the general conversation, of speaking on subjects connected with my own profession of naturalist, and I

wished to show myself in character before the hour of departure.

Next day, I tired my host's pair of horses, in going my round of visits, which however could not be finished till the day after. That day, I waited on the persons by whom I had been particularly noticed at the Governor-general's, and for whom I had brought no letters: you know the rest. A fortnight after, the Governor-general went to reside in the country, and I was of the party. Lady William would have me ride for the first time on an elephant with her; and she seemed so pleased with our gossip on the top of this moving mountain, that she never had any other companion but myself. As long as we stayed at Barrackpore, I worked during the day-time in the cottage, in which I had been settled near the palace. Sometimes after lunch, which, at two o'clock, brought together all the inmates, and where I refrained from appearing very often, for want of virtue to resist the *pâté de foie gras*, I used to go with Lady William to her drawing room, where the afternoon slipped away very pleasantly, in talking of the antipodes, rain, and fine weather. In the evening, after dinner, we had sometimes a little music, *en petit comité*. I used to monopolise Lord William at the end of a sofa in the furthest corner of the room; he talked to me of India, and I talked to him of the United States; then at half past ten, the signal for departure, I retired, taking the arm of the friend, whom, among so many

kind acquaintances I had already gained: I mean Colonel Hezeta. Often before entering the bungalow which we inhabited together, we used to stroll till midnight through the immense walks in the beautiful park at Barrackpore. He related to me the two revolutions which he had witnessed in his native country; the last of which had cast him upon this without any other resource than the old friendship of Lord William. There is a strange mental resemblance between Hezeta and Dunoyer; and though he has strongly marked Spanish features, this resemblance physically struck me no less. Such, my dear father, was the way in which I spent the first days after my arrival in India. Why have I to relate them to you a year after they are gone by? The uneasiness in which the loss of my first letters has left you, concerning this period of our separation, afflicts me exceedingly. You had promised to fill up the prolonged intervals of my correspondence, which accident might leave blank, with none but pleasing conjectures: let your affection for me make you keep, in future at least, your promise of August, 1828.

What a contrast between my life at Calcutta and the isolation of my present situation, and the fatigues, privations and miseries which I now experience! But this opposition is not without its charms. I often eat my crust with extreme pleasure, when past recollections arise. Besides, the future has still lucky days in store for me.

Must I tell you that in the midst of the whirl in

which I then was, my life was less exempt from cares than now, solitary and independent as it is, in all its austerity. I contemplated with avidity this immense country which was opened before me, and I often considered, with bitterness, whether the access to it would not be closed against me by my poverty. I now look with satisfaction on the distances I have travelled; and am in nowise dispirited by the remoteness of Madras and Bombay.

What was agreeable and mild in my life then, is often recalled to my mind even in these deserts, in a manner which delights and affects me. You will yourself enjoy all the affecting testimonials of remembrance that reach me from such a distance. The English having nothing which resembles what we call society, and are almost universally destitute of that facility which we learn in it, of talking gracefully about nothings, and without dullness on serious subjects. We thus have an immense advantage over them, when we can lead them to a somewhat general conversation, the subject of which is sufficiently familiar to allow us gradually to take the greatest share in it, and to give it its tone. It is to this artifice that I owe most of my success in what they call their *society*; and it is incumbent on me to practise it, as it is on every traveller, on every man who is but a passer-by, and has only a few moments to show himself to make himself known. Although I have not succeeded in speaking their language entirely like themselves, the necessity of making use of this foreign

instrument is, I know, far from being disadvantageous to me. I am quite certain of speaking properly when I think rightly.

Tell all whom it may concern, among the people in Europe, that I consider myself very much neglected by them. If those in Asia imitated them, I should not have so much to write to-day. But perhaps it is with the English post-office I ought to find fault. What letters I do receive, continue to fall upon me like manna in the desert, as to the Hebrews of old. I do not see the sons of the prophet. In general, I suppose, it is the good governor of Chandernagore, who plays the part of Moses here; then at Delhi, there are new addresses and collections of letters, made by my baggage-master, the judge, or king of the city, under a single cover. Kennedy, at Semla, commonly tacks something of his own to this mixture; and the whole arrives like anchovies preserved in butter and oil. It is the hydrophobia of the Kanaoris and Tartars, which, by making them carefully avoid all their life the contact of water, collects on their surface treasures of the conservative principle. It might rain in this country, but my letters, I assure you, would not be afraid of travelling in the open air in the hands of the courier.

But I shall never finish, if I do not set seriously to work to answer your letters. As to the chance of being devoured alive, by serpents which swallow an ox without winking, as we would an egg, I think it useless now to assure you of my safety. I have not yet seen a

single tiger, lion, or leopard, though I went to look for them for a fortnight among the Seikhs, assisted in my search by five companions considered clever in discovering them, a score and a half of elephants broken-in to the sport, and five or six hundred horsemen. In one of the darkest of nights at the foot of the Himalaya, I discharged the two barrels of my gun in the direction in which they supposed there was a leopard, in order to account for the disappearance of a goat from a flock in a fold near my tent. My escort fired at the same time, and it is probable that there really was this time something like a tiger or leopard near, for the shepherd found the goat at the foot of the precipice, strangled and torn. It is very true, as Malte Brun tells you, that the Fakirs murder very cleverly on occasions. But I am none of their game: they seldom kill any but children, whose hands and feet they cut off, in order to steal the copper and silver bracelets which their parents attach to their arms and legs. If I were to meet several together, with a suspicious appearance, and had any doubt of their intention, I should begin by killing a couple of these horrible brutes on the spot; but from Calcutta to this place, a few kicks on the posteriors were sufficient to drive away the most importunate of their species; and I shall no where see so many of them in any part of India, as I did in the woody desert and mountainous region which I crossed in the first part of my road to Benares. They were going to Jagrena.

Mangoes and mangosteens have nothing in common but the first syllable of their name. The mango accommodates itself to every climate within the tropics; the cultivation of the mangosteen has succeeded scarcely any where except in the Moluccas, in Ava, and in Cochin China. There is a tree at Bourbon. My hosts in that island had the kindness to send a servant twelve leagues from their house, with a note to the proprietor of this rarity to obtain two specimens for me; it was just in season. I found the fruit excellent, but nothing more; whereas it often happens that mangoes surpass all epithets—it is therefore best to say nothing about them. Common mangoes are execrable. It is a fruit which is either adored or detested;—there is no medium. A mangosteen, on the other hand, in an intermediate limit, pleases universally. Mangoes are very common at Hayti, where their quality varies between delicious and bad. At Bourbon and Calcutta in particular, I ate mangoes, which must not have a word said against them. In the North of India, and at Benares, where the tree vegetates very luxuriantly, the fruit ripens badly.

I have no time at all to keep up the scientific correspondence, the occasional publication of which my friends think likely to be of advantage to me in a professional point of view. Although I do not spare myself, my time is sufficiently occupied without that. I shall therefore return with a full budget to be then

wholly emptied. If some persons have thought me dead, I shall come to life again for them. Tell Cambassèdes this, with my kind regards, if you have occasion to see him; if not, let Mérimée, to whom this message is also addressed, deliver it to him. Besides a want of the necessary ingredient, time, there is another cause, which would discourage me were I disposed to undertake such a task: I mean the uncertain fate of my letters, and the fear of these being lost like the others, or arriving only at rare intervals. Appoint an attorney to convey my friendly regards to M. de Beaumont. Tell Dunoyer and M. Taboureau that I receive and return theirs, without talking of it; and the same with regard to every other friend near you.

I have not here the register which would inform me what number I am to put upon this letter. But the last, despatched a month ago, is dated from Chini in Kanawer, and the one before it from Semla, about the 20th of June. Write to me through the Navy Board, as it is so good a channel. M. Cordier of Chandernagore will manage, with his frank, to find me in any part of India, no matter whether it be Pondichery or Calcutta. It is an age since I heard from M. de Melay. Adieu, my dear father. I am in admirable health. Continue, as you have done, to govern your coming years; patience and confidence—and we shall have much to tell each other. Adieu; I love you and embrace you with all my heart.

P. S. From horror of white, I resume my peacock's quill to *blue*, to the end of the page.

At Danum in Kanawer, I saw M. Csomo de Koros —Boûmi—or Alexander the Great (Secundœur-Beg), the Hungarian original, in short, of whom you must have heard. During the last ten years, he has been travelling in Asia, under a wretched disguise, to discover, by a comparison of language, the tribe of which his nation is a swarm.

I am now going to Ladak, a Tartar or Tibetian country tributary to China. The projected boundary of my course is seven marches hence towards the North. Thence I shall descend to Kanawer, and return to India by the Burunda Pass, through what the Indian and European public improperly term the great chain of the Himalaya. The Burunda Pass scarcely exceeds fifteen thousand feet in elevation; this will be mere child's play to me, who have reached, four times, an elevation of eighteen thousand three hundred, and eighteen thousand six hundred feet. Kennedy promises to come from Semla and meet me on the Indian declivity of the mountains, and we shall travel together some days, in order that he may make known to me the petty mountain sovereigns subject to his political control. Adieu.

TO M. ELIE DE BEAUMONT, ENGINEER OF MINES.

Lari, September 9th, 1830. *Territory of Ladah.*

DEAR M. DE BEAUMONT,—I see forming on the horizon, in Kanawer, a storm of work which only awaits my return thither to burst. I therefore take advantage of my last leisure of the desert to write you a few lines. Those fire-side geographers are fools, with their independent Tartary. The natives of this country pay tribute, on four sides; and the rajah or khan of Ladah, between the Seikhs of Cashmere and the Mantchous of China, is much less at his ease than the badshah of Persia, between the Russians and the English. However, fire-side geographers are happy fellows; I would willingly be a blockhead on such agreeable terms.

I found it very piquant, on the 21st of November last, to awake under a tent for the first time; but after having had no other dwelling for the last ten months, I have learned the value of a house; a place on the floor of the Hostelry of Courmageur would be better than my unmattressed bed, under my little mountain tent, which the frozen night-blast threatens to upset. I do not recollect, without regret, M. Durr's good dinners at the Union at Bex. Not that I, yielding to Asiatic luxury, have not my cook and sub-cook or scullion to provide good cheer; but for the five months I have spent in the Himalaya, these artists, by combining their

talents, can produce me nothing daily but a pyramid of coarse cakes made of flour with all the bran in it. Now as one gets tired of all things in time, be they ever so nice, it is allowable to turn up my nose at the daily fare of my lordship, highness, or majesty, as they call me. But this is croaking too much; and as my health has suffered from neither cold, heat, rain, or the miseries of an ambulatory life, you know me well enough to believe that I care little about comforts. You will have known through Adrian de Jussieu, Cambessèdes, or Prosper Mérimée, the admirable reception I met with at Calcutta. The season in which I arrived, and the necessity of learning the abominable jargon of the country detained me there several months; and I successively lived with people the poorest of whom had a hundred and fifty thousand francs a year. The law of drainage of rupees, nevertheless, gave me intervals of care even when I was thus magnificently treated. Nevertheless, since I find water enough to float, without running aground, from hence to Paris, I shall not complain to you of these miseries. An isolated and unknown stranger, placed in the circumstances under which I arrived at Calcutta, would inevitably have stranded. It is to the kilogramme of admirable letters of introduction with which I was provided, that I entirely owe the possibility of writing to you from Lari, six hundred leagues from Calcutta. In the great number of new personages that I have seen in India, there are none of our profession. Not that I did not, during

my stay at Calcutta, become more or less acquainted with some skilful in the line; and, by means of the Asiatic Researches, with their predecessors. But abstracting localities, the Asiatic Society of Calcutta and the Lyceum of Natural History in New York, of a meeting of which I think I gave you an account, have the greatest resemblance. Geology is very much the fashion. It is a science much cultivated, in order to learn how to name scientifically the stones found in the road, and picked up and placed in the palanquin on a change of residence or garrison. So there is granite, gneiss, micaslate, clayslate, sandstone (which is always new red sandstone), and limestone (which is invariably lias.) I think I have said all. If M. Pentland has found in Peru some mountains higher than those of the Himalaya, I would not advise him to come to India; and as it is generally admitted that this mighty range, before which the Andes sink into inferiority, is the eldest-born of the creation, I beg you to abide by what I shall tell you some day concerning the phenomena of this eldest-born in the creation; for your beautiful work on the relative age of the elevation of mountains, of which I yet only know the sketch given by M. Arago in the *Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes*, will in India be considered a personal insult by the geologists of Calcutta, their wives, their children, and their children's dolls. At Bombay I shall take care not to say I am a friend of yours. Some ten years ago, in Switzerland, a learned man of Zurich proved that

the History of William Tell was a Danish legend of the eleventh century, and they could not but yield to his proofs; nevertheless he was condemned to death for having destroyed a belief which was one of the dearest heir-looms of the Swiss peasant. Being fortunately contumacious, the poor devil is now a professor in some university in Germany. To touch the antiquity of the Himalaya is no less a sacrilege in India.

A few words concerning my route. From Calcutta I went to Benares nearly in a straight line across low mountains, which form a very regular chain from the platform of Bundlecund to Rajomal, where they are terminated by a small escarpment above the Ganges; from Benares I proceeded to Mirzapore, and going from thence, I spent the whole month of January in Bundlecund, over the platform or its sides, or in the adjacent plains. In order to go from thence to Agra by an interesting route, I should have had to pass through Gewalior; but the material circumstances of waggons and escorts obliged me to reach the Jumna at Kulpy, and to go on from thence by the Doab, from Agra to Delhi, and from Delhi towards the desert of Bikanere, to the W.N.W., in the country of the Seikhs. I was then engaged in a hunting party, most admirably got up on my account.

This was at the end of March, and the hot winds threatened every day seriously to invade the plains of the north of India. Quitting my companions, therefore, I re-mounted my faithful Pegasus to reach the

foot of the mountains by short marches, in the same manner that I had come from Calcutta to Delhi. I entered the Himalaya by the valley of Dehra or the Dhoon of Dehra, commonly called by the English the *Valley of the Dhoon*, which means literally the valley of the valley. It is a longitudinal valley hollowed out between the foot of the Himalaya, properly so called, and the elevated diluvial soil. I there bid adieu to the comforts of the Indian traveller in the plains; changed my horse for a stick; put my baggage on the shoulders of five-and-thirty mountaineers, and commenced the series of miseries with which I have annoyed you above. I went to the sources of the Jumna, and near those of the Ganges; thence I returned westwards to Semla, a summer station near the Sutledge; ascending along its banks, or rather on the side of the mountain overlooking them, I passed to the north of the Himalaya, in the country of Kanawer, the Rajah of which is tributary to the English. This is the commencement of Tibet, in respect of climate, productions, and the religion of the inhabitants. My researches have carried me twice from Kanawer into the Chinese territory; and in the first of these expeditions (for they were rather military, and invasive,) I had to pass four times through defiles at a height of five thousand five hundred metres, and to encamp at five thousand metres. I am now on my return from an excursion towards Ladak, without perceiving that

the mountains begin to diminish in altitude. The village from which I am writing to you, seated on the banks of the Spiti, a very considerable feeder of the Sutledge, is about three thousand seven hundred metres high. Three days ago I was encamped near a village in Ladak, called Ghijourmul, at an elevation of five thousand metres. On the Indian slope I have seen none above two thousand seven hundred metres. Cultivation also is arrested on the southern side two thousand metres lower than on the Tibetian. The temperature is not the predominant circumstance of climate which determines these differences; it is particularly the state of the sky which produces them: covered with clouds and charged with rain on the Indian side, clear and void of all humidity as soon as the peak of the Himalaya is past. Having gone from that side by the natural cut of the Sutledge, I shall return into India by one of the gorges of the southern or Indian chain. Their mean elevation is from fifteen to sixteen thousand English feet; that is to say, three thousand feet below the mean level of the passages across the branches which cover Tibet and Tartary.—In the same manner as you have found that all the Alps are far from being contemporary, so it appears doubtful to me, whether the Tibetian chains of the Himalaya are of the same period of elevation as the southern chain. I will not tell you the sufficient reason of these doubts, because this letter would have no end, and my leisure has but narrow limits.

Adieu, my dear Beaumont. I shall expect your answer at Bombay. Believe in my sincere attachment.

TO M. CHARLES DUNOYER, PARIS.

Semla, in the Himalaya, October 23rd, 1830.

I REGRET much, my friend, to learn by your letter of the 1st of April, that I have lost another of an anterior date, which required a special answer. Perhaps, when it has travelled several times from Europe to Asia, it will reach me at last; and then doubt not the eagerness with which I shall endeavour to satisfy your wishes. To-day I have only to thank you kindly for your friendly remembrance of me. I have certainly explained to you why I did not take leave of you: notwithstanding the pretty things that Romeo says about the pleasure of bidding good bye, I am not of Shakspeare's opinion. In every parting, which is likely to be of some duration, there is a *perhaps*, so melancholy, that I systematically avoid the pain of the last shake by the hand. Thus I show myself worthy of my father, who, you know, is a hero of stoical insensibility—that is, on paper. He assures me, that he was as gay as possible, and quite at his ease, about me, when he had not received a letter from me for nearly a year; and his friends thought him very uneasy. I should be delighted if he had told the truth, without

saying more; for at the distance at which I am not only from Europe, but also from Calcutta and Bombay, nothing is so much a matter of chance as the arrival of my letters. What ought to satisfy him as to the future, whatever the intervals of my correspondence may be, is the fortunate experiment I have made of the climate of India, the acquaintance I have contracted with men, and my general knowledge of the country. It is now nearly a year since I left Calcutta. I have travelled in the meanwhile twelve or fifteen hundred leagues on horseback, and nearly a thousand on foot. In Tibet, whence I am just now returning, I have made war on the emperor of China, encamped several times at a greater height than the summit of Mont Blanc, and am all the better for it; but this is a particular case, and proves nothing against the insalubrity of India. It is true that the English add greatly to the dangers of the climate by their want of sobriety. Excepting when I am at their establishments, I live not only like a Brahmin, but like a Carthusian friar, not having altered my opinion as to the relative merits of quartos and duodecimoes.

Hydrophobia in a whole nation is a frightful disease. On my journey into Tibet, I had a small escort of Gorkhas. It would certainly have sufficed for me to conquer the whole of central Asia, if I had taken a fancy to make myself a king. These folks had the custom of brutally driving away the Lamas and other Tartar villagers, whom the curiosity of seeing a white

man had attracted round my encampment. One day, when it was less cold than usual, I undressed myself to take a bath after the Indian fashion, that is to say, to have a skin of water poured over my head and shoulders. At the splashing of this little cascade, the crowd of Tibetians pressing round me fled in a fright; and since that day I have always got rid of their importunities, by stationing my water-carrier or Mussulmaun bisti with his large black beard, who was an object of admiration to these beardless people, as sentry at the door of my little tent, with his skin well filled, which excited their terror. Instead of a score of Gorkhas, I should only take half a dozen apothecaries to make myself great khan of Tartary. You will easily think, that, when king of such a water-fearing people, I should be little tempted to use all the rights of an Asiatic prince, and would make myself a Lama, if I did not remain a Carthusian monk. A very singular trait in Tibetian manners, with which you are surely acquainted, is a plurality of husbands. All brothers born of one mother have but one wife in common. It never happens that she has any preference for either of her husbands, which might trouble the peace of her numerous family: love and jealousy in their rudest forms are therefore feelings unknown to these people. However, the great Lama of Kanawer, whose portrait I will show you some day, has the episcopal mitre and crosier. He is habited like our prelates; and a superficial observer would, at a

distance, take his Tibetian or Buddhist mass for a Roman mass, and one of the most orthodox. He makes a score of genuflexions at different intervals; he turns to the altar and people alternately, rings a bell, drinks out of a cup of water which an acolyte pours out for him; he mumbles Paternosters to the same tune;—in every point there is shocking resemblance. Men of a robust faith, will see nothing in it but a corruption of Christianity. Nevertheless it is incontestable that Buddhism, now confined to the north of the Himalaya, the east of the Burampooter, and in some islands of the Indian Archipelago, preceded, in India, the worship of Brahma. It still partially existed there at the period of the invasion of the first Afghan conquerors, who proved, like the Spaniards in America, that persecution, in spite of the proverb, is no feeble engine of religious conversion. A considerable library is deposited in the temple of Kañawer. I saw there several books on theology, printed in Tibet, consisting of a Sanscrit text, with an interlineary Tibetian translation; and their date is only of the century before last. The Buddhist church at that period still kept up some friendly relations with that of Brahma; and they still preserved at Teshoolombo, at Tashigung, and in several other great monasteries in Tibet, a knowledge of the sacred language of Benares. The common herd of Lamas are ignorant of the sense of the devout ejaculation which they utter from morning to night:

"Houm! màni, pâni houm!
"Heu! gemma lotus heu!"

But, though composed of three Tibetian words, it is evidently of Indian origin, and I have proved it *botanically*. The lotus, or λωτὸς of the Greeks, is a plant peculiar to the lukewarm and temperate waters of India and Egypt: there is not one of its genus, or even of its family, in Tibet. Its extreme beauty, and its abundance in the tanks dug near the Indian temples, have rendered it celebrated in the Hindoo legends.

But enough of this. I very much doubt the existence of the table land of Tibet. I have travelled northwards 32_{0} 10′ of latitude. The snowy chain of the Indian Himalaya was to the south very far behind me, and yet the country was constantly rising before me. I had, in my caravan, people who had travelled three months' march to the north-east, and six months to the east, of the furthest point to which I advanced. Their accounts agree too well not to be exact. They represent all the countries which are unknown to me, as very similar to those I visited with them: that is to say, covered with mountains, heaped up without order, ramified irregularly, and prolonged into chains, which cross each other in every direction. The Himalaya, whose eternal snows are seen from the banks of the Ganges, even as far as Benares, and which forms a spectacle so full of

grandeur for the plains of India, is but an humble and modest preface to the Tibetian Alps.

My being a Frenchman, is far from disadvantageous to me: an Englishman could not have undertaken the journey which the *French lord* has just terminated so fortunately. The Government forbids English subjects to approach the Chinese frontiers, in order to avoid the trouble of the complaints which violations of territory might excite. Being free from this restraint, and persuaded that my little caravan would march in these deserts like a conquering army, I fearlessly ran my chance. Several times I found, in much greater numbers than my retinue, people assembled from all the villages around, to stop my progress; sometimes on the summit of a mountain, sometimes in a narrow defile which a single man might have defended against thousands, sometimes on the banks of a torrent. I never hesitated to push forward without paying attention to their injunctions; and I had very seldom occasion to use any of these good people roughly, in order to disperse their astonished companions. Notwithstanding their bold appearance before the engagement, I never saw in them any signs of resistance by open force; but they endeavoured to famish me, in order to force me to retire. They did not dare positively to refuse to sell me provisions, but laid a very high price on them, and the farther I advanced the more they increased it.

At length I adopted the resolution which I ought to have taken in the first instance. I dictated the price myself, on a very liberal scale, and warned them that, if they did not submit to it, I would plunder the village, and carry off their cattle: a menace which was sufficient for my purpose, and which I had never any occasion afterwards to repeat.

From so cold a country I have not been able to bring a very large number of organic productions. My collections are, nevertheless, considerable, and, contain a great number of new objects. The excessive nakedness of the mountains was favourable to geological observation; and I do not think I flatter myself in putting a pretty high price on those I have made.

English hospitality, so far as I am concerned, is truly admirable: the most flattering attentions have always been paid to me. But here especially, I have had the happiness to form, in a few days, quite a familiar acquaintance with my host, the king of kings, like Agamemnon of old, for he governs absolutely a number of petty mountain princes; and my residence at Semla will always leave me most agreeable recollections. For four months I had been deprived of all European society. None of my people speak a word of English, my adopted language; and I have heard nothing during the whole duration of my solitary journeys, but the wretched Hindoostanee mountain patois.

With your letter, my dear Dunoyer, I found here a

number of others, come from the same point, but of an equally old date; nevertheless, from the English newspapers, I have learnt European news up to the 1st of June. On quitting Calcutta, I had made a very secret vow to forget the things of that part of the world, or at least not to think of them so long as I should be in this. Impossible! and lo the English newspapers are no longer sufficient to give me a satisfactory account of our political affairs. I related my distress to Lord William Bentinck, who is five hundred leagues from hence, and receives several French journals regularly. He will be so good as to send them on to me, after having read them. Sometimes I fear that the king is still more of a fool than a coward, and that the *dénouement* of all this will be a revolution. If we were forced to come to blows, I know very well who would remain master of the field; but I am frightened at the immense number of good timid people always ready to second passively a movement of reaction. I think the bastard system, imposed on the Martignac ministry by the composition of the chamber at that period, was rapid enough in its legislative ameliorations to allow us to have patience with it, at the same time that it caused the votes in parliament to be for us, and brought the great body of the nation out of it, to our side. I am waiting with great impatience for news of the 3rd of June. What becomes of Algiers?—and Greece, the crown of which Prince Leopold's declaration

permits no honest man decently to accept on the conditions prescribed by Wellington? Who is to be regent in England? The answer to all that is, that it is fourteen thousand miles from Calcutta to London, and fifteen hundred from hence to Calcutta; and that the post in India goes on foot, and tigers sometimes eat the letter-carriers.

Adieu, my dear friend: here is a great deal more than I should have written to you, if I had read the book of M. Jullien (of Paris, mind!) on *the employment of time;* for I have broken in upon your leisure, and left myself but a small share to answer a little mountain of letters from all corners of the world. If you think too much is not enough, deprive posterity boldly of a page of *real essences*, and go and pass an hour with my father, who will tell you more. Explain, I beseech you, my stoicism, to Madame Dunoyer; and if you think she will allow me, add some dose of friendship to the respects which I beg her to accept. As for you, my dear Dunoyer, without any more ceremony, I embrace you with all my heart.

TO M. ELIE DE BEAUMONT, ENGINEER OF MINES, PARIS.

Semla, in the Indian Himalaya, October 24th, 1830.

So many people whom I have never seen before, call me and write to me, *my dear Sir*, that I shall henceforth suppress the *Sir* to you, my dear Beaumont, and beg you will have the kindness to make the same reduction in my favour. People of our age, with friendship for each other, ought to call each other ingenuously by their names. I have no reason to treat you more ceremoniously than Charpentier or Adrien de Jussieu, both of whom I did not know till after you. When I return to Europe, I shall perhaps find you married, and grown ten years older by that simple fact; then the ice of our past ceremony would be very hard to break. Let us break it, then, before it grows too thick, and call me Jacquemont in return for calling you Beaumont.

The acre of scrawl which will accompany this note will prove to you that my thoughts have anticipated yours. Your letter of the 22d February last has only this moment arrived. I wrote to you more than six weeks ago. I reckoned that by this time that long letter would have been at least at Calcutta; but I kept it here by mistake—it is very lucky that it was not

lost*. It answers by anticipation several parts of yours, without excusing me, however, from returning to it.

Every one is talking of the fame which you have just acquired by your ingenious discoveries. I shall esteem myself happy if I bring back some proofs of the justice of your views; and in spite of wild elephants, tigers, and, what is worse, of dangerous fevers, of which the forests covering the foot of the Himalaya are the constant abode, I shall go and collect them there. As for animals, though it would be an excess of scepticism not to believe in them, I give myself little concern about them; and as for the Jungle typhus, I rely greatly on my dry and tough fibre and my alimentary regimen, to preserve me from it. I shall have finished this expedition in a fortnight, and shall perhaps have some leisure at Sharampore to tell you the result.

I have found, accumulated here, all my collections made during the space of six months in the Indian and Tibetian Himalaya, and am busied with the cares necessary for their preservation. I likewise found a little mountain of European correspondence, formed here during my absence. I must answer on all sides; and it is almost without pleasure that I scribble these lines to you, bewildered as I am with business.

I am rejoiced to learn that you see Mérimee from

* The letter addressed to the same person, of the 9th of the preceding September, was despatched only with the present one.

time to time; I have an extreme friendship for him, with which he will also inspire you, when you know him as well as I do. I suppose he is going on getting an abominable reputation by his literary hardihood, whilst at bottom he is the best fellow in the world. You are more fortunate: your brilliant success against the obscurity of the ancient revolutions of the globe, does not expose you to troublesome interpretations. It is better to show only one's reason to the public, and reserve one's imagination for friends; this is the advantage of those who cultivate the sciences.

You have obliged me according to my taste with your friendly mosaic. There is no doubt a great deal of the ridiculous in the *industrialism* of M. de Saint-Simon, because the exposition of it is exclusively dogmatical, a form without which it would appear perhaps less original, and would border upon a *truism*. But the interest which it excited, and which is also awakened by the doctrines of Mr. Owen, the *Méthode Universelle* of M. Jacotot, all those speculative and practical novelties in short, occupy too great a number of minds not to prepare considerable changes in the formation of human communities. God grant that this slow but inevitable revolution may not be checked, delayed, and turned back in its progress, by vulgar commotions of brute force. I have just run through the English papers up to the 16th of June; they are very disquieting as to the future prospects of France: the question must be decided now, but five months will

elapse ere I can learn its fortunate or deplorable solution.

Adieu, my dear Beaumont. I am ashamed of this disjointed stuff, and shall cut it as short as possible. Thanks for my health, in champagne, at Edon's. This evening I shall make a little speech to my English hosts, and the whole company will rise and drink to my toast of *absent friends.* I shall think of you as I empty my glass.

TO M. DE VICTOR DE TRACY, PARIS.

Semla, in the Indian Himalaya, August 25th, 1830.

If you had ever been deprived, for four months, of all European society, you would understand, my dear friend, the joy I experienced on my return to this place. In order that nothing might be wanting, your letter of the 12th of March was waiting for me, with several others from my family, all satisfactory; and the day after my arrival I received another packet from botanical and geological friends, Elie de Beaumont, Adrien de Jussieu, &c. &c. I am not yet recovered from the very common pleasures of sleeping under a roof, not eating alone, hearing the sounds of a sister language, and receiving at the same time so much pleasant and agreeable news: I still feel a sort of nervous agitation, which scarcely allows me to remain the whole day before a writing table, and which the

fatigue of my long journey across the mountains can alone calm. This must be my excuse for the confusion that must reign in this letter.

I have succeeded, in spite of the jealousy of the Chinese government, in visiting some parts of Tibet subject to its authority. An English physician, some years ago, had almost as much success in a similar undertaking; but he was destitute of the information which might have rendered it interesting in a scientific point of view. Mr. Moorcroft afterwards penetrated a good way beyond the point reached by his countryman the doctor, and that at which I was compelled to stop, since he visited Leio, where he died, no doubt by poison. Before this journey, which proved so fatal to him, Mr. Moorcroft had travelled into another part of Tibet, equally shut against strangers by the suspicious policy of the Chinese. If you have read the account of his pilgrimage to the sacred lake of Mansarówer, you will doubtless have had considerable difficulty in understanding how to satisfy, a vague curiosity, he could have resolved to expose himself to the dangers of a fanciful disguise, and resign himself to the privations of all kinds which it entailed upon him. Mr. Moorcroft visited Mansarower and the eastern Kailas, in the borrowed guise of a fakhir, dumb in consequence of a vow. In his last unfortunate expedition he had adopted the Persian costume, and traffic was the ostensible object of his journey. He could ask questions, but with reserve; curiosity however led him too far: he

gave the lie to his Asiatic dress, and soon perished the victim of his imprudence.

I took much higher ground with the emperor of China: for him I did not change my dress, nor voluntarily deprive myself of all means of observation, without which my journey would have taught me nothing. I directed my caravan in a manner to avoid troublesome encounters as much as possible; and when I could not prevent them, I put a good face upon the matter, and ordered the people, who were collected to stop my progress, to retire immediately. Their astonishment was extreme, and they always withdrew murmuring. You will easily imagine, my dear friend, that I should not have risked menaces, if I had not had the moral certainty that it would prove sufficient to open the road to me. Perhaps these Tartars, if provoked by verbal abuse, would have shown the determination which anger often inspires; but I was as silent as the deserts around us. It was with the most indifferent tone that my Tibetian interpreter, at their injunctions to me to retire, gave them a similar order in reply. I continued to advance slowly, at my horse's or Yak's pace, followed by my men, who marched in close order, most of them loaded with bundles, some armed. My little caravan had an appearance of cool resolution, which left the Tartars to the mildness and natural timidity of their character, and I never met with any resistance but of the passive kind. One day, accompanied only by a few servants,

all unarmed, with the exception of the one who carried my gun, I fell in with a party of two hundred mountaineers, all Lamas from their dress. Though I had already experienced their *circumspection* many times, I confess that I relied, with some misgivings, upon the small number of my men. My interpreter being far behind, I had no means of communication but by signs. I made a very imperative one, and this crowd retired from the pathway; two men only remained in it, who left me no passage. I pushed the first gently; for a violent shock would have precipitated him down the sides of the mountain, which are too steep to hold on by; he caught some tufts of grass, and joined the more docile troop grumbling. The other, who was without doubt the Cid of the band, did not stir. I removed him in the same way without showing any anger. This is the simple recital of my greatest battle.

If I did not know the value of the calling of Tartar-king, I could here perform the double of Dr. Francia. I would willingly undertake the conquest of central Asia with a hundred Gorkhas. The name of these latter is a terrible bugbear, it is true; and my tall white figure, though it has nothing very terrific, appeared very formidable to the peaceful Lamas.

The Indian Himalaya has something in it like Europe. It is covered with forests, whose trees have a family resemblance to those of the Alpine forests: they consist of pines, firs, cedars, sycamores and oaks

differently associated with each other, according to the height of the mountain. Above the limit of the forests, there is green pasturage intermixed with dwarf shrubs, willows, and junipers, and this zone extends to that of the eternal snow. But towards Tibet, the whole region is so elevated that the bottom of the valleys exceeds the level at which the forest stops, on the southern declivity of the chain. The vegetation, reduced to some creeping, thorny, stunted shrubs, and scanty dried grass, forms here and there blackish spots on the margin of the torrents; the sides of the mountain are covered with nothing but what the rushing waters wash down; and the immense horizon offers a uniform scene of sterility and desolation, terminating on all sides by the snowy summits of the mountains.

Such is the strange peculiarity of the climate, that these Tibetian chains, if their height does not exceed twenty thousand feet, are entirely stripped of snow towards the middle of summer. I have several times encamped higher than the summit of Mont-Blanc, and to the north of the 32° of latitude; and as it was always the vicinity of a stream that decided my halts, almost every day brought me an opportunity of examining, at leisure, the rare traces of their singular vegetation. At the same elevation in the southern chain of the Himalaya, I should have been surrounded by scenes of snow.

Though my attention was principally directed to

the study of the phenomena of nature, and the observation of its productions, I did not neglect that of our species, oddly modified, as might be expected, from such peculiar circumstances of soil and climate. One of the most singular traits in Tartar and Tibetian manners, is polyandry. However numerous a family of brothers may be, they have only one wife in common; and it is with absolute confidence in the correctness of the information which I collected, that I consider the feeling of jealousy to be entirely unknown to this strange people, for it never disturbs the peace of these populous households. I could scarcely make myself understood when I inquired, whether the preference of the wife for one of her husbands did not sometimes cause quarrels among the brothers. This is certainly a most ignoble compensation for polygamy, which prevails throughout the rest of the East.

The collections of natural history, which I made in the north of the Himalaya, could not be very considerable; nevertheless the number of objects I have brought from thence exceeds my hopes, and I think that most of them are new.

My geological observations, on the southern girdle of this great chain, so far confirm the views which M. de Beaumont has hazarded concerning the period of its elevation. But in the same way that he has proved certain parts of the Alps to have been raised at different epochs, the Tibetian Himalaya, according to my

observations, appears also of a different age, (not of geognostical formation, but of elevation,) from the Indian Himalaya.

As for the age of its geognostical formation, the researches with which I have been occupied to determine it, have put me in possession of an immense number of facts, from which I hope to deduce a very simple and satisfactory theory on the primary earths.

My professional friends are urgent that I should send them from time to time a scientific paper which they might publish as a certificate of my existence. I am as convinced as they are of the advantage which would result to me from such publications, but I absolutely want leisure; and if I wished to write some pages with care, pages which I should not regret at any future time having written, I immediately feel the want of books, which are not at hand. I had rather pass for dead than for dying, which might be concluded from feeble and neglected works. I cannot flatter myself that I shall bring home from my journey materials enough to live *upon India* for a score and a half of years, as M. de Humboldt has done on his concerning America; but if I could, I should not like such a thing.

I am now ready to descend into the plains; but whether it will be to proceed to the south or to the north, I know not.

I am negociating with the rajah Runjeet-Sing and the government of Calcutta, to obtain from the latter permission to leave their states by the Sutledge,

and from the rajah that of entering his. This point being gained, I shall have to run after Runjeet I know not where, for he is making war on the revolted Afghans of the Upper Indus. I shall have to make a score and half of bows, give him a few louis for a Turkish dress, and remove the suspicions which he conceives of all Europeans.

How charming it would be for us to meet again at Paray, when you will have so many nice new things to show me there, and I so many stories to tell you! How much more should I be attached to that secluded and tranquil spot, if, on returning to France, I could spend the winter with you there, free from care, re-perusing the journals of my travels, and preparing some work which might draw my name from obscurity.

Thanks a thousand times for the details of your long and kind letter. I keep my reflections on these novelties to myself, for my letter would be endless.

The extracts from our journals in the English papers, selected without discernment by the journalists of Calcutta, and which reach me here after this double test, give me great uneasiness concerning the issue of the absurd quarrels at present carried on in France. With an august imbecile like ours, there are no longer any probabilities to guide one in conjectures about the future.—Every thing is possible; and the circle of possibilities encloses great misfortunes! I shall know in a fortnight the result of the first electoral operations, but I easily foresee it. What I cannot foresee is the con-

sequence of a new liberal majority in the chamber of deputies.—Adieu, my friend. I wish to turn my thoughts from such melancholy and irritating subjects. Adieu! Write to me oftener; speak to your father of my filial attachment to him, and remember me kindly to the rest of your family. A few words more to answer what you tell me of your children. Is it not ten years ago since I began to say that Louisa would one day be very beautiful, and the same time nearly that I made the engagement for Mary, which she keeps? Adieu again; I love you and embrace you with all my heart.

TO M. JACQUEMONT THE ELDER, PARIS.

Semla, in the Indian Himalaya, October 28th, 1830.

My dear Father.—Among my European, American, Asiatic, and African correspondents, I have already written thirty-four letters (some of which will come to you), and I have not done yet, although I have limited my correspondence to what is strictly necessary. I wanted to keep you for the last, but I knew not when your turn would come; so then, without farther preamble, I shall answer your two letters, which I found here on my return from Kanawer, on the 13th of this month. It is a great affair to reply properly to six pages of your close and small writing. But fortunately several of my letters, written since my

departure from Calcutta, will have satisfied you on many points which made you uneasy at the date of your No. 13. You hiss the wild elephants, tigers, lions, and serpents; and you care very little for the blanks in your map designating the *unexplored countries* which you find sometimes on my route, or for the 12mos. (with regard to which my opinions do not vary), &c. &c. If there is any other danger about which your affection alarms you on my account, tell Porphyre to show you how to make a *rule of three;* and from my success against the obstacles which your perfect security about me has drawn up in battle array, on my road, conclude that I shall be equally fortunate against future difficulties.

I am returned from afar; I have often been very cold; I have had a hundred and eighteen very bad dinners;—but I think myself amply recompensed for these Trans-Himalayan miseries, by the interesting observations and vast collections which I have been able to make in a country perfectly new. The Tartars are very good sort of people. It is true, that to please them I made myself a little heathen after their fashion, and joined without scruple in their national chorus, "Houm! mâni, pani, houm!" and liberally distributed among them fifty pounds of tobacco, to enable them to smoke the calumet of peace with me. Near Ladac, however, they endeavoured to stop my progress by the excessive price they put upon the provisions of which my caravan stood in need. Their refusing them altogether, which they should have done as faithful

Chinese subjects, would have been compelling me to plunder their villages, and take by force what I required; but their circumspection preserved them from such a measure. I however considered the excessive dearness of their consent as a refusal, and reformed the prices by authority, still leaving them very high. I added the formal threat of plunder, if my camp was not well provisioned on these conditions; and I was allowed to want nothing.

If I was not the son of so great a philosopher, hereditarily insensible to worldly greatness, I should not have returned to Semla, but have remained in Tartary, king or khan of some villages. Assisted by three servants, I literally took the fort of Dunker, in Spiti, which you will find somewhere astride on the 32° of latitude.

Sabhatoo, October 31*st*.

If I were not candid, as the Baron de Stendhal calls me, I should not want matter for plenty of stories; I will only tell you that I believe less than ever in adventures, precipices, &c. &c. I used to repeat to Madame Micond, when I formed the project of visiting the Alps with Hippolyte Jaubert, "people do not kill themselves." It was then only a conviction of feeling in me; it is now experience, and of long standing. The English doctor, who travelled without the slightest advantage, part of the journey which I have just brought to so fortunate a close, left half-a-dozen servants on the Sutledge, in Spiti, and in the snows of

the summits of the Himalaya. Of this, he somewhat boasts. He says he experienced excess of sufferings, when they had to pass the highest gorges. I encamped, and even sojourned in places at a greater height than those over which he only passed, and felt nothing of these miseries. But I drank water, and he brandy. Not one of my people (and I always had fifty) was seriously indisposed in this more than six months' expedition; there was not a fall, nor an accident of any kind. I learned the value of discipline on board the Zélée of immoveable memory; and I introduced some of it into my caravan, to prevent mishaps, or, at all events, to remedy them immediately. My people soon understood that this regulation, which at first seemed irksome to them, was made for their safety and welfare; and on my return to Semla, there was not one who did not wish to remain with me. The English treat them like dogs and beasts of burthen, the labour of which these poor devils in truth perform. For some days I imitated cold English *hauteur*, but returned afterwards into my natural character of a good-natured fellow. I shall frequently regret my mountaineers. I shall no doubt take one or two with me into the plains. Although, since my departure from Calcutta, I have not yet been robbed by my servants, and have still two of my Bengalese, I have not more confidence in them than I had the first day I hired them. The mountaineers are like the poor Lafleur whom Yorick took at Montreuil, full of good will, but not knowing how to

do anything. In this country it is no great fault in a servant to be fit for nothing. My *pahari* will have no other business than to carry my gun and guard my imperial treasure. It will be a sort of insurance which will cost me thirteen francs a month.

You ask me for some personal details about myself. What could I add to those which I have so often given you since my departure from Calcutta? My Semla friends tell me that I am returned from Tibet a little stouter, and that I have brought back with me the appearance of perfect health. I possess the reality of it. I am very brown; I have large mustachios of a distressing colour; no whiskers, long hair, a very small light and flexible palm straw hat, made at Pondichery —every two or three months it is covered with a new black silk shirt; I have not lost a single tooth. Thus I am not a bit the worse. Having returned yesterday to the hot country, I dressed myself in white cambric muslin from head to foot; in the evening, to dine tête-à-tête with my host, notwithstanding our intimacy, I was in full dress, silk stockings and black everywhere instead of the white I wore in the morning. It is my ceremonious and perhaps foppish formality of the evening which permits me to do as I like in the day-time. My Parisian tailor stands greatly in need of a successor; and I shall soon find one at Meerut. Were it not that I am ashamed of exhibiting my calves, which are not so flourishing as my shoulders, I should increase my actual etiquette so far as to adopt

breeches; but I am not yet enough of a philosopher for that. I shall be content with substituting a dress coat for my black frock. The judges in Calcutta often wear trousers; so will I—the whole will be of a thick black Chinese silk stuff (economical). For the mountains, I have thick dresses of white woollen stuff. I have brought from Tibet a stuff of this kind, as soft as a Cashmere shawl, and I now wear it. I have also had a dressing-gown made, in which I do not despair of doing metaphysics in my old age. In cool weather I wrap round my neck a large white shawl without a border, and consequently of no value. In the evening, in order not to be frozen in my tent, I have twelve ells of my superb Thibetan flannel (which cost me ten francs) rolled over my body from head to foot, and I do not look much unlike a mummy. On a march, I never wear stockings; and in the evening, if I can keep my legs warm, I never suffer from cold feet. Formerly this was doubtless a morbid disposition, which is effectually effaced, as well as my tendency to sore throat. I breakfast invariably before I start. This is contrary to the English custom; but it is because their marches last three hours at most, and mine frequently do not end till night-fall. I set out, then, at four or five o'clock in the morning, ballasted for fourteen or fifteen hours, and my meal is very plain. It is a large cup of cow's or buffalo's milk—goat's where there is no better—with some cakes of coarsely ground corn. These cakes are what the natives call their

bread (roti). After trying them six months, I have completely given up rice. The poor sub-lieutenant, when on a journey, drags after him a few sheep. In order to eat meat at dinner, I have only the very uncertain chance of getting an old cock or hen. But I do not sleep the worse for lying down after a repetition of my Brahminical breakfast; besides, if I find honey anywhere, I have my empty bottles filled with it; this rarity I carry everywhere with me, when there is no milk or fowl—for instance, when I encamp in a desert.

I have still four pint bottles of brandy left out of the twenty-four which I brought from Calcutta a year ago; but my majesty's maitre d'hotel has broken—that is to say drunk—about six or seven, and I have used four or five to preserve different objects of natural history. But I have just done an admirable thing at Semla. A man died there the other day. When he was buried, his house and furniture were sold by auction; such is the law. But there were no purchasers, as there then was scarcely any body left in the mountains. I bought a basket of port wine, which connoisseurs pronounce the best in India. It cost me exactly three francs and half a bottle, and it is worth fifteen or twenty. When I have to cross the unhealthy forests I shall drink a small glass to your health, and it will not injure mine.—Very middling claret costs ten francs a bottle at Calcutta. When it arrives at Delhi it is always little better than vinegar. My port is proof

against such a transformation. I shall endeavour to bring you a bottle to make Porphyre tipsy with, or failing in that, Frederic, without any other witnesses. My cellar will be quite stocked for more than a year.—Good news of my cavalry which I left at Sharunpore last April. My host there, Dr. Royle, sub-Wallich by profession, sends me word that I should hardly know my poney again. Happily the soil is very sandy about Sharunpore, where the acquaintance will be renewed between him and his rider; for this extraordinary vigour of my old companion promises me many a fall.

Evening.

Although we Europeans number only seven in this place, I am just returned from a funeral. The deceased was a young officer, who had five or six good reasons for dying; the brain injected, the lungs tubercled to the last degree, the liver disorganised, the peritoneum inflamed, &c. &c. I know this, for I myself opened the body, which appeared to me to gratify the survivors, who begged me to do it. I do not avoid mentioning this event of the day to you, because my head is always cool, I never feel any pain in my liver or bowels, and I can climb and run without being out of breath, the longest and steepest acclivities;—a proof that all parts of my lungs are in good order and perform their functions properly. With the exception of some formidable places, which no one can pass in certain seasons of the year, without exposing himself

to an almost certain death, I do not believe the climate of India to be so fatal as it is generally represented. You recommend me to be my own physician; this I always am. My alimentary regimen is generally so mild, that when I travel or stay in suspected places, I can, by modifying it, obtain medical effects sufficient to remove any suspicion of intermittent fevers which I might conceive. A glass of brandy in the morning before going out, some spices in the evening at dinner, and before going to bed, a little sulphur, sugar, or resin burnt in my tent. I shall henceforth add a *chillum*, or tobacco pipe, in the oriental fashion, adopted by the great majority of Europeans. The tobacco which is stuffed into this little apparatus is mixed with different kinds of dried fruits, particularly apples, and a little conserve of roses; and the smoke, traversing a vessel full of water, reaches the mouth cool and divested of all acridity. Every other mode of smoking is barbarous when compared to this.

But I am speaking too much of myself, although you desired to know all about me. The ignorance which prevails in England about India is inconceivable. The English papers, when they speak of it, are scarcely less absurd than our own. Never believe any thing you read in them. I am perfectly well informed of the commercial and political relations between the English factory at Canton and the Chinese Government, and can assure you that there will be no

war in that quarter for a long time to come. The two governments are sometimes sulky with each other, and the question then is which of them shall not make the first step towards an accommodation: the factory orders all English vessels to remove, suspends its immense purchases, and consequently the receipts of the Chinese custom-houses; and, as a deficiency in this respect would cost the viceroy of Canton his head, it is always he who has to come forward and yield the point in dispute. As for political insurrections in China, nothing is more common, as in every other part of the East. A province revolts, the emperor sends forces there, his troops are very bad and seldom risk a battle; but the hostile forces pass the time in observing each other, and the Government always succeeds in corrupting some of its enemies, who deliver up their chiefs; these have their heads cut off at Pekin, and there is an end of the matter. But they immediately begin again in some other part of the empire.—In the Indian principalities, nominally or really independent, there is constantly the same sport. Look for Belaspore on your map, near Subhatos, on the banks of the Sutledge. The rajah hung his vizier a week ago, and is now here because his subjects have taken the part of the dead man. The prince in short is come to claim the assistance of Kennedy. The latter is making an inquiry, which he will submit to the resident at Delhi, who, without referring the matter to Calcutta, will, no doubt, condemn the rajah to bestow a pension on

the family of the vizier unreasonably put to death, and make him give good security not to repeat such an act. If the people of Belaspore were to persist in not receiving their petty sovereign back, Kennedy would march a company or two of his gorkhas, and all would be restored to order immediately.—We are making war in Bikaneer on the western frontier, not far from hence, which means only a hundred leagues off. Some great feudatories of this wretched crown, refused tribute to their legitimate prince. The latter immediately demanded the assistance of the English; and the resident of Delhi has just ordered three regiments of infantry and one of cavalry to march into Bikaneer. Their approach is sufficient to appease the rebellion. The dukes and counts of the desert will come and arrange matters with the commander of this little expedition. They will pay the rajah something more, in the shape of a fine, and will defray the expense occasioned to the English Government by displacing its troops.

The English officers of the Indian army are exceedingly dissatisfied with Lord William and the Court of Directors, on account of the reduction recently made in their pay. It is possible that a regiment may openly revolt. Twenty years ago, a sedition of this kind, provoked by the same cause, broke out in the Madras presidency: the governor was put on board ship almost by force, and driven away. This happened at a critical period. If Runjeet-Sing had then crossed

the Sutledge, the Mahrattas and Bundlecund, which were not then reduced to submission, and marched to Bengal, the British power would no doubt have re-entered into the limits conquered by Lord Clive;—but the revolted of Madras soon perceived the danger, and returned of themselves to their duty, with the exception of a regiment or two, which the others immediately reduced; and the Government had the weakness not to shoot a single officer. Lord William would have been more severe: his invincible firmness is well known. There are only a few fools who will perhaps brave it without any chance of success. All the officers, however, agreed, in their correspondence with Europe, to draw an exaggerated picture of the exasperation of the army (that is to say of the European officers of the army—for the soldiers and subalterns, that is the Indians, do not take the least part in this quarrel, in which they are peculiarly disinterested), and of the dangers to which it exposes the Government, in order to intimidate the Court of Directors, and obtain the revocation of the economical measures carried into execution by Lord William; but the latter, you may easily suppose, wrote also to the Directors that these dangers were imaginary, and that they must remain firm.

Lord William, on arriving in India, found that the expenses of the Government exceeded its receipts (six hundred millions of francs) by a twelfth, that is fifty millions. He immediately wrote a curious letter to

the Court of Directors, which has just been published in England by order of Parliament:—It would, he said, be the worst of measures to continue on this footing. The imposts must be raised fifty millions of francs, or the expenses reduced by so much. Each of these remedies offers great inconveniences; the latter is the least evil, and I adopt it.—Great joy on this occasion amongst the natives, assured of having nothing more to pay; great anger among the Europeans. They wished the *Dutchman* at the devil (Lord William is of Dutch origin; his great grandfather arrived in England with William, in 1688); they hope he may be drowned in the Ganges, or break his neck in the mountains, whither he is now coming—but be assured that they will not ship him for London.

The Calcutta papers inform me that Rammohun Roy is sailing for London. He is a Brahmin of Bengal, the most learned of the orientalists. He is acquainted with Greek, Latin, Arabic, Hebrew, Sanscrit, and writes admirably in English. He is not a Christian, whatever they may say. He has converted several skilful clergymen of the English episcopal church, who had been sent to him, to Unitarianism. The honest English execrate him, because, say they, he is a *frightful deist.* The Hindoos, of the priestly order, abhor him for the same reason. If I find him in Paris on my return, I

will bring him to talk metaphysics with you. I used to see him often at Calcutta.

The political hubbub in our country often disturbs me: I catch some bits of it here and there in the Calcutta papers, in extracts from the Enlgish journals, but made without skill or discernment. Notwithstanding my scepticism, not to say my habitual incredulity, I confess I consider inevitable a revolution more or less complete. I know well what will be the issue of it, and I do not dread it; but I do fear the passing evils which will perhaps lead to it. I have lately written to Lady William to beg she will send me the French journals, after every body about her has read them. I shall thus have the *Gazette de France*, the *Constitutionnel*, and the *Courrier Français*.

The arrival of the new Governor of Bombay annoys you. It is true that it will render useless the numerous recommendations which I had brought from Europe for General Malcolm. I had also some for the Judges of that presidency; but they have all died within the last two years, and their successors also. However one remains firm, the *Chief Justice*. He is an intimate friend of Sutton Sharpe's, and was only a barrister at Bombay eighteen months ago. I have so admirable a letter for him from Sharpe, that I do not doubt of being perfectly well received. He is moreover a young man of four-and-thirty, and of our

own school. He will serve as my introducer to Lord Clare, whom nobody here knows.

Adieu, my dear father. I am now going to discharge my account with Porphyre. It will be long, and you will find in it all that is wanting in this. Kind regards to every one. Adieu!—Once more, I am in excellent health, and next year shall get excellently well over thirty. I embrace you with all my heart.

TO M. PORPHYRE JACQUEMONT, PARIS.

Sabaton, November 1st, 1830. *Sobatoo, Sabatoo, Subatoo, Subhatoo, ad libitum.*

My dear Porphyre,—My last letter was a very long one, and accompanied one to our father of an equal extent; both dated from Nako in Hangarang, the 26th August. It replied to two letters which had miraculously succeeded in finding me in Tibet; but it contained also a great deal more. For fear it should be lost, I return to a part of its contents, without which this would be unintelligible. Runjeet-Sing, king of Lahore, has several French officers in his service. His generalissimo is a Monsieur Allard, formerly aide-de-camp to Brune, who, I think, has shown himself at several Asiatic courts for the purpose of obtaining a military command. He has been in

Egypt, Syria, at Constantinople, at Teheran; and he came at length to Lahore in 1822. Runjeet did not engage him until he had obtained the consent of the English Government; for, according to the terms of the treaties, he ought not to admit any European into his army. But British policy having changed considerably since the time when this treaty was made, the cabinet of Calcutta answered the rajah that they did not insist upon the execution of that article. Since that period they have allowed several other French military men to travel, without molestation, from Calcutta to the frontier of the Sutledge, particularly a younger brother of M. Allard, whose avowed object was to enter Runjeet-Sing's service. The British Government beholds without jealousy these attempts at discipline and European, though French civilisation, beyond the Sutledge, and the individual English appear to entertain great good will towards our countrymen in the Punjab. Of M. Allard, in particular, I have never heard them speak but with esteem.

Jacquemont here gives M. Allard's letter, which the reader has seen before; then his own, and adds—

Here is the answer which I found at Semla, the 13th October last.

"*Umbritsir**, *September 27th*, 1830.

"Sir,—Your answer, which I expected with the greatest impatience, has reached me at Amretsir, where the rajah usually collects his troops for the festival of the *desere*. When I had the honour of addressing you, I flattered myself that you would receive my letter with pleasure; but I was far from expecting that it would draw so many obliging things from you, which I receive with gratitude, but which add nothing to the sincere desire I have of being useful to you. I shall be happy if, from my situation in this kingdom, I can facilitate the scientific discoveries which, with truly astonishing courage, you are come to make in regions so full of dangers. However, my good will, to which will be joined that of my good friend and brother in arms, M. Ventura†, who is not less impatient than I am to become acquainted with you, gives me the certainty of easily smoothing many difficulties for you, if you decide on crossing the Sutledge. It is true that our rajah is not pleased to see Europeans coming from India, visit his kingdom, particularly the province of Cashmere; but if you could obtain letters from the Governor of Delhi for Runjeet-Sing‡, or

* Umbritzir, or Amratsir, Umretsir, Amretsir, &c., is a large city, between the Sutledge and Lahore; it is the holy city, the Rome of the Seikhs. (Author's note.)

† Ventura, an Italian officer in the service of Runjeet, formerly in our army. (Author's note.)

‡ Runjeet, Runjeet-Sing, the Rajah,—Maradjah,—one and the same person, King of Lahore. (Author's note.)

even from Captain Wade*, the first difficulties would be removed; and as to what remains to be done, it will be our place to provide for your safety and necessities: all these things are necessary for a countryman of ours, such as M. Jacquemont, to travel in the Punjab. Lord William Bentinck and Sir Charles Metcalfe did not deceive you when they assured you that a journey into the country of Kabal was impracticable. To undertake it would be to expose yourself to almost certain danger. I address my letter to Dr. Murray at Loodheeana, who will have the kindness to forward it to Captain Kennedy, in order that it may be delivered to you. I hope it will reach you soon, and that it will induce you to continue a correspondence to which I attach the greatest value. I repeat, Sir, the offer of my services in whatever way they may be useful, as also the assurance of the high consideration with which I have the honour," &c. &c.

My reply to this second letter from M. Allard was, that I had determined on paying him a visit, and to put his credit with the rajah to the test. I wrote at the same time to Lord W. Bentinck to inform him of my design, and to beg of him to procure for me, in the form most favourable to the success of this negociation, a letter of introduction to Runjeet. I shall have his answer in twelve days or a fortnight.

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* Political agent at Loodheeana, subordinate to the Governor or Resident of Delhi. (Author's note.)

Runjeet-Sing is not without resemblance to the Pacha of Egypt. No doubt, Europeans in his service are exposed to occasional injustice, but nothing very grievous. When M. Allard has reason to complain of Runjeet, he is not afraid to look coldly on him for a month or two; and he knows how to oblige the rajah to reconsider the measure which had justly offended or irritated him. Runjeet has a singular tact in discovering suspicious adventurers, and getting rid of such characters.

I have begged Lord William to entitle me *Lord Physician Victor Jacquemont*, and to support the title of *hakim*, I shall carry with me some pounds of cantharides. Mr. Elphinstone, in his embassy to Cabul, made himself adored for the Venetian pills which he distributed. One of the most common diseases in the East is precocious impotence. The Levantines know very well how to relieve themselves from it, from time to time, by the use of cantharides; but to the eastward of Persia such means are unknown.

Whatever Dr. Wallich may have done, or caused to be done, there will remain a sufficiency of novelties for me to afford a pretence for a book on botany, which will not merely be a *flora*, that is to say, a description of the different species of plants in the Himalaya; and, if I am not mistaken, the book of which I have an idea, not a very voluminous one, will not be devoid of interest. I shall compare the

vegetation of the Himalaya with that of the Alps, the rocky mountains to the west of the Missouri, and the lofty Cordilleras of equinoctial America.

Six months of geological observations, occupying many pages of my journals, will permit me to produce something different from the vulgar work, of which many parts of the Himalaya have frequently been the subject: that is to say, a local description. From the whole of my observations, I think I shall be able to conclude against the ideas generally admitted concerning their primitive formation. I cannot deny to M. de Humboldt the correctness of the observations which he has made in the Cordilleras and in Europe; but I think the statement of my own will render his very doubtful. A book of geology on the Himalaya, or on the geology of the Himalaya, will be much more sought after in England than in France; and I presume that an English version would find a sale in London. I think I shall give myself the trouble of translating myself into that language, with some variations, so that the English book may not be considered a mere translation, made by a translator at so much a sheet. Perhaps I shall find something besides trouble in writing in a foreign language? Even now I should have the boldness to undertake such an affair; and certainly it will become still easier to me in a few years. My English correspondence, of which I often complain, will have been very useful to me.

Eating creates appetite. If I pass some years in

the Punjab it will not be without acquiring a perfect knowledge of the *quantity* and *quality* of the Persian requisite for the transaction of official matters; and amid the political changes which the future reserves for our country, perhaps I shall for a time find some advantageous employment in the East! Laugh at me, my dear Porphyre, and I will join heartily in the chorus. But it is amusing to build aerial castles in a smoky hut.

I have received the *Annuaire du bureau des longitudes* for 1829; but alone, and without any letters in company.

I neither eat opium nor chew betel—no European chews betel, very few eat opium. I have just accepted a little present from Kennedy before leaving him; it is a hookha, of which I will make you a present on my return, if it is not stolen between here and Paris. You talk to me of cigars—the hookha is not portable, it is a rather complicated apparatus, weighing three or four pounds; but the smoke you draw through it is so mild, so cool, and so perfumed, that I predict you will keep one in your old age, and I hope it will be my Himalayan one. I do not see why Sir John Malcolm's departure should annoy you. No one here knows Lord Clare, his successor; but I shall arrive in Bombay no less well recommended on that account.

To-morrow Kennedy goes back to Semla. I shall at the same time go down into the plains with a new acquaintance, who pleases me much: this is Mr. Fraser,

the viceroy of Delhi, a civil, judicial, and financial officer of the highest rank. Mr. Fraser was in the Punjab with Mr. Elphinstone, of whose embassy he formed a part; he is the person best informed concerning the Seikh country. My meeting with him is providential. The day after to-morrow he will continue his route to Delhi, and I shall return hither, whence I shall start again next day for Sharunpore, through Nahun. I am not yet accustomed to the singular attraction which I exercise over the English: its effects often astonish me. I have what is much better than the pleasures of self-love: the sincere attachment to me which many evince. At Semla I frequently saw an invalid officer, Kennedy's friend and predecessor. He left us some days ago for Hyderabad (the capital of central India), of which he has just been appointed viceroy. Our hearts swelled as we said good-bye. I shall be very melancholy to think that I may never see that good and amiable man again. I shall be gloriously feasted if I go to Hyderabad. The people who please me most are the military men detached from their corps, and employed for a long period in political duties, or more frequently in political, civil, judicial, financial, and military all at once. It is from them that I obtain the best information about the country. I seem like one of their comrades.

P. S. Umbala, in the country of the protected Seikhs, quite at the top of the map. 9th February, 1831.

What things have happened, my friend, since the

commencement of this letter! Do not be angry with me for not finishing and despatching it to you sooner. I was waiting from day to day, in order to have some good news to send you—but none arrives from any quarter.

TO M. JACQUEMONT THE ELDER, PARIS.

Delhi, January 10th, 1831.

How shall I begin, my dear father? My last letter, written at Semla and Subhatoo, was dated the 1st November. The most recent news from Europe for us folks in the Himalaya, came down only so far as June; and now I have just been reading the *Débats* of the 8th August, and the *Gazette de France* of the 10th, and I know the whole series of events that have filled this interval.

It was towards the latter end of November, when at Sharunpore, that I heard the first sound of the tocsin. It was at night, after a long day's study, spent far from Europe, and I was about to lie down and sleep on the thoughts of the day, when a messenger arrived in my camp at full gallop. He brought from a neighbouring European habitation a Calcutta Gazette, printed in an unusual form, bearing this title in large letters,

"THE NEW FRENCH REVOLUTION."

I accepted the chance of it at once, and bargained for freedom at the price of some thousands slain and a

month of civil war. The perusal of my bulletin soon informed me that the Parisians had made better conditions. Not that the slain were wanting; but it only required three days' fighting to crush the counter-revolution at Paris. The great towns in her vicinity had done like her; and, although my undigested chronicle stopped at the 31st of July, without answering for even the events which it related under that date, I slept peaceably till morning, without fearing to be awakened by fresh gun-shots.

This news had been brought to Calcutta by an English ship, which had sailed from Southampton on the 2nd of August. Since then, another has arrived from Bourdeaux, having left that city: it entered the Ganges with the tri-coloured flag, which was immediately hoisted by all the other ships of our nation moored in the river. I was at Meerut, the largest military station of the English in India, when the flood of news which she brought, arrived there. Friends and strangers all came to congratulate me on being a Frenchman; I defy M. de Lafayette, in America, to have shaken more hands in one day than I did. My host, a cavalry colonel, who was the only one of his regiment that escaped at Waterloo—not without a ball through his body—wept for joy as he embraced me. Enthusiasm had put the rigid etiquette of English manners to the route; the *sauve qui peut* still lasts! I might throw my passports, and letters of introduction, into the fire, change my name, and, preserving only my French

tionality, and set out for Cape Comorin—there is not an European in India that would not receive me with open arms. These enjoyments are new to me; I cannot describe them. All shades of political opinion among my hosts are confounded in the same feelings of admiration, love, and gratitude to the French name; and as I am the only one that bears it, I receive proofs of these feelings from all sides.

All the civil and military officers of this province joined in giving me a fête on the last day of the year just ended. Of course, a constitutional and moreover an English *fête* was a banquet, and you may guess that I did not escape from this enthusiasm without a speech; but I was wound up to the same pitch as my hosts, and words cost me nothing.

The following, among many others, is the best, I think, of my English improvisations: do not forget that it came after several toasts and furious cheers in favour of France and plenty of bottles of Champagne.

" Gentlemen, I have no words to express to you the tumultuous feelings of happiness that excite in my heart your hearty cheers for the prosperity of my country. If any thing can console me for being so far from it when I might have shared in the dangers and in the glory of my fellow-citizens, it is certainly the present circumstance of my sitting a guest at your banquet; it is the sublime spectacle of your enthusiastic sympathy for the righteous victory of my countrymen in a holy cause. I shall remember always with the deepest emo-

tion this memorable, this most poetical occurrence of my life. These British acclamations for the liberty of France, resounding in this far distant land of Asia, at the gates of Delhi, will awake in my grateful heart as long as it breathes, a poetical echo of admiration.——Here I resume these glorious colours which adorn alike your breasts in this patriotic meeting, and which wave over us, mixed by your friendly hands, with the noble colours of free England. Gentlemen, let us hope they may be never divided! Too long indeed they were opposed to each other!—Both then waved over victories unparalleled hitherto in the records of history.—Mournful were those victories, which proved often ruinous to the conquerors as well as to the conquered!—Gentlemen, it is not as the symbol of the military glory of my nation that the tricolour is so dear to me.—I am a man before I am a Frenchman; I do not cherish the recollection of a glory bought by the miseries, by the oppression of all the continental nations of Europe, and by the political servitude of France herself. I admire—but I lament that glory which united all the people of Europe in a feeling of hatred for the French name, and which finally made, twice, the deserted eagle and the independence of my country a prey to the storm of European popular revenge. The gallic cock which surmounts the tricolour banner of the 28th of July brings to me no such recollections: it is not a bird of prey, a symbol of conquest; but a national and spirited emblem of industry, of watchfulness, and of strength

also, and of undaunted courage. Iniquitously attacked by the Prussian eagle during the domestic struggles of our first revolution, it drove it fiercely back to the Rhine.—Had it stood there—had it not undergone its imperial metamorphosis, and flying over the frontier, inflicted desolation on the people of Europe for the wrongs of their kings!——Gentlemen, believe me that those feelings which I have so feebly expressed to you through a foreign language, but which live so warm in my heart, are shared in by the immense majority of the generation to which I belong, and which now assumes the political power in my country.—Believe me, that equally proud of British friendship, equally convinced that the union of France and England, the leaders of modern civilisation, would prove a blessing to both, and countenance everywhere the generous efforts of liberty, and secure throughout Europe the steps of social improvements and promote human happiness—believe me, Gentlemen, that all my countrymen would rise with me and rapturously propose with me the toast I beg to offer: FRANCE AND ENGLAND FOR THE WORLD *!"

It, of course, costs my modesty as an author a great deal to add, that flattering murmurs several times interrupted me, and that these agreeable murmurs swelled more than once into a thunder of applause—but as an impartial historian, I am forced to confess it.

* The above speech is in Jacquemont's original English (T.)

Do not from that, my dear father, form an unfavourable opinion of the literary good taste of my friends; but recollect the place, the circumstances, the Great Mogul near us, &c. &c. All to me was like magic.

I had very seasonably disciplined myself to the fire of speeches at Meerut which I chanced to visit at the time of the grand military reviews, each of which was followed by a dinner given to the inspecting general officer. I was at all these parties without being able to help it, and they seldom terminated without a toast to the health and success of the traveller, &c. &c. "May he sometimes forget among us that he is far from his native country," &c. Every morning I made new resolutions of insensibility for the evening, in order to speak better; but they always failed me at the hour of need, and yet I did not regret them: for my thanks, receiving immediate birth from the compliment which called for them, were always favourably received.

I travelled in one day from Sharunpore to Meerut, though the distance is eighty-four miles. My Meerut friends arranged for me that which does not exist anywhere in India, relays of horses to the number of nine. I arrived at dusk, so little fatigued that finding my host, Arnold, ready to mount his horse for a ride, I asked a tenth horse of him, and accompanied him without delay. My friendship with that excellent man is really an odd thing. We both live in a very different order of ideas. The exterior of our ex-

istence has no greater resemblance. He is a brilliant, superb cavalry officer, dotingly fond of his profession and of the magnificent corps which he commands. But you know it is my fate to please the English. I suffer it to take its own course, for I really am not aware that I have any thing to do to attract it: this kindness to me seems spontaneous.

It is three days' march, about forty miles, from Meerut to Delhi, which I galloped over with my "*fidus Achates*" between breakfast and dinner on the 15th of last December.—The evening before, I had received your letters, Nos. 16 and 17 (15 is still on its way with its companions, Beaumont's book, &c. &c.) and one from Lord William Bentinck, in answer to mine from Semla, in which I expressed my wish to visit Cashmere, and requested his diplomatic good offices with Runjeet Sing to open the gates to me. From Lord William's letter, I hoped, on my arrival here, to find the resident disposed to second me vigorously. But he has received only the most limited powers for that purpose; and as he had arrived at the residence of Delhi from that of Hyderabad, only a fortnight previously, was but ill-informed concerning the relations of his court with that of Runjeet-Sing, and alarmed at his own responsibility, he seemed to be afraid to act on my behalf even in the narrow circle which had been traced for him. I consequently again wrote to the Governor-general. The answer which I received from him to my second letter is a great proof of his esteem.

He has authorised the resident to do for me what has been invariably refused to every British officer who has of late years made similar requests.

By order of the Governor-general, the resident has introduced me officially to the minister of Runjeet-Sing accredited to him. He has explained to him, which is very difficult in Persian, what I am, the nature and object of my studies, the friendship of the English Government for me, the protection with which it has surrounded me while travelling in their dominions, the personal interest which the Governor-general takes in me, and his wish to see me succeed in extending my researches into the regions subject to the absolute power of Runjeet-Sing, &c. &c. In short, this little but delicate negociation was conducted with all possible address and success. I spare you the Persian superlative with which the resident thought proper to load me, in order to give the Seikh minister a high idea of my importance: I was nothing less than the well of science, the VERUM LUCENS of the chevalier Antoine Lafont, *luisant le vrai, jaillisant la vérité**. I think, indeed, that I may certainly rely upon being graciously received by Runjeet-Sing. M. Allard, his French commander-in-chief, has already taken upon himself to send me firmans for all the officers under him who command on the frontier. He enjoins them to obey my

* Le ver luisant, le vrai principe du mouvement des invisibles et des visibles: par le Chevalier Ant. Lafont. Paris, 1824, 4to. —triple distilled nonsense.

wishes, and escort me from Loodheeana to his head-quarters at Lahore. I shall set out in a few days.

I should have regretted all my life not having availed myself of this admirable opportunity of visiting a celebrated country, inaccessible to European travellers since Bernier, in 1663; for Forster only saw by means of a disguise which compelled him to look at nothing. After the despotic prince who, by terror, at present maintains order there, the anarchy which for a century desolated it will certainly revive, and render impracticable every undertaking similar to that which I am about to attempt with so many probabilities of success. It is to the happy chance which brought about the friendly relations I have formed and keep up with the Governor-general of India, that I am indebted for the flattering prospect now smiling upon me. No Asiatic friendship could recommend me, better than that, to the king of Lahore.

Lord W. Bentinck always finds time to write me long letters when my interest requires it, and always with his own hand, although he has secretaries, who have also their secretaries. Yet what does he owe me?—A passport once for all, and no more. It is not the same with the gentlemen at the Jardin des Plantes, whom I had reason to think attached to me by other obligations. However strange this may appear to you, it is not less true that I have not received a single line from them since my departure from Paris. You have announced to me some paltry additions to my allowance:

but what use is my knowing it, if I only know it through you? Is that an authority for me to demand more extended credit in this country? The only funds I dispose of in this country are those which I brought with me; they expire with the year just commenced. Prudence would perhaps urge me to set out for the nearest sea-port, instead of going to the distant regions of Cashmere; but I considered the opportunity offered me of visiting them, as an urgent circumstance, for a century might elapse before it could be afforded to another traveller. When this letter reaches you, I must absolutely have the means of returning sent to me. I should like to see those people, who will perhaps blame me for undertaking this journey, exposed to the fatigues and privations which await me. The pleasures of Cashmere! The delights of an enchanting climate! Oh! many fine things might be said of it for those who remain comfortably seated at their fire-sides in Paris! The tales of the west about the east are truly absurd! Ask Colonel Fabvier what Greece is; I will tell you some day what Cashmere is.

It is not impossible I may have a companion in Mr. William Fraser, the commissioner at Delhi, which means the head of the civil, judicial, and financial administration of that province. Mr. Fraser is a man of fifty, who, but for some eccentricities of character, would hold a higher office than the one he occupies: he would be resident, with two hundred and fifty thousand francs a-year, instead of one hundred and fifty thousand, the

salary of his present appointment. I am only acquainted with him from having seen him for two days at Subhatoo, at Kennedy's, in the month of November last. He was on his return hither from the mountains, whither his health had forced him to emigrate during the frightful rainy season. He pleased me extremely, and I pleased him no less. In order to enjoy each other's company longer, we agreed to travel together two days, each out of his way—and when we parted we were firm friends. This man, possessed of great qualities and talents, to which every body in India does justice, but who is generally considered a misanthrope, I found the most sociable person in the world. He is a thinker, who finds nothing but isolation in the intercourse of words without ideas, miscalled conversation by the society here, which he therefore very seldom frequents. He has travelled much but always alone, because, as he told me, he never met a companion to his taste. The only singularity which I can find in him is a complete monomania for strife. When there is a war anywhere, he forsakes his tribunal and goes to it. He is always the first at a storming party, an amusement in which he got two good sabre cuts on his arms, a pike-thrust in his loins, and an arrow in his neck, which nearly killed him. At this price he has always been able to extricate himself from the actions in which he has thrust himself, without being obliged to kill a single man. This he related to me as the finest part of his history, known besides to all in this country, as is also his humanity. The emotion of

danger is the most voluptuous to him: that is the theory of what is called his madness. Of course, with this form of courage, Mr. Fraser is the most pacific of all men. You would take him for a quaker, notwithstanding his large black beard.

I did not find him at Delhi on arriving there from Meerut. His duties during winter are ambulatory; he had been gone, ever since the 1st of December, to judge appeals in civil and criminal causes, as well as from the financial decisions of the magistrates and collectors of the different districts of his court. He is now transacting his business at Hansi. He wrote to me from thence, a few days ago, to confide to me a thought of his, which, since our separation, he tells me has never left him: namely, to request my permission to accompany me in my journey beyond the Sutledge. The condition on which he will acccept what he is pleased to term this great favour, is the sincere assurance on my part that such an arrangement is quite agreeable to me. I gave it to him with perfect sincerity; and with the same absence of flattery I told him that he was the only man of my acquaintance in India that I would desire as a travelling companion. The reason why he is so desirable a companion is, that being endowed with a superior mind, enriched by long experience in the different branches of Indian administration, he has a multitude of facts to tell me, doubts to remove, and enigmas to solve, concerning the mechanism of that singular government. His mode of life has familiarised him, more perhaps than

any other European, with the customs and ideas of the natives. Hè has, I believe, a true and profound knowledge of their domestic existence, which few others could possess. What information may I not expect from his conversation? Hindoostanee and Persian are like his mother-tongue to him; I shall therefore derive the greatest advantage from his knowledge of those languages.—And if at the corner of some wood a band of ambushed rascals———I should do my best, no doubt; but a little assistance is not to be despised, and I should receive the most vigorous aid from such a companion.—Although I have very little faith in the chapter of accidents, and have rendered you sufficiently incredulous, the imperturbable coolness of my friend may, perhaps, serve as a protector to your imagination against the disagreeable chances of possibility.

Mr. Fraser has asked Lord William Bentinck for leave of absence for ten months. He will, no doubt, obtain it; but the kindness of the Governor-general to him will be confined to permitting him to absent himself from Delhi. He has reason to hope, however, that his hospitable intercourse with several Seikhs of high rank, and his name also, which is as well known on the other side of the Sutledge as on this, will ensure him a good reception from Runjeet-Sing. Besides, he will leave me as soon as his junction with my caravan appears to throw political obstacles in its way.

I forgot to tell you the conditions of our joint expenditure. In truth, I have not thought of speaking

to him on the subject; it being well understood that, as I am the poorer of the two, I shall regulate them as I please. I have seven hundred francs a month to spend this year. If I think proper to stipulate that my companion shall incur no greater expense than this, he will passively submit. I might have only a hundred francs a month; and if such were the case he would cheerfully agree, if I wished it, to limit his expenditure to this trifling sum.

The aerial castles which I had amused myself with building in Cashmere, on receiving the first overture from M. Allard, when I was in Kanawer, are almost entirely vanished. All that I can expect from Runjeet Sing is a Turkish dress and a horse,—two things I little need, and which are always given in the East to persons of distinction on their first appearance at any prince's court. Perhaps,—but that is uncertain, and not less so whether I should think proper to accept it,—perhaps Runjeet, as a mark of his royal favour, may grant me a few rupees a day at the charge of the towns and villages through which I shall pass. This also is done in the East. M. Allard, who is expecting me at Lahore, will there determine upon every thing for me, and each decision of his will present more aspects than one.

My intention,—but God disposes,—is to enter Cashmere by the northern road, that which leads to Peshawar through Attock, and return through Independent Tartary, through Ladak, of which I have

already seen some little, or else by an infinitely more direct route which ends at Rampore the capital of Bissahir, situated on the banks of the Sutledge, five days' march above Belaspore, the name of which pleases you so much.

Semla will be on my road from Delhi. Lord and Lady William, the Major-general of the army, Colonel Fagan, and a number of other people of my acquaintance, will be there to make me forget the miseries of my laborious pilgrimage in the enchanting valley, &c. &c.; not to speak of my former host Kennedy, who will expect me there at the end of September.

All my collections are here, and in a most satisfactory state of preservation. They are all so well poisoned that they have nothing to fear from the ravages of the insects engendered by the climate; moreover they are carefully packed, and ready to take their departure for Paris. Were it not for the expense, I should perhaps make them, with the grace of God, begin their travels to-morrow, on the Jumna and Ganges; but the cost prevents me, and it is perhaps so much the better for their safety; for after all, shipwrecks are very common on these rivers, as is proved by the high rate of insurance on their navigation. Having resolved on leaving my collections here, until I increase them with the products of my campaign in Cashmere, every one offered his house to receive them. I preferred the military store-house, where it is impossible that I shall not find them again, ten months hence, just as I place them now, unless

the powder blows up—or, what is not more probable, unless the English cease to be masters of Delhi.

But a few words about my journey from Subhatoo. There are some very pretty girls there,—a remark I have very seldom had occasion to make to you since I have been travelling in this country. They form a little *corps de ballet*, which has to me all the appearance of being one of the regal acts of magnificence of my friend Kennedy, the least jealous of sultans, and a good friend besides.

I there left the king or rajah of your favourite village, Belaspore, a very hopeful young scoundrel, who used to amuse himself last summer by causing the first comers into his paltry empire to be trodden to death by one of his elephants; and who, being tired of his prime minister, hung him that he might have another. His subjects revolted and drove him away. The fugitive prince came to demand forces from Kennedy, to reduce them. He was far out of his reckoning. Kennedy without ceremony told him he deserved to be hanged himself; and, moreover, that he would take care he did not hang any body else. Lord William has only to make a stroke of his pen to efface these kingdoms.

I had seen the valley of Pinjoor, in company with Mr. Fraser. I therefore came over the crests of the two mountains from Subhatoo to Nahun; but not without accident. I was riding up a tolerably wide but very steep path. My steed, like a true moun-

taineer, was peaceably stepping upon the brink of the precipice, when on a sudden the ground gave way under its hind legs. The poor animal made sundry attempts with its fore feet; and after hesitating a few seconds fell backwards. A proof that I lost my senses is, that I had no idea of my danger. A miracle had placed a small, thorny, stunted tree, twenty or thirty feet below; and I found myself perched upon it, without having the slightest consciousness of the manner in which I had been carried there. In my passage, I only received a contusion on my head, no doubt given me by that of the horse as he fell upon me. As for the latter, I looked down to the valley for his remains, but the miracle was double: twelve or fifteen paces below me there was another tree, which had stopped him in his fall. He waited very peaceably, like myself, till my people went to release him. With ropes, gentleness, and patience, in less than an hour we were both fished up again. We must believe in miracles, for animal magnetism cannot explain this.

Nahun is the capital of Sirmour, a petty kingdom in the mountains, which for the last forty years has been mercilessly clipped by the Seikhs, the Gorkhas, and the English. The rajah has, nevertheless, two hundred thousand rupees a year. His little city, one of the handsomest in India, is seated on the brow of a mountain, which overlooks on all sides deep, humid valleys covered with thick forests. It was in one of these gorges that I met the rajah, who had come

three miles from his residence to receive me. The moment I perceived him, I alighted from my horse; he at the same time descended from his elephant, and we advanced gravely towards each other on foot. We embraced each other on either shoulder, like uncles on the stage; and, after exchanging every other form of Indian politeness usual on such occasions, the rajah invited me to mount his elephant, and climbing up after me, we took the road to Nahun. Several other elephants followed ours, carrying the viziers and other great officers of the modest crown of Sirmour. Some fifty horse, armed and dressed in the most picturesque manner, pressed round us; the foot were much more numerous, and bore silver maces, banners, halberds, the fan, the royal parasol, &c. &c. I had never, till then, seen any thing so like the groups which a European imagination delights in placing in an Indian landscape.

The rajah was a handsome young man of two and twenty, elegant in his manners, like the Indians of high rank in the plains; open, active, and communicative, like the inhabitants of the mountains. He pleased me so much that I remained two days in his capital, spending the greatest part of that time with him. From the bungalow, which he has built for the convenience of English travellers, and which he immediately placed at my disposal, I went each morning, sometimes on horseback, sometimes on foot, to see him in his palace. He received me there with all the pomp

of his court; the morning was spent in conversation, to which we admitted (and it often became matter of discussion) those courtiers whose rank gave them the right to sit on the royal carpet, near the prince's throne or arm chair, and mine. In the afternoon the rajah came, with all his cavalcade, to pay me a visit; examining all things about me, asking the use of each, and admiring the faculty of locomotion belonging to Europeans. We then remounted his elephant together, and went to take a ride about the town or its environs; at night he set me down at my own door. I liked this evening ride, because, being alone on the elephant, we were at liberty to say every thing we pleased to each other. On these occasions, I gave him a little course of lectures on morals and political economy, which would assuredly have been very little to the taste of his ministers. Every year, about five or six English travellers go to Nahun, in order to seek health in the mountains. My young protégé, notwithstanding his politeness, has not succeeded in seeing more than one or two of them, and it was only to exchange formal compliments with them. Nothing, it is true, is so rare among the natives of India as the slightest inclination to become sociable; but the English never try to discover it, nor do they cultivate it if it chance to exist. This is the reason why they remain such complete strangers to the people whom they govern. The climate of Nahun is very healthy; but at certain seasons of the year the forests in the

neighbouring valleys cannot be passed through without exposure to an almost certain death. The use of tobacco and bitter and generous wines, is recommended as a preservative. My old port from Semla flowed plentifully; and Kennedy, when I left him, made me accept a hookha to smoke after the fashion of the country. These precautions succeeded perfectly, and I returned to the plains of India in all the integrity of my mountain health.

I cannot tell you, my dear father, with what feeling of melancholy I found myself once more on the sandy and desolate plains of Hindoostan. They are covered in some places with tall, yellow, withered grass; elsewhere with a poor, thorny, whitish shrub, which gives the same sad and wild aspect to the whole of India and Persia. You often pass near the ruins of a village, consisting of a mound of clay, interspersed with fragments of earthenware, and tombs scattered around. Sometimes you will pass, twice in a single day, through a considerable city, whose buildings and mosques are still standing, and which, though perhaps erected less than a century ago, no longer contains a single inhabitant. I reached Sharunpore by forced marches, in order to abridge this tedious part of my journey.

I have just been reperusing your last two letters, 16 and 17; they both relate to mine from Benares; so that one must wait a whole year between a question and its answer! Be it so!

You wish me to become somewhat of a Sanscrit scholar. You think that being in possession of a great number of the roots of that language, its study would be easy to me. You are mistaken. In the first place, in the Hindoostanee that I speak, that of the upper provinces, the proportion of Persian is much more considerable than that of Hindoostanee. I write in Persian characters; and the system of writing, which after all is but a rather illegible short-hand, is sufficiently difficult to make me dispense hitherto with using the *Nagaree* characters, which are very like the Sanscrit. The Sanscrit syntax is horribly difficult, and the system of compounding words.

But on my return to Paris, I shall say, like the fox, "they are sour," with this difference, that I shall be sincere in saying so. The Sanscrit will lead to nothing but the knowledge of itself. As for Persian, my contempt for that language is unbounded; and I am persuaded that every one who knows a little of it, and is not paid six thousand francs a year for admiring it, thinks of it as I do. I am availing myself of my stay here to perfect myself in it. A young Brahmin comes every evening to pass an hour with me; we do not read, as is usual, the eternal *Gulistan* of English students, but the *Persian Gazette of Calcutta*, written in vile prose, but such as is spoken. The English, who learn Persian, begin by buying lace, and often die without having a shirt. Hafez, Sadi, and other insipid and

tiresome poems of the same kind, are only useless lace to us.

You ask me if I have gathered any of the beautiful white roses of the environs of Delhi? Be you suspicious of those flowers which embalm the whole country. I am still in search of them, without having seen any. Malte-Brun, I perceive, has allowed himself some travellers' licences. The finest roses in the world are those of Paris. Not that fine things are wanting round Delhi, but roses are very scarce.

My manuscript is of a terrifying length. I often think of the means of melting together, or skilfully separating the many different subjects which are crowded together in it. But this would be a difficult matter, and I should not be able to attempt its execution until I reached Paris. We will hereafter hold a council together on it. I imagine that we now have with the Duke of Orleans a little model of a government, quite economical, if such can exist. However, I flatter myself that my friends will obtain something from it for me. I am going to forward a little memorial to support them.

I am expecting your next letters with great anxiety. I do not know the name of one of the killed at Paris; and my newspapers agree in saying that there were several thousands. Fortunately I do not see near our house any public building which may have attracted the battle to its neighbourhood.

Adieu for to-day. I am writing to you wrapped up in shawls and blankets, and my feet in carpets. The sun is however very hot, but the air in the shade is so cold, that there is sometimes a little ice in the morning, and the wind makes the temperature appear a great deal sharper than it really is. There are no fire-places in the houses, at least in that of my host, an old general, who is otherwise without fear, but is singularly afraid of fire in his house. I owe him a dreadful cold which is just over. I forgot to tell you that they have made me a present here of an assortment of medicines which I shall philanthropically distribute among the Seikhs, Cashmerians and others, according to circumstances. I have been advised to carry with me greater quantities of those abominable cantharides pills; stimulants of that description being the most necessary to the Orientals, whom debauchery very often reduces to premature debility, of which the poor devils complain without shame. Dysentery is making great ravages here, especially among the natives. One of my people was attacked, but I succeeded in saving his life. Nine out of ten die of this disease in the hands of the English doctors. The great thing in the complaints of this country is to take them in time. For my own part I scarcely think of them, but am nevertheless always ready to give them a good reception. Make yourself easy, therefore. You talk to me about the plague: it is unknown in India. Adieu; for you to be as well as I am, is all that I wish you.

Camp at Panniput, January 29th, 1831.

Here have I begun a new campaign. Four days ago I left Delhi; to-morrow I shall be at Kurnal on the frontiers of the protected Seikhs, and about the 21st of February I shall reach Lahore. The exercise and irregularity of my travelling life, together with its frugality, have already restored me to my mountain health. Fraser returned to Delhi ten days ago; he doubts whether the leave of absence which he has requested will be granted him. Yesterday I received a very friendly message from him at Samalkha, where I was encamped. With his letter there were two elephants and two trusty and good-looking servants, whose services Fraser begged me to accept as far as Umbritsir; a useful reinforcement to the two poor starved camels which carry my tents. It moreover adds singularly to the pomp of my caravan. My host, at Delhi, who was the general of the division, has also given me a strong escort: this is necessary for the security of my slender baggage during the night. All this nearly justifies the *bahadur*, with which the Delhi engraver has gratified me on the plate I ordered from him for my herald at arms, a servant whom I have just added to my establishment, which you may easily suppose, notwithstanding this increase, to be the worst in India. Your arithmetic will enable you to discover the cause of this inferiority.

Good night. I am encamped here in one of the most celebrated fields of battle in India. It is late; I leave you for dinner—a sad affair, nothing but an old

peacock, but which only cost me a shot this morning. God preserve you from such a *rôti*, and from brackish water to drink!

Camp at Kurnal, February 3*rd,* 1831.

The rain has kept me here two days, and I have availed myself of them to liquidate some little of the arrears of my correspondence. I yesterday despatched a packet containing a long letter to the Jardin, and another for Madame V. de Tracy. To-day I am writing the memorial which you engaged me to draw up to serve as *corpus petitionis* to the solicitations of my friends in my behalf. I will endeavour to despatch it hence to-morrow; and in the leisure of my march to Umbritsir, where I shall have a new opportunity of sending a courier, I shall finish paying the rest of my epistolary debts, informing you at the same time to whom I have written; for letters get lost here. Three days ago the courier was attacked and robbed in broad daylight near Panniput. Other districts through which he must pass on his way to Calcutta are in the same state of confusion. A poor naked man running on foot laden with a bundle of letters is quite a prize to these robbers. Although I have two sentries all night near my little tent, I think myself very happy in the morning when I find under my head the cushion on which I rest, and my shirt on my back. You would not believe the stories of robbers that I could relate to you, since it is not very long ago since I put no faith in them myself.

Six days on foot and horseback in the open air have completely restored me to my wonted state; and I have recovered the enjoyment of my mountain health. Like a true Mussulman, I have made a vow of absolute abstinence from spirituous liquors. I live pretty much like the natives, and I find after several experiments that it is the regimen which agrees with me best. I have a three months' beard, which is three inches long. With wide calico trousers, a green dressing-gown, and a large black fur cap, I shall make a very decent Afghan, if it is thought necessary that I should undergo such a metamorphosis at Loodheeana, which would moreover be very convenient. The dogs in this country bark after a Christian; the buffaloes and cows present their horns, and lower their heads before him; the horses on the road are frightened, turn their heels towards him, and kick at him if he approaches them. But the bipeds of our species make magnificent obeisances to him. It is through love of these obeisances that Europeans in British India persist in retaining their national dress, which gives them as a compensation, bites, kicks, gores, &c. &c.

Adieu, my dear father; remember me kindly to my friends. Tell Porphyre that I have already a square metre of manuscript all quite ready for him, and that I will add another centiare from hence to Umbala. Adieu, once more. I embrace you with all my heart.

TO M. VICTOR DE TRACY, PARIS.

Delhi, January 12th, 1831.

It was on descending from the Himalaya that I learned, in the month of November last, the glorious events of July. So it is all over with divine right and legitimacy, the granted charter and the other absurdities of our old political system! What admiration this victory excites among our former enemies, whose guest I am in these distant regions! What nation has ever awakened the concert of enthusiastic and grateful feelings which rise on all sides for the French name! What a regeneration! what glory!

It was at Delhi that I resumed the colours of liberty! What a remembrance for the rest of my days! If this great drama has a development worthy of its first scenes, it will not only produce a beneficent political revolution in the greater part of the European states, but it will also entirely change the political relations of nations with each other. Envy and hatred have been their bane hitherto: good will and good faith will henceforth preside over them.

I have just read the French papers to the 12th of August, and in the last of these journals I saw with pleasure your name in the commission charged to report on the proposals of M. Bérard. I do not understand the proceedings of the Chamber, I confess: its members seem to forget that a revolution separates them from

the last session. Moderation in victory is a fine thing, but I dread the excess of a good thing.

I honour the Chamber of Deputies of November, 1827, for its address to the king. The principle of the re-elections of the voters for this address, being so faithfully executed, makes the Chamber of 1830 in some measure the same assembly as that of 1827: and perhaps after all we must not be surprised if, under the conditions of its existence, being elected under the double vote, and the minimum of age being forty years, it is not more vigorous.

Nevertheless, it appears to me to have but little understood the immensity of the power which the revolution of July 29th has placed in its hands. A revolution is never made in legal form.

Samalkha, near Panniput, January 28th, 1831.

I was unable to conclude this letter at Delhi, though detained there much longer than I expected; for I was so overwhelmed with business that I had no leisure left to write to you. I am now taking advantage of those moments of leisure which occur on my march through a monotonous and uninteresting country.

Since the day I wrote to you from Delhi, I have seen the English papers up to the 24th of August. Though all their intelligence from France is not equally agreeable to me, I cannot on the whole help feeling satisfied.

Have you not, like me, the melancholy conviction

that there are men who are unfortunately born destitute of every moral feeling? What education could supply this deficiency? Abolish capital punishment if you like, but substitute perpetual imprisonment for it. If your bill passes in France, I am persuaded that it will not be long before a similar one will be proposed in England; and the influence which we are called upon, I think, to exercise on the political destinies of Spain and Italy, might cause the same principle to be adopted there. When all the European governments have thus become quakers internally, war will appear a very strange and horrible thing. You are still young enough to see the dawn of this new age.

Keep for me what you write. Some day or other I shall again be your guest at Paray; there I shall love to follow the course of events which have taken place in our country since my absence, and to read the accomplishment of those projects of which we have so often conversed together. However elegant my little tent may be with its coloured canvass, and however comfortable it may appear to me, in the middle of a plain of arid sand, heated by a burning sun, I would willingly desert it, I assure you, to go and chat by your fireside. But I am not taking the road thither; and from the plan laid down for my journey, you may conclude I do not suffer from the *mal du pays*. I am going to Lahore, and Attock, to visit the banks of the Hindoo-Koh, and then to Cashmere; and I think of returning

to India by Ladac, or some other province of western Tibet. I thought it incumbent on me to visit a celebrated region, the entrance to which is closed against British travellers, by the jealousy of Runjeet Sing. You know, on the contrary, what chances of a favourable reception await me. I have neglected no means of making them more certain: my father will tell you how. He will also tell you that in this affair I have rather consulted zeal than prudence. My credit from the Jardin des Plantes expires with the present year, and I cannot expect to return to Delhi before the 1st of November next. Thus, I have no means of returning to Europe at present. But I have the firm persuasion that the minister of the interior will grant them to me as a matter of urgency, since urgency alone makes me contract the necessity of them. I should, after my return to Europe, have regretted all my life having had an opportunity of visiting these celebrated and mysterious regions, without availing myself of it. Good night, my dear friend; I hope to write you a few lines more from Panniput, where I intend to encamp. I recollect having written to you ten months ago from that celebrated place. I look back with satisfaction at the time which has since elapsed, because I feel that it has been well employed. Adieu.

TO MLLE. ZOÉ NOIZET DE SAINT PAUL, ARRAS.

Delhi, January 18th, 1831.

MY DEAR ZOÉ,—I wish I could write you a volume; but I have scarcely time to send you a few lines. Ask my father about me; I wrote an endless letter to him.

You ask me for a flower; I send you three: one is an anemone, which I found last May among the snows at the source of the Jumna, the most sacred place on earth according to the Hindoo faith; the second is a primrose, a tolerably exact specimen of the humble stature of the Alpine plants of Tibet. I found it only once blooming at a height greater than the summit of Mont-Blanc. Until the whole of my collections have reached Europe, you will be able to boast that you possess, in that humble primrose, a plant gathered at a greater elevation than any of those actually existing in European museums. I add another rarity in the third flower, which I found in Tibet at a still greater elevation: you will recognise it to be a violet. Accept a fourth, which will be the last; it is one of the pacific trophies of my first campaign against the Emperor of China. It enamelled the ground on which I fought his most *tea-ific* majesty's forces (consisting of a few horsemen, whose commander I gave myself the inex pressible satisfaction of seizing by his long plaited tail). I doubt not that your knowledge of botany extends as far as the myosotis; but if I presume too

much upon it, I must inform you that several species of the same genus exist in Europe, and that one of them, extremely pretty and very common by the water side, is called in English, the Forget-me-not.

The field of battle where I gathered it does not deserve to be remarked in a military point of view; but it is seventeen thousand feet above the level of the sea, being three times higher than the passes of the Alps, which Hannibal and Bonaparte have rendered so famous; so that my victories rank considerably above the victories of those two conquerors. You are at liberty to give these plants any specific name you please, because they are all entirely new, as well as all those I have brought from Tibet.

If we are destined not to see each other again, preserve this little flower as a remembrance, and always recollect its name—Forget-me-not.

TO MLLE. ZOÉ NOIZET DE SAINT PAUL, ARRAS.

Camp of Panniput, January 29th, 1831.

YOU are, my dear Zoé, the favourite sultana of my thoughts. I write to nobody so often as I do to you. My friendship alone would explain this; but I suspect that there exists another reason: I long for female society. When I leave the deserts to stop at a British settlement, I meet those of my own sex, sometimes

full of merit and learning. But there is absolutely nothing to be said of the European ladies one meets in India: they may be accomplished wives and mothers, but they are nothing else. They read nothing but the *Mirror of Fashion*, a stupid periodical, principally devoted to the toilet, something like the *Journal des Modes*. They have, it is true, all the external qualities required in good society, but nothing more; and their husbands seem to be perfectly satisfied with the small talents they possess. You have probably heard of the domestic life of the English; well! what is said of it is not truer than a proverb. There exists scarcely any reasonable intercourse between husband and wife, in this the so much boasted English private life. They meet at meal times, and only during the active part of that operation; for when they have done eating, the ladies are politely turned out by John Bull, who feels perfectly at his ease when they are gone. Then the bottle begins to circulate round the mahogany table; and if anything is to be made of an Englishman, now is the time. Meanwhile the poor women remain in the drawing-room, amusing themselves as well as they can, till the arrival of the "lords of the creation," who sometimes keep up this circulation of the bottle so long, that when they enter the drawing-room, they find it deserted, and the lights extinguished.

People of fashion do not now remain long at table after the cloth is removed; but what can you talk about to an English lady? If she attempted to join in

a serious conversation, she would be immediately set down as a blue-stocking, which is a grievous affront. You are playing a fool's part if you are not slightly acquainted with the people whom they may talk about; for things are out of the question, except those which may be collected from the Mirror of Fashion. God preserve me from ever having an English wife!

Thomas Moore is not only a perfumer, but a liar to boot. I am now pursuing the same route that Lalla Rookh formerly did; and I have scarcely seen a single tree since I left Delhi. I am encamped here on the celebrated field where the fate of India has been several times decided: it is a vast plain, covered with jungles, and full, they say, of tigers; but I have only seen a few peacocks, one of which I shot. I am sorry I did so, because it is truly a pity to destroy so graceful a creature, and because, to colour my crime with a pretence of utility, I have ordered my majesty's cook to make a mulligatawny of it for my dinner. Now the very worst of chicken would have been superior to it. I have not the heart to kill large animals which are inoffensive.

I managed so well with my horse and my two elephants yesterday, that I was obliged to walk the whole stage, lost in the jungle; but I feel all the better for it. It is incredible how greatly my constitution is strengthened after a few days of a solitary, frugal, active, and wandering life. My little band has a much better look than when I left Calcutta. I have

men of the upper provinces, much taller and handsomer than the Bengalese; and lately at Delhi I added a sort of lackey or herald, called *chroprassy*, because he wears, like our old uncle *, a broad red belt from the right shoulder to the left side, and a large plate of copper, with a Persian inscription, signifying "M. V. Jacquemont, a very mighty lord." My name is engraved in Roman characters, which is the most imposing of all, as nobody can read it. This man superintends and directs the pitching of my tents, and the grazing of my camels; on the road he follows me, carrying my gun, and immediately seizes any person I may point out to him, even though it should be the magistrate of a village, of whom I want any thing. Moreover, I have infantry of the most regular kind, consisting of a serjeant, a corporal, and eight men. Robbers are so plentiful, and so strongly protected by the indulgent justice of the British, that these my forces are not too numerous.

Adieu, my dear Zoé; this letter is longer than I intended, for I have many others to write less agreeable than this. I hope to receive in Cashmere a letter from you in English, in answer to mine from Tibet. I enclose in this, one of the emerald feathers from the egret of the poor peacock, shot this morning on that historical spot the plain of Panniput. To-

* M. Noizet de St. Paul, major-general of engineers, knight commander of St. Louis.

morrow I shall reach Kurnal, on the frontiers of the British dominions, and those of the protected Seikhs; thence to Loodheeana, on the banks of the Sutledge, there are eleven or twelve days' march. I hope to be at Lahore on the 20th of February, with a beard three inches long, and quite prepared to look like an Afghan gentleman, and to play the part of one. Adieu, my dear Zoé. *Forget me not.*

TO M. JACQUEMONT, THE ELDER, PARIS.

Loodheeana, February 16th, 1831.

My dear Father,—I arrived here the day before yesterday, and am warming and drying myself at the British political agent's, being faithful this time to my hygeinic principle of a bad breakfast and an execrable dinner. I am perfectly well. All goes on capitally for my expedition into the Punjab. The rajah will become to me, that which he often is from caprice, very amiable. M. Allard is loudly calling for me: his horsemen are here at my orders. Nevertheless I shall stay here a few days, to learn how they make the Cashmere shawls, of which country Loodheeana is the out-parish. My host, Captain Wade, is a clever, well-informed man, and his society is equally profitable and agreeable to me. He is the king of the frontier, and an excellent fellow. We visit together the workshops

of the weavers and dyers, on foot, and like plain, homely people, which is seldom the case in India. To-morrow or next day, I shall be introduced to two ex-majesties, Shah-Shoudjah and his brother, each formerly, by turn, king of Cabul or Afghanistan. They live here as pensioners on English charity, which owed them nothing. One of them has had his eyes put out, a ceremony which an Ex of the East seldom escapes.

Adieu!—I leave you to make myself black from head to foot, majestically mount an elephant, and go and dine with the colonel of the garrison, who does me the honour to give a grand dinner on the occasion of my passing through this place. I shall have the courage to drink nothing but milk, whilst the champagne is going its rounds. But health before all things. Good night, I embrace you.

TO MADAME FANNY DE PERCY, PARIS.

Loodheeana, February 22nd, 1831, *on the banks of the Sutledge.*

It is a long time, my dear Fanny, since I wrote to you; but if you knew the extent of correspondence I have to get through, you would not be surprised at the scarcity of my letters.

Lord William Bentinck has just sent me the French

papers of the months of July and August 1830; they contain the latest news I have received from Europe. I have been informed by these papers of the change of situation of some of my friends, and many other things besides; but I would willingly give all this news for a few lines from Porphyre or my father.

There are two ex-majesties here, who preserve the title, and before whom I did not appear without taking off my shoes; these are Shah-Zeman and Shah-Shoudjah his brother, formerly kings of Cabul, Afghanistan, and Cashmere, and great sovereigns twenty years ago. The British Government sent them a magnificent embassy, and sought their alliance, at the period when the presence of General Cardanne at Teheran raised some suspicion in the cabinet of Calcutta with regard to the views, generally not very pacific, of your friend, the great man, as Courier used to say. Mr. Elphinstone, the British ambassador, disputed for a fortnight with the grand master of the ceremonies, and the chamberlains of Shah-Shoudjah, about the etiquette of his presentation to the king. The latter agreed at last to exact from Mr. Elphinstone only thirty-nine bows; while he himself, the king, would show his nose at the window, the ambassador remaining with his whole suite in the court-yard, at a distance of three or four hundred paces.

His ex-majesty has the most magnificent black beard I ever saw; and I found him a very gracious personage. A pensioner on British generosity, to which in truth

he has no claim, Shah-Shoudjah lives here in freedom, but under the surveillance of the British political agent, my present host. By this officer I was conducted to a private audience of the shah, with whom I spent an hour conversing about Cashmere, whither I am going, and where he formerly made war, from Cabul, his country—from his mountains, of which he spoke to me with affecting eloquence. Do you recollect that the women broke open the doors of the hotel Sinet, to see the Tunis envoy's handsome secretary? I know not what they would do if Shah-Shoudjah went to Paris: the national guard would not be sufficient to preserve public order, he is so handsome! The old emperor, Shah-Zeman, has had his eyes put out; he spends his time in devotion, which however does not prevent his having a large seraglio. He related to me his pilgrimage to Mecca, which he undertook after his fall, and after he became blind. There is a numerous colony of Cashmerians here, who manufacture shawls similar to those of their own country, but generally of an inferior quality. Were I richer I would bring you a couple, or rather from Cashmere itself, where I shall be in two months; but I must not think of it.

I am well, very well. Adieu, my dear friend.

TO M. PORPHYRE JACQUEMONT, PARIS.

Loodheeana, on the banks of the Sutledge,
February 23rd, 1831.

My dear Porphyre,—If you knew how I write in the open air, often on my knee, on a tomb, or any thing else I can find, you would not be surprised at the want of coherence in my letters.

On the 16th instant, I wrote to our father a short letter from this place; and I liquidated all my correspondence before I cross the Sutledge, which alone separates me from the Punjab; but I have apprised all my correspondents, that when I have once passed it,——silence! I answer no one.

Lord William has just sent me the *Constitutionnels* for the months of July and August, up to the 26th. My head is still confused with them. I am a royalist to excess, although there are here and there things which hardly please me. In other respects, it is quite delightful: we are all honourable now. For instance, our father is an honourable metaphysician, you are an honourable captain, I am an honourable traveller, Frederic is an honourable merchant; in short, were we nothing that we are, we should be honourable married men, or at least honourable bachelors. That strange Hungarian original, whom I met in Tibet, wrote to me one day in English on an immense sheet of paper: "Sir, I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of the letter

which you did me the honour to write to me yesterday, and I have the honour to be, &c. &c." I sent him to the devil with his *honour*, and replied with *friendship*, that he was out of his senses. What should I say to *la grande nation*, which collectively is the honourable French people? What a farce!—Adieu; I shall perhaps write to you again to-morrow. William Fraser sends me word from Delhi that his affairs with the powers at Calcutta are taking a bad turn, and that he despairs of joining me in the Punjab. I am sorry for it.

An English ship is, for the first time, going up the Indus and the Ravee, to carry a present of Norman and Flemish horses to Lahore, which the king of Great Britain is sending to Runjeet Sing. On the other hand, my arrival at Loodheeana is known at Lahore and at Umbritsir; and the report prevalent in the *bazaar* (literally, in the market, which corresponds with the talk of the cafés and streets with us) is, that my arrival at the same time as the British envoy is not without design. They make me out to be a sort of secret minister from the king of France, deputed to the rajah. As a traveller, like me, does not answer the description of any these people have seen before, I am exposed to all sorts of absurd interpretations. Kennedy writes me that his petty rajahs, whom I saw last year, take it for granted that I am one of the Governor-general's aides-de-camp. Well! there is no great harm in that. Runjeet knows very well who

I am. M. Allard writes me from Lahore that this rajah (Runjeet) talks of the pleasure that he shall have in seeing me—flummery—he is a perfect old fox. Adieu, till to-morrow. I embrace you with all my heart.

TO M. ACHILLE CHAPER.

Loodheeana, on the banks of the Sutledge,
February 24*th*, 1830.

I OFTEN think of you, my friend, but seldom write to you, because, at the distance which divides us, the ordinary dimensions of a letter would not satisfy me, and I want leisure to converse with you at sufficient length, to make you acquainted with my internal and external existence. I recollect, however, that I wrote to you last summer from Tibet. Has my letter reached you? I entered India again on the 4th of October, through the eternal snows of the Himalaya, and resumed my researches on its southern slope. On the 15th of November, I left the mountains. A month after I returned to Delhi, where I was detained by my affairs till the end of January. Now I am journeying towards Cashmere. To-morrow, or next day, I shall cross the Sutledge; but although I shall enter a country absolutely independent of the British power, and which is even deemed hostile to it, I shall not lose all the advantages of British protection. It is a sort of

court coquetry with the Governor-general, that induces Runjeet Sing to allow me to enter his dominions; a favour which the cabinet of Calcutta had hitherto invariably refused to ask of this prince, for other travellers. In the Punjab, therefore, I shall not only be encompassed by perfect safety, but meet with kindness and distinction. The rajah sends his prime minister's son to meet me. I shall let them do as they like till I get to Lahore; but there I shall beg Runjeet Sing to release me from these tiresome honours, and to allow me to pursue my journey *incog.* with only one of his household servants, who will serve me as a guide, and command respect in case of need.

My intention is to visit not only Cashmere, but the whole of the unknown part of the Himalaya, which extends from the Sutledge to the Indus, and to re-enter India through Tibet again. On my return from this expedition, I shall have completed half of a general work which will embrace the whole Himalaya from the Indus to the Burrampooter; and my most ardent desire would be to continue this work—two years will suffice to finish it. I have written to the Minister of the Interior to inform him of my project, and to request the means of executing it. I think it would do some honour to the spirit of scientific enterprise of our nation. A concourse of fortuitous circumstances offers me a crowd of advantages to favour its accomplishment, such as no other traveller

could expect. Every thing helps me, even my French nationality. It is doubtful whether Runjeet Sing's jealous mistrust would have granted to an English traveller that which he allows me; and, again, the personal kindness of the Governor-general follows me everywhere in the provinces subject to his authority. Add to this, a condition which is generally wanting in this country to those who lead the laborious and active life which I do—perfect health; lastly, a correct knowledge of the two languages, Hindoostanee and English. I prefer concentrating my labours on a space so magnificently marked out by nature, to scattering or losing myself in the vastness of all Asia. If my project is well received, I will give up the thought of seeing Persia and Asia Minor. I am now well informed enough about those countries, to be convinced that the plan of the journey in the Himalaya, which I am now carrying into execution, promises more results than any other.

I do not suffer from the solitariness of my life. Whatever consolation or happiness I may have found in friendship, when I was near my friends, it is only since my lot has been cast so far from them, that I have become properly acquainted with all the delicious charm of that feeling. No, I am not alone! If your thoughts follow me they will sometimes meet me. Ah! how often I have secretly conversed with you since we parted. Since that day I have received but one letter from you; I keep it near me, with several

others equally dear to me; and when I am annoyed, I reperuse these letters always with a new pleasure. I have a great deal to praise in the men of this country (I mean the English). I almost always find some sympathy in them, and sometimes a lively one. I have seen few of them who are not cordially inclined towards me, and whom the world would not call my friends; and I give this sacred name to two men, whom I did not know till I came to this country. They have won my heart, and given me theirs. I cannot tell what it is in them that has captivated me. They are both twenty years older than myself, and both unhappy; one from his situation, the other on account of his disposition.

I would speak to you of the scenes that surround me; but their interest disappears in my eyes, before the grandeur of the spectacle presented by France. It was in descending from the Himalaya into the plains of India that I received from a Calcutta newspaper the first news of those great events. Since that time, other vessels have arrived from Europe, which have brought the continuation of the particulars; and a courier of the Governor-general, who is now near Delhi, has just delivered me the series of *Constitutionnels* for July and August.

The reading of these papers has left a painful impression on my mind: the fatigue of living a month in twenty-hours; and such a month! Shall I confess to you, my friend, that the details of the reality have

destroyed the brilliant vision which I had formed of a still purer and greater glory?

The ordinances of the 25th of July attacked the rights of the whole nation. But their attack was more direct on certain classes: the richer and better informed, who had the exclusive privilege of the electoral right, and whose easy circumstances and education caused them more particularly to enjoy the liberty of the press. It was therefore the part of the richer and more enlightened class to be the first in this contest! It appears to me that during the three days they kept behind the people. I have read the lists of the killed, and have found but one name that I knew.

This is not enough! a single name is not sufficient! It is the people that have achieved the revolution—the people rather than we; and yet it was rather our duty to achieve it than that of the people. It was against us rather than against the people that war was declared.

The courage and moderation of the people are admirable; but the victory would have been still more glorious, had it been won by other hands, by ours. Then it would have borne a character of political morality.

Among the victims, I see a great number of poor mechanics, inhabitants of the Faubourgs. The killed and wounded show very well to what classes the majority of the combatants belong. Among them were unhappy mechanics, destitute of all political

education, and who no doubt could not even read. The liberty of the press should not have stood in need of the support of such defenders. I repeat, I honour their courage, I bless it, since it has probably saved us from a civil war at least; but, if I am not strangely mistaken as to the deplorable ignorance that still afflicts the lower ranks of society, it was only a feeling of unreflecting hatred which armed the people against the Government.

After that great victory, I dreamt of a new era in political honesty, a new species of intercourse between nations, and a new eloquence for the tribune and the press——I created an Utopia! The *Constitutionnel* has miserably overturned it. It still speaks of the *necessities* of the *times*. What means this jargon? We still continue to wallow in the mud of parliamentary phraseology; and this corrupted language is but the symbol of ideas which are not very pure.

I know not the fate of M. Victor de Tracy's motion, on the abolition of capital punishment. If it is rejected, and the ministers of the 25th of July are condemned and executed, they will inspire the small number of the sincere men of their party with the same interest which we have for the memory of those noble youths who died for liberty in 1822. God forbid that I should compare the action of the former with that of the latter! but both have fallen the victims of a defeat, after an attack upon the law. The martyrs for liberty had in their favour the internal

feeling, the consciousness of the justice of their cause, of the morality of their action, and assuredly that was not the motive of * * *'s rashness. But M. de Polignac's life has been uniform; it is absurdly consequent upon the principle of the absolute Government of France by a single family. It is possible that he thought he was acting for the best: he has violated the law; let him be punished. I hate him; but I have some pity for him. Let us take care not to say "Blood for blood!"

Popular insurrections have commenced in the Netherlands. Their beginning is not glorious. But this is owing to the cowardice of the middle classes, who have taken no part in the movement. The future prospects of Spain seem melancholy; the van-guard of Spanish civilisation consists of scarcely a few thousand men; and this little force is four or five centuries in advance of the rest of the nation, which remains too far behind them, to understand their manœuvres or to support them. It is the same with Italy.

It was at Delhi that I resumed the tri-coloured cockade. The ancient capital of Timour, which has been for twenty-eight years in the power of the English, is occupied by a strong European garrison. It is also the metropolis of a vast political, judicial, and civil residency. All the officers of the British Government joined, on the 30th of December last, in inviting me to a patriotic dinner in commemoration of

the French revolution. The British cannon accompanied our cheers for the victory of freedom. Strange music for the descendant of Timour, who could hear it from his palace! For my part I never heard any which awoke in me such enthusiasm.

Adieu, my dear and amiable friend; I must return to Loodheeana, from which my thoughts were already very far. I have notes and collections to arrange, workshops to visit, and a thousand other things to do besides. Adieu—speak of me to my friends with the feelings which you know that I entertain for them. Adieu; I love you, and embrace you with all my heart.

TO M. JACQUEMONT THE ELDER, PARIS.

Loodheeana, on the banks of the Sutledge,
February 25th, 1831.

My dear Father,—Maharajah Runjeet Sing is an old fox, compared to whom the most skilful of our diplomatists is a simpleton. At Loodheeana I expected to find the passports which had been promised me by his minister at Delhi, but they had not yet arrived. Runjeet had written to the British political agent residing at Loodheeana (my present host); and though all the while protesting the pleasure he should have in seeing me, he was attempting to begin over again an affair already concluded, and to gain

time with me. I might have cut the matter short, and gone on; but as we every day expected a new courier from him, I exercised my patience. This courier is at last arrived. The rajah, or to speak more politely, the maharajah, sends the son of his prime minister to receive me on the frontier, that is at Falour, on the further bank of the Sutledge. Runjeet himself has marked my stages to his capital, where I shall entreat him to deliver me from those importunate honours. Umbritsir, the sacred city of the Seikhs, is on my road; my travelling companion will do the honours there. As the country from this place to Lahore is nothing but a great plain, cultivated in a uniform manner, I shall not have much to see in it, and shall avail myself of this circumstance to live as much as possible with my spy. I say spy, because one of his duties is to despatch a messenger every evening to the rajah, to inform him of what I have been doing during the day; whether I have gone on foot, or on horseback, or on an elephant; whether I have hunted or drawn; whether I am satisfied or otherwise, &c. &c. I do not know what particulars he may favour the rajah with. You may fancy me on the road to Lahore, starting at day-light on horseback, with my young companion prancing away near me, and a respectable troop of horse following us, the elephants in the rear, and some servants on foot. At each halt, the chief men in the place come to pay their respects to me, being

introduced by the minister's son; and their respects are not without rupees. They will be very agreeably surprised at seeing me touch their offering, without pocketing it. On the road I go on conversing with my companion, he in Persian, and I in Hindoostanee, but which will grow more and more Persian every day. I here increase my house by a chair and a carpet, as I have a thousand visits to expect from people who are of sufficient rank to sit in my company, and not to walk on the ground barefooted. M. Allard writes me frequently, that he longs to embrace me; and for my own part I feel very much disposed to like him. There is another European at Lahore, called Ventura, an Italian, who has served in our armies, and who has on this side the water a great reputation for skill and bravery. He commands Runjeet's infantry; M. Allard being at the head of the cavalry. His letters give me an idea that he possesses literary knowledge and taste.

You can ask at the library of the Institute for the "Account of Kaubul by Elphinstone:" you will find a great deal of information about the country whither I am going; for Mr. Elphinstone returned from his embassy to Peshawer through the country of the Seikhs, which Runjeet was at that time far from being in entire possession of.

The two ex-majesties of Cabul, who are here, received me with less ceremony than one of them, Shah Shoudjah, imposed on Mr. Elphinstone, twenty-

two years ago. These Afghans are magnificent men. I paid Shah Shoudjah a very long visit, because he delighted me by relating the wonders of his mountains of Cabul and his ex-paradise of Cashmere.

Morning 26th.

I have this moment received the following lines from M. Allard.

"Maharajah has just ordered the son of the fakhir Ezis-el-Din, to start with thirty horsemen to meet you. We hope, therefore, to embrace you soon. The young fakhir, Shah-el-Din, sets out at the same time as these few words; but the horseman who will be the bearer of them will be two days before him on the road, in order that you may be in readiness to cross the Sutledge when this young nobleman arrives at Falour," &c.

I hold myself ready, therefore, to start the day after to-morrow, and these lines are the last I shall write to you from British India. M. Allard has an agent here who speaks Hindostanee and Persian equally well: I shall take him to Lahore with me, in order to perfect me in the pronunciation of the occasional diabolical Arabic consonants, which are more rare in Hindoostanee than in Persian, and of a less guttural sound. I hope to write to you from Lahore in less than a fortnight, and to give you a good account of Runjeet.

There was a little ice this morning, but it is the last cold of winter, and the sun is already very hot at ten o'clock.

I have still the same horse which has carried me

from Calcutta to the foot of the Himalaya: he continues to justify the reputation of a bad temper enjoyed by sorrels. But I am grown more cunning than he, and since I left Benares he has not thrown me once. Judges of horses make theories in which I do not at all believe. They say that an Arab of ordinary size would have some trouble to carry a man of mine. Well, my *tattoo* is much under the size of an Arab; he often does hard work, and was never behind hand; not once has his foot slipped since he has had the honour of carrying my majesty; never ill—never lame—never galled. I consider myself, moreover, a very good horseman; of a species, however, which I confess, is not very classical. I am quite used to my long beard, and I know nothing so comfortable. I really believe that we are wrong in depriving ourselves of this ornament, which, if you like, you may call natural; and that many toothachs proceed from the nakedness of our jaws.

Lord W. Bentinck, and Lord Dalhousie, the commander-in-chief, are, at present, the one at Murat, the other at Kurnal, on their way to Semla. The baggage of the former is carried by a hundred and three elephants, thirteen hundred camels, and eight hundred waggons drawn by bullocks. Two regiments, one of cavalry, and the other infantry, serve as his escort; yet I am going to Lahore with only one waggon and a couple of camels.

No French ships since the arrival of the *Gange*,

which left Bourdeaux on the 11th of August; no departures either: I presume, therefore, that the enormous quantity of letters which I have written for six weeks past, and sent to Chandernagore under cover to Sir E. Ryan, who is to forward them to M. Joseph Cordier, are arrived at that place without having yet been forwarded to Europe.

It is impossible to talk of politics, for I should never leave off. In a list of prefects, I see Dunoyer and Chaper side by side; I am writing to both.

Adieu, my dear father: speak of me kindly to those of my friends to whom I have not had time to write. Adieu; I have health, courage, and hope. Write me very long letters, and let Porphyre follow your example.

TO M. JACQUEMONT THE ELDER, PARIS.

Camp near Jullindar, in the Punjab,
March 4th, 1831.

My dear Father,—The day before yesterday I took leave of my amiable host of Loodheeana, Captain Wade, mounted my elephant, and, surrounded by a troop of Seikh cavalry, crossed the Sutledge. A squadron drawn up on the right bank of the river received me, on my landing, with military honours, and escorted me to my tent, near which it remained under arms,

till the arrival of my *Mehmandar**, fakhir Shah-el-Din, who soon came, accompanied by several officers. Wade had given me a lesson in Seikh etiquette, and I repeated it without difficulty. The young fakhir took the greatest interest in the conversation: he used the most suppliant forms to put into my hands a heavy bag of money, while a number of his attendants marched past my tent, depositing at the door a large basket of fruit, and a vase of cream or preserves. This was a present from the rajah. I begged Shah-el-Din to write to him to express my thanks, giving him to understand, however, that I expected no less from his hospitality.

In the evening I had a fête of a more quiet description. I took a long excursion on the level banks of the Sutledge, without being attended by the importunate honours which I dreaded. No inquisitive face came to spoil the landscape: I felt as free as on the banks of the Niagara. On my return to the camp, my mehmandar's secretary having come to receive orders for the morrow, I appointed the hour of departure, and the place for the next encampment. I made this journey on an elephant, and alone, according to my taste. This solitude, however, is comparative; for I was not without half-a-dozen servants on foot, and as many horsemen: but in the East, such is the grandeur of *Self*, that it easily absorbs a dozen men and horses.

Fakhir Shah-el-Din, as I had not invited him to

* A Persian word, literally the guardian of hospitality.

travel in company with me, marched two or three miles in the rear with the squadron. On arriving at the camp, I was not long in receiving a message from him. He wished to know when it would be convenient for me to receive him. He soon arrived, with his compliments of the day before, a fresh bag of money, and provisions of all kinds. In the evening I paid him a visit; a civility which he had a right to expect from me, but perhaps not so early. He exhausted himself in the superlatives of Persian gratitude. I soon withdrew, as I had come, to the sound of trumpets. Were it not for my long beard, which continually tells me that I am a grave personage, my seriousness would not have stood the proof of this music; but I kept my countenance till my return to my camp, when I shut myself up in my tent, in order to laugh at the sublime part I am playing, and again take possession of my own identity. In India, it is the custom in speaking of one's-self to say *we*,—a form of no great modesty; bnt since I have passed the Sutledge, I speak of myself only in the third person, as follows: the sahib, (that is the lord) is not tired—the lord is charmed at seeing your lordship—express the lord's respects to the king—the lord invites your lordship to mount the lord's elephant, &c. There are more *lords* in a quarter of an hour in my Seikh conversation, than in all Racine's tragedies.

This morning I came to encamp near this ancient city, travelling on an elephant, which for a certain

'cause I find more convenient than a horse. The cause I do not know how to tell you. I will tell it to you, however, because I have promised to be candid. The confidence of noble souls is sometimes ill-requited. But with my certificate of *clarissimus et doctissimus vir*, I hope soon to have forgotten the dancing girls of Loodheeana.

Fakhir Shah-el-Din came yesterday to hear my news, and offer his compliments in the usual form; that is to say, with another bag of money, the superlatives of yesterday, and provisions *ad infinitum*. He presented to me, at the same time, the governor of the city, a long grey-beard of the old stamp, who related to me the war between Lord Lake and the Mahrattas, when they took refuge in the Punjab. The governor had an endless retinue; and in order to turn my visiters out politely, I proposed to my mehmandar to take a ride through the city on my elephant. I told the long-beard that I was in despair that I could not have him for a companion.

I am now returned. Never did any one receive so discordant a serenade as the clatter with which the Julindur musicians are now regaling me. Through my cloth walls, I do not escape a single note, and I am not yet Alcibiades enough to take pleasure in such music. I pass the time in writing to you, because I could not do better in waiting till this din ceases: for, since they play by the king's orders, the least I can do is to bear it patiently.

But, you will say, what is there in the bags that you are collecting?—a hundred and one rupees, or about two hundred and fifty francs. If Runjeet Sing thinks himself obliged to treat his friends in this fashion, I can easily understand why he is reluctant to receive visits. I ask myself where this attention on his part will end? At Lahore, perhaps; but certainly not before. Now as there are six days' journey from hence to Lahore, I shall collect, before I arrive there, six hundred and six rupees, to add to the three hundred and three which I have deigned to pocket since the day before yesterday. Till now I had always detested the slowness of travelling in India, but Runjeet Sing has arguments which would reconcile me to the speed of a tortoise. Here am I become as covetous as if I were rich: it is from a refinement of avarice that I regret not having more of those large Spanish doubloons which I brought to Calcutta; I would have offered them to him as a *nuzzer*, on the day of my presentation, whereas I shall be obliged to give him some Indian pieces of gold, to which he will pay but little attention.

I know not whether it is through an optical illusion, but the Punjab and its inhabitants please me much. Perhaps, you will say, that it is because I see them through a shower of gold; but the unsophisticated Seikhs of this country have a simplicity and open honesty of manner, which a European relishes the more, after two years' residence or travelling in India. Their

fanaticism is extinguished, and such is their tolerance, that Runjeet's grand vizier (my mehmandar's father) is a Mussulmaun, and his two brothers are Mussulmauns, and all are equally in the good graces of the Seikh monarch.

Lord William will soon be at Semla. Runjeet will send my mehmandar's father to compliment him. Wade will conduct the Seikh ambassador from Loodheeana to Semla, and will afterwards come to Lahore, bearing in return the Governor-general's compliments to the rajah. I received another letter from Lord William before I left Loodheeana: he promised me the French papers for September; and I expect to receive them at Lahore with letters from you; for I know that a Bourdeaux ship which sailed in September, is just arrived in Bengal. So adieu till then, if I do not resume this gossip before, to speak to you of the holy city of the Seikhs, Umbritsir, which I shall soon pass through.

Lahore, 12th March.

I skip the holy city, to arrive the quicker at Lahore. Yesterday, at two leagues from the latter city, I met M. Allard and two other French officers, MM. Ventura and Court, who were coming to meet me in a calash and four. We all alighted, and I gave M. Allard a rude embrace. He introduced me to his brother officers, and we all got into the carriage. An hour after, having crossed a wild country, covered, like the

environs of Delhi, with the ruins of Mogul grandeur, we alighted at the entrance of a delicious oasis, consisting of a large parterre of carnations, irises, and roses, with walks of orange trees and jasmine, bordered with basins, in which a multitude of little fountains were playing. In the centre of this beautiful garden was a little palace, furnished with extreme luxury and elegance. This is my abode. Breakfast served up on plate awaited us in the hall. I spent the day in wandering with my new friends through the walks of the garden, and suffering myself to be stifled with their caressses. You may imagine the excess of our curiosity on both sides. Night came, however, very quickly, and we were obliged to part; for M. Allard's residence and that of M. Court are more than two leagues from my habitation, and people scarcely ever travel at night in the environs of Lahore. I remained alone, in the enchantment of my new residence, which is quite like the fairy palaces of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

In the evening, my mehmandar, who had informed the king of my arrival, came to bring me his majesty's congratulations and presents; the latter consisted of exquisite grapes from Kabul, delicious pomegranates from the same country, a collection of the choicest fruits, and, lastly, a purse of five hundred rupees. A splendid dinner was served up to me by torch-light, by a host of servants richly dressed in silk. I had courage to take as usual only bread, milk, and fruit. I ought

to be grateful to this regimen, for permitting me to come to Umbritsir on horseback, without the least inconvenience.

This morning I was awakened by M. Allard and M. Ventura, who were going to the king, from whom they had received, at midnight, a summons to attend him this morning. You must know that I enjoy (I know not how) such celebrity at Lahore, that every body longs to see me, and Runjeet is not the least curious among them. It is in order that he may enjoy a foretaste of this pleasure that he desires a visit from those gentlemen at so unusual an hour. He knows that they spent the day with me yesterday; and he will be fully acquainted with me by the time I am presented to him. This will, no doubt, take place to-day, or to-morrow at the furthest. Adieu! I leave you, that I may *Persianize* a little more the insolent compliments I intend paying him, and those which I shall not refuse myself in his presence. M. Allard said just now that I knew everything—that I had seen everything—that I was acquainted with the whole earth; and such being the persuasion of the respectable public of Lahore, I shall take very high ground even with the king. Too much honour cannot be done to a man like me—that is the point whence I must start.

Lahore, March 16*th*.

I have several times spent a couple of hours in conversing with Runjeet "*de omni re scribili et quibus-*

dam aliis." His conversation is like a nightmare. He is almost the first *inquisitive* Indian I have seen; and his curiosity balances the apathy of the whole of his nation. He has asked a hundred thousand questions to me, about India, the British, Europe, Bonaparte, this world in general and the next, hell, paradise, the soul, God, the devil, and a myriad of others of the same kind. He is like all people of rank in the East, an imaginary invalid; and as he has a numerous collection of the greatest beauties of Cashmere, and the means of paying for a better dinner than any one else in this country, he is generally annoyed that he cannot drink like a fish without being drunk, or eat like an elephant and escape a surfeit. Women now please him no more than the flowers of his parterre, and for a good reason—and this is the cruellest of his afflictions. He had the decency to call the function which he complains of being weak, a digestive one. But I knew what *stomach* meant at Lahore, when in the king's mouth; and we conversed minutely about his complaint, but the words were well wrapped up on either side. To prove how much reason he had to complain, the old *roué*, the day before yesterday, in full court, that is in the open field, on a fine Persian carpet on which we were seated, surrounded by some thousands of soldiers, sent for five young girls of his seraglio, whom he made to sit down before me, and concerning whom he smilingly asked my opinion. I had the candour to say that I thought them very pretty, which

was not a tenth part of what I thought of them. He made them sing, *mezza voce*, a little Seikh air, which their pretty faces made me think agreeable; and told me that he had a whole regiment of them, whom sometimes he ordered to mount on horseback for his amusement; and he promised to afford me an opportunity of seeing them.

The four Frenchmen (two of them by the way are Italians,) who are at the head of his armies, which they have trained very well in the European discipline, often excite his suspicions, although he has had ten years' experience of their probity and devotion to himself. He sometimes suspects that they are Englishmen or Russians; and the poor fellows, whom, however, he pays very well, and does not use badly, are compelled to be very circumspect, in order to preserve his confidence. I spoke to him so as to keep up the semi-officiality of the British character which I had brought with me. It is of all titles the best in the estimation of a pagan like Runjeet. I eulogised the strength, honesty, and pacific policy of the Government of Calcutta; and Runjeet, when I had done, said, that the Governor-general and he were but two hearts in one body. In sum, he pleases me extremely; and when I am not at court, he lavishes the highest encomiums on me. Yesterday, in my absence, he lauded me as a demi-god, and greatly amused himself at the expense of one of his courtiers, who wanted to bring me some remedy of his own for a cold in my

head, which makes me sneeze very violently and frequently.

Yesterday morning, I had a prescription written in Persian, which I sent to the rajah with some very innocent drugs, for he has had me beset day and night to obtain them. Observe, however, that he will take care not to use them himself, but will amuse himself with making his friends and servants take them. To-morrow he will tell me a hundred lies about their effects, and will ask me for more.

Nothing can be more ridiculous than the reports in the city about my interviews with the king. The latter takes care to inform me of them, and is the first to laugh at them with me, though I have no doubt he takes me for a spy. He appears, however, perfectly satisfied as to my nationality. When I left him, after my first audience, he exclaimed, that I certainly was not an Englishman. An Englishman, he said, would not have changed his posture twenty times; he would have made no gestures while talking; he would not have spoken in such a variety of tones, high and low; he would not have laughed at proper times, &c.

I shall go to Cashmere, and anywhere else, I please. The king will have an eye to my safety everywhere. I shall enjoy the same security as in the British territory.

This pattern of an Asiatic king is, however, no saint: far from it. He is bound by neither law nor honour,

when his interests do not enjoin him to be just or faithful; but he is not cruel. He cuts off the nose, ears, and a hand of very great criminals; but he never puts any to death. He is passionately fond of horses, quite to madness; and he carries on a murderous and expensive war against a neigbouring province, in order to obtain a horse, which has been refused him either as a gift or a purchase. He has great bravery, a somewhat rare quality amongst the princes of the East; and although he has always succeeded in his military undertakings, it is by perfidious treaties and negociations alone, that from a simple country gentleman he has become absolute king of the Punjab, Cashmere, &c., and is better obeyed by his subjects than the Mogul emperors in the zenith of their power. A Seikh by profession, a sceptic in reality, he every year pays his devotions at Umbritsir; and, what is very singular, these devotions are paid at the tombs of several Mohammedan saints; yet these pilgrimages offend none of the puritans of his own sect.

He is a shameless scoundrel, and cares not a bit more about it than Henri III. formerly among us. It is true that between the Indus and the Sutledge, it is not even a peccadillo to be a scoundrel. But what horribly offends the morality of these good people is, that the king, not content with the women in his own seraglio, often fancies those of others; and what is worse, those which belong to everybody. In spite of the mystery which the orientals, even of the lowest

class, throw over their intrigues, whether purchased or not, Runjeet has often exhibited himself to the good people of Lahore, mounted on an elephant, with a Mussulmaun courtesan, amusing himself with her in the least innocent manner. Although he is only fifty-one, he is now reduced to the scandalous resource of old debauchees, and complains of it without shame.

He is about to quit Lahore; and has directed M. Ventura to proceed to Moultaun with ten thousand men and thirty pieces of cannon, for the purpose of collecting the tribute from the distant provinces of his empire. M. Allard will no doubt soon have a destination of the same kind. Runjeet will find some analogous occupation for himself; for he is a Bonaparte in miniature, and cannot remain in one place. In a few days we shall decamp from Lahore. At my audience of leave, I shall receive some new presents, and a dress of honour, which will be a very handsome dressing-gown, made of Cashmere shawls. I intend this for you, my dear father, in your great days of *real essences.* My military chest is grown very weighty with his highness's rupees. I have wherewith to go to Cashmere and remain there four months, without further curtailment of my wretched credit at Calcutta. At all events, M. Allard opens an unlimited one for me in Cashmere. Then, in order to return to Semla, I shall have to cross some districts of Kanawer, the king of which, as you know, is one of my friends, and will willingly lend me some hundreds of rupees, if

unforeseen accident should cause me to arrive in his dominions without money. Like a man of foresight, I wrote to Kennedy, and Murray (the political agent at Umbala), to let all the mountain rajahs under their controul know that, in six months, I shall come and knock at some of their doors. It is probable that he of Belaspore will be the first whom I shall honour with my company.

Yesterday, our countrymen, my hosts, gave me a splendid fête at my palace—for palace it is—with accompaniment of dancing and singing Cashmerian girls, &c., one of whom would have passed for very pretty, if not even for very beautiful, in any country. I do not know how it happened, but in the dusk of the evening, when the servants lighted up the saloon, I found myself *tête-à-tête* with this opera-princess; my hosts had maliciously retired with the rest of the band into the garden;—maliciously and charitably. They understand hospitality like Kennedy, at Subhatoo. At the dessert, I had for a moment forgotten my frugal regimen, and had drunk a glass of champagne to the health of M. de Lafayette, which is a very curious thing at Lahore.

The general's flag has been lucky in this country. M. Allard, eight years ago, caused it to be adopted in the armies under his command. The Seikhs are a good sort of people, but no conjurors: Runjeet only knows that it was Bonaparte's flag, whom he is fond of persuading himself that he resembles.

I have just received a letter from the Jardin des Plantes, and it is the first! It is dated the 19th of May, 1830; acknowledges the receipt of my No. 1, 2, 4, and 5; approves of what I have done, and what I propose to do; and informs me that from the 1st of January, 1830, my salary has been increased two thousand francs. It is, moreover, written in very kind and obliging terms; signed Cuvier, Cordier, Jussieu. It was forwarded to me by Messrs. Eyriès, brothers, merchants at Havre, who remind me that they are the agents of the Jardin, and offer me their services if they can be useful to me. They would have done much better if they had sent me a letter of credit for two thousand francs a year on some good Calcutta house, since the Jardin appears to have made no arrangement with M. Delessert for him to send me supplementary credits. However, I know that the money is at my disposal somewhere, and that it will belong to me wherever it is; and I shall find some means of getting at it in case of need. I have to-day answered these gentlemen, and Messrs. Eyriès also.

For four months, at least, from the present time, it will be difficult for me to write to you; so do not be uneasy if, after the present letter, you have to wait half a year. Be assured that I am going into the terrestrial paradise with a good stock of health: in less than a month I shall breathe the salubrious air of the mountains, whence I shall not descend into the plains of Hindostan till the beginning of winter. Adieu,

then, my dear father, adieu! The only thing that vexes me is to be deprived of news from you for so long a period. I embrace you and Porphyre, with all my heart.

Lahore, March 18*th, Evening.*

To-day I had my audience of leave of Runjeet Sing, to which I was conducted by M. Allard. I spent, for the last time, a couple of hours in conversing with that extraordinary man. He gave me the khelat or dress of honour, and that too of the most distinguished kind: it costs five thousand rupees, or twelve thousand francs. It consists of a pair of magnificent Cashmere shawls, *lie de vin;* two other less beautiful Cashmere shawls, and seven pieces of silk stuff or muslin, the latter of extraordinary beauty: eleven articles in all, which number is the most honourable. Add to this, an ornament, according to the fashion of the country, of badly-cut precious stones.

And, in addition to the value of this present, a purse of eleven hundred rupees; which, together with the sums before received, make two thousand four hundred, which is more than a year's salary from the Jardin.

Nor is this all. The king is going to give me some people to take care of me; horse and foot soldiers to watch over my safety; one of his secretaries, in order that I may send letters to him occasionally; camels to carry my tents and all my baggage to the foot of the mountains; and, lastly, carriers to do it, when the beasts of burthen can advance no further. Lastly—for

there will be *lastlys* till to-morrow,—at the salt-mines, where I shall arrive in ten days, I shall receive a purse of five hundred rupees, and at Cashmere, one of two thousand.

Lastly, to conclude; if any thing takes my fancy at Cashmere, the king has recommended me to inform him of it, in order that he may satisfy my desire.

Of course we parted very good friends. What I was afraid of, was being detained longer at Lahore, or in the Punjab; and in fact, the minister came to ask me if it would be agreeable to me to accompany the king in a hunting excursion, on which he is going in a few days, and that too in a manner which solicited an affirmative answer. But, from the very first, I took very high ground with Runjeet: I answered unceremoniously in the negative; so that my diplomatist insisted no farther. M. Allard, who was several times condemned to the honour which the king destined for me, congratulates me extremely on having escaped it.

Runjeet asked me if I should continue to wear the European dress. I told him that I should, since he honoured it so much. I shall only leave it off to return from Cashmere to Semla, if I effect my return through Independent Tartary.

It is now M. Allard's turn. He is taking the inventory of my *menage* and stable; and he has, without my being able to decline it, been making such additions as he judged necessary for my convenience. I shall carry away with me a charming recollection of Lahore.

I wish you could assist me in returning M. Allard's kindness. He has a younger brother, about my own age, who has served in France. He sent for him, fifteen months ago, to enter into the maharajah's service, and at some future period to take his own place; but the climate has been so adverse to him from the first year, that M. Allard has sent him home this winter. This young man is now at Calcutta, on the eve of sailing for France. What will become of him there? As a claim to the favour of Government, I think he might put forward the honourable distinction of his brother's services at the extremity of Asia; and of the celebrity he has gained for our nation among a people who were almost entirely ignorant of us. I shall write to our friends to recommend him, and Porphyre must help him as much as he can.

Adieu, my dear father! It is midnight; I am falling asleep. The first letter will be from Cashmere.

Put Runjeet's Cashmere shawls forward, in order to help in winning those charitable (female) souls, who would wish their name to fill up the blank in a certain notarial act, which you gave me at parting. Adieu! I embrace you.

TO M. PORPHYRE JACQUEMONT, PARIS.

Lahore, March 21st, 1831.

My dear Porphyre,—There is such a principle of inaction in a caravan, that if it stops ten days anywhere, it becomes very difficult for it to resume its march. Thus you see I am still at Lahore, though on the 18th I received my audience of leave from the king. But, on the day of departure, a crowd of little affairs always come, and to necessitate an adjournment, there is baggage to arrange, divide, and load differently, if new means of transport are employed—workmen who promise, and keep their word no better than ours, &c. &c. However, I shall review my little army to-morrow, and the day after I shall cross the river.

If you have read my letter to my father, I hope you are satisfied with Runjeet-Sing. I have just turned his purses of rupees into a bill at sight for two thousand five hundred rupees on Cashmere, whither I likewise carry a royal mandate for two thousand rupees; and I unfurnish my chest for fear of accident, since, in ten days, and while on my journey, I shall receive another five hundred rupees from the king.

If you reckon properly, you will see that all this amounts to five thousand rupees, or about twelve thousand five hundred francs, which I intend to reserve and send to Calcutta, where it will accumulate at the rate of eight per cent. per annum.

I cannot tell you, my friend, with what pleasure I receive this money, because it is the first of which the free disposal belongs to me. I consider myself as but the steward of my allowance from the Jardin; but these twelve thousand five hundred francs are a windfall, and I consider quite charming this *terne* in the lottery without having purchased a ticket. I sadly curtailed your fortune, my dear Porphyre, by my voyage to America, and I must repair the breach with his highness's rupees; or, if you prefer it, in case you marry, you must let me make your wife's *corbeille*. I shall put my khelat into it, and it will gain you a fine reputation of conjugal munificence. But in six weeks, you will attain the terrible age of forty, which is rather late to take the leap. So let me restore you your shares in the ship General Foy, and keep my superb shawls, to tempt the infinitely beautiful, good, amiable, and rich young ladies who may not have any aversion for me.

Have I not seen in the English papers, that our late Spanish funds had resuscitated from the nominal 7 or nothing, to 25? It would be singular if you were to sell them at 40! After all, it would still be a bad speculation, for, since the 24th of March, 1824, of mystifying memory, we have received no interest for that money; but as, at that very time, I thought it lost, I think that, in finding it again, we have a gratuitous gain.

My new mehmandar is a most desirable man. He is

the man of business of the king's favourite; which favourite is a very great Seikh lord, who possesses the sovereignty of the greater part of the Himalaya mountains, of which Runjeet has the political possession. It is exactly as if I had the king's favourite with me. He will let me want for nothing, and will not leave me till I quit Runjeet's dominions; and I think of remaining two or three months in the valley of Cashmere.

I have a sufficient escort of cavalry to have nothing to fear from the *Akhalis*, or immortals, a species of fanatics or armed beggars—the more dangerous, as their sacred character renders them very respectable, at the same time that their indolent life forces them to rob for subsistence.

On the road from Peishawer to Cashmere, another fanatic, a Syed, that is to say, a pretended descendant from the Prophet, is playing the devil at the head of ten or twelve thousand bandits of the same species as himself; and it is probable that Runjeet, whom he has provoked for several years, will, at no distant period, decide upon vigorously giving him chase. But I shall always stay in the rear of the line of military operations. If the Syed caught me, he would cut my throat on the spot, for the glory of God.

I am rather losing sight of our politics. It is no great harm, for they seem to me to be going all wrong.

I yesterday received a farewell letter from Calcutta, from that distinguished and amiable man, whom I chanced to meet in the Himalaya, Mr. Inglis, a very

rich Canton merchant, who is on his return thither to play at losing or winning millions. He promises to write to me frequently from that country, with which he is admirably acquainted. He is almost a friend. If, in a couple of years, Marlot receives a chest of Chinese plants, addressed to me, he must not be surprised; for I have given Mr. Robert Inglis his address, and he has promised me a present of that kind.

Adieu, my dear friend. I embrace you with all my heart.

END OF VOL. I.

VI.

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